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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1910. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 8

Business Cards.

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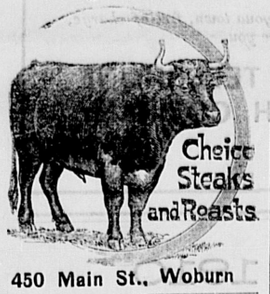
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NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington or No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 5.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open 5t 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
311	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
511	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
512	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
312	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.40 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

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AUCTIONEER.

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Spoiled the Trick.

A New York official who had gone through a political campaign, speaking of trickiness, said: "The tricky man usually winds up by being too tricky, like Brown.

"Brown, who lives in Fifth avenue, suspected his English butler of drinking his wine. So one night he drugged a couple of bottles of four or five dollar Chateau Yquem and left them in the dining room.

"Unfortunately that night Brown's wife returned late from the opera. She saw the rare wine and had it put down in the wine cellar along with the twelve dozen other bottles of Chateau Yquem that Brown had laid in.

"Brown is wondering to this day which two bottles are the drugged ones. He has stopped drinking Chateau Yquem. In fact, I understand his whole stock of it is for sale at a reasonable price."—Exchange.

Truth and Fiction.

At the Lambs club one night were a number of literary men as dinner guests, when some one gave utterance to the bromidiom:

"After all, gentlemen, truth is stranger than fiction."

"Perhaps it is," said Wilton Lackaye, with a sly glance at an Indiana novelist, "but not so successful. One never hears of it going into the tenth edition in six months."—New York Tribune.

Prodigal.

"That fellow seems to be extravagant."

"Hopelessly. He spends his own money just as if it were the government's."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

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In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly

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Among People of Culture

Live Editorials

All the Local News, and

Choice Literary Selections

Fill Its Columns.

A Family Newspaper

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Of Intelligent People

Every Week.

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Advertising Medium.

Printed Every

Friday Morning

At 434 Main Street.

Delivered Promptly.

The Mystery of Black Mountain

How the Perpetrator of a Murder Was Discovered.

By JOHN LOUIS BERRY.

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The lightning flashed, illuminating the dark forest vividly.

"This is the place," said Clare breathlessly after her long run, and she pointed to the ground.

At Jack's feet lay a sinister black heap with its face turned up toward the stormy sky. There was a wide gash in the head. Beside the body lay the brutal implement of the hideous deed—an ax.

"Phil!" cried Jack in horror stricken tones, bending down and feeling the heart. "My God, he is dead!"

"Dead," repeated Clare, "and you killed him."

"I? Why, Miss Fleming, you must be mad. I swear"—

She held up her hand. "Not another word. Please see me to the edge of the wood."

Jack Lawrence was held for the murder.

One afternoon a week before the day of the trial Jack was surprised by a visit from Clare Fleming.

"I'm going away," she explained, "and I didn't want to leave without saying goodby."

"Thank you," he answered quietly. "Do you still believe me guilty?"

"Don't ask me, please."

He sighed heavily.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes. Try to believe that I'm innocent. Will you try, Clare?"

"Yes, Jack; I'll try—with all my soul."

"Thank you. You didn't see me strike him with the ax, did you?"

"No." She was silent a moment, gazing at him steadily. "Tell me, are you innocent or guilty?"

"Innocent, so help me God."

She held out her hand. "I believe you," she said, then, ashamed of her tears, hurriedly left him.

Out in the street she met her uncle, Judge Hughes.

"I'm on my way to reserve your berth, my dear," he said. "The train has changed time, and"—

"But I'm not going away—just yet," she interrupted.

"You don't say so! Well, if you're not the most notionate young lady"—But she laughed and hastened past him.

Reaching Dizzy Lodge, the Hughes home, she ordered her pony saddled and soon was galloping up Black mountain. She did not draw rein until arriving at Piney Bill's cabin. The old man was hard at work chopping wood.

"Good afternoon," she said graciously. "I've heard that you're the only person in the county who believes Jack innocent of the murder."

Bill did not respond with much alacrity. Because of this handsome, dashing young woman one of his boys was dead and the other was virtually condemned to die.

"Well, Mr. Bill, that's a mistake," she continued good humoredly, "for here's another who believes him innocent."

Bill gave his ax a rest. "You?" he queried incredulously.

"Come, now," she said briskly, dismounting. "Let's go to the place where poor Phil met his death and talk it over. Maybe we can reach some conclusion."

"Do you remember the exact spot?" Bill asked doubtfully.

"Yes. The tree was struck by lightning."

"P'raps Phil was struck too!" he hazarded, with sublime hope.

She shook her head. "No; it was that horrible ax. Somebody killed him with that, and you and I must find out who it was."

In a few moments they were standing on the fatal spot. The tree had been struck by lightning, as Clare had said, and was now a partly burned and shriveled semblance of its former kingly self. The two friends of the accused examined the surroundings carefully, but found nothing that led to a clew. There seemed to be only hopelessness ahead.

The day of the trial came. The prosecution then called its first and only witness, Clare Fleming. She told a simple and straightforward story of how on the afternoon of the picnic she and the murdered man had met the accused and of how when she and Phil were hurrying home in the rain and darkness Phil had been struck on the head with an ax, thereby killing him.

The defense began the cross examination.

"You were with Mr. Hastings at the time he met his death?"

"Yes."

"Did he cry out?"

"He simply fell to the ground."

"Did you see the murderer do the deed?"

"No."

"Did you see the accused anywhere near?"

"No."

"Did you suspect him then of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because"—she hesitated—"of their quarrel in the afternoon."

"And you left the body and went to hunt for him?"

"Not for him—simply for help. I lost my way and happened to meet him, then returned with him to the corpse."

"You are excused."

The prosecuting attorney then began his argument.

Judge Hughes followed for Jack. But his eloquence was futile. Only two of his points made anything of an impression—the fact that no footprints had been discovered under the tree other than those of Miss Fleming and the dead man and the further fact that the ax was a very old one of German manufacture, the duplicate of which could not be found for miles around. Certainly no one had ever seen the ax in Jack's possession.

The prosecuting attorney quietly called attention to the relative insignificance of the defense's two points. Then the court gave the charge to the jury. The twelve good men and true retired. They had been gone just half an hour when they filed in and the foreman handed in the verdict, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." It was the shortest murder trial ever held in the state.

The defense's motion for a new trial was not granted. Accordingly Jack was taken to the state penitentiary. The governor, a rather rigid man, saw no extenuating circumstances in the case, and the first week in October was set as the time for the execution. So Jack's fate was sealed. Two months, and he would suffer an ignominious death on the gallows.

A cloud of gloom settled over the village, where Jack had always been a general favorite. Judge Hughes and his niece went to a watering place to spend the rest of the autumn. Clare wrote one letter to Jack—a long, long one. What was in it nobody but themselves ever knew.

Time flew. On the twenty-eighth day of September Clare received the following telegram:

Come at once. Big news. BILL.

Bright and early the next morning she galloped up Black mountain. As usual Bill was chopping wood.

"You mus' scuse me, miss," he apologized, "but as you an' me wuz the only ones wot didn't b'lieve him guilty I thought I'd hev ye come an' share the glor'us news. But we mus' be quick about it, as you'll hev to see the guv'nor."

He went into the cabin and brought out the ax which had been found on the ground beside the body. "It's a quar one, ain't it, miss? An' do ye recollect it didn't hev no handle? I wonder wot become of it?" He laughed slyly. "I guess Jack must ha' buried it. But, do you know, miss, I suspicion that this here ax be half as old as I am? Come, I wanter show you the tree. Ever since poor Phil's death I've cussed an' swore at that tree. Time an' ag'in I've gone out thar to chop the critter down, an' time an' ag'in I couldn't. Suthin' allus seemed to hold me back. I'm mighty glad now that suthin' did."

Bill showed Clare his "find." Fifteen minutes later the overjoyed young woman rode down to the village, secured a camera; then, returning to the forest, took a picture of the tree, or, rather, of one particular part of it.

That afternoon she stood in the presence of his excellency the governor of the state.

"Governor," she began quietly, "next week is the time set for John Lawrence's execution. I'm here to ask you for a pardon."

"You don't ask much," his excellency answered dryly.

"Governor," she continued, smiling, "you are familiar with the details of Mr. Hastings' death. I ask you to keep in mind now four points especially—there was a thunderstorm raging at the time, he was standing under a tree, the tree was struck by lightning, and he was struck with an ax."

His excellency looked bored. "Go on."

She opened her satchel and took out the photograph plate and the ax. "There, sir, is the ax. As you see, it's a very fine steel one of an odd shape and size, and if you look down in this corner you'll find it was made in Germany as long ago as 1839. The ax, then, is thirty-nine years old. The tree is a number of years older. Now, this plate shows the part of the tree that was struck by lightning—the 'forks,' so called, or the point where the upper part of the trunk divides into two limbs. The lightning struck the forks, and they split open. Look closely at the plate and you'll see a depression in the wood where the lightning struck, a depression of the exact shape of this ax. And right here is the explanation of the mystery of Philip Hastings' death. This ax was stuck into the tree between twenty and twenty-five years ago by some woodman. He might have done it for several reasons—to mark the tree, to put the ax in a safe and convenient place, or it might have been merely an act of carelessness. Be that as it may, woodmen often do such things. The ax was thrust into this tree, the handle loosening and coming off. The man who did it must have forgotten it or gone away unexpectedly, as it was left in the tree. How do I know that this happened between twenty and twenty-five years ago? I simply compare the age of the ax with the probable age of the tree. The ax was thrust into the tree, and it remained there. As the tree grew the bark gradually covered the ax, and the ax rose higher and higher with the tree." She looked at the governor with quiet assurance. "Now, sir, these facts speak for themselves. The lightning struck the forks of the tree, the tree split open, and the ax fell out. Unfortunately Philip Hastings happened to be standing directly under it, and it struck him, crushing in his head. Your excellency, I ask at least a reprieve."

The reprieve was granted. The next day the governor went to Black mountain to make a personal investigation. There stood the split tree, and there in the forks was a distinct depression into which the ax fitted perfectly.

Turkey's Unit of Value.

In Turkey the unit of value is the piastre, which is divided into 40 paras, while the para is divided into 3 aspes. As the piastre is worth only 4.4 cents, the para is worth a little more than a tenth of a cent, and an aspe is worth a trifle over one twenty-seventh of a cent. When an American in Turkey wants to feel rich he goes forth and buys some 2,700 aspes, which he spends with lavish hand over the bargain counters of the oriental bazaars.

Johnson on Poverty.

Poverty, my dear friend, is so great an evil and pregnant with so much temptation and so much misery that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it. Live on what you have; live if you can on less. Do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure. The vanity will end in shame and the pleasure in regret.—Samuel Johnson.

Half Restraint.

Ellen stopped scrubbing the veranda steps long enough to cast an admiring eye on her employer's garden. "Sure they are fine posies ye have, doctor," she said. "I've a neat little house I bought with the money I'd put by, and an elegant garden it had last year, too, but now there's neither stick nor stalk in it."

"What was it, hens or dogs?" asked the doctor, sympathetically mentioning his own aversions.

"Sure, me neighbor—bad luck to her—had a ditch dug in her land, and the water ran down into me garden and washed all me seeds away."

"And what did you do about it?"

"What could a poor lone body like me do?"

"Well, didn't you at least say something to the woman, complain or tell her that you wouldn't stand it?"

"Now, doctor, dear, hard words just leads to bad feelings among neighbors, and that ye know as well as I do, and it's not me that would be using them. So I only said to her, 'I hope I'll live to see the floods flowing over your grave as your ditch waters have flowed over me garden,' and I let it go at that."—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Stand Satire.

A burglar while attempting to rob a bloated bondholder of Maryville by mistake got into the humble residence of an editor next door. After unsuccessfully fumbling about for suitable assets for some time he was disgusted to observe the tenant of the house sitting up in bed and laughing at him.

"Ain't you old Skindersen, the capitalist?" inquired the housebreaker.

"Nary time," chuckled the journalist. "I'm the editor of the Screaming Eagle."

"Jerusalem!" said the burglar, looking at his stemwinder. "And here I've been wasting four precious hours on this branch almshouse. I say, old quill driver, you never poke fun at your subscribers, do you?"

"Not the cash ones."

"Exactly," said the burglar, taking out his wallet. "Here's six months' subscription to call this thing square. If there's one thing on earth I can't stand, it's satire."—London Tit-Bits.

Free Postage.

When the postoffice was first opened at Kai Feng, China, the clerks had a fight with some men who bought stamps and refused to go away until the stamps were licked and stuck on their envelopes for them. The foreign postoffices in Palestine are usually convulsed by a spirit of keen competition. If a parcel exceeding the regulation weight or size is taken to an office and refused the traveler in the majority of cases has only to threaten to take it to a rival office, and it is straightway received without a murmur. So keen is the rivalry between some of these offices that residents in Palestine possess a free post within certain districts. Between Jaffa and the surrounding colonies and also within Jerusalem the German and Austrian offices make no charge for the delivery of local letters.—Chicago News.

An Obedient Dog.

Schnapps is a dachshund, and the people who know all about the breed call the queer looking animal handsome. In the house in New York where he is the pet he is credited with more than ordinary dog sense and with understanding every word said to him in English or German. In order to demonstrate his sagacity his master said to him a few evenings ago: "Schnapps, the young people have been here long enough. Go down and tell the boys to go home." Downstairs he waddled and, standing before the visiting youths, barked and howled, then ran to the front door and back again and kept up the performance until, as his proud master explained, "the young men heard and saw the point. Pretty smart for a dachs, eh?"—Exchange.

Origin of White Race.

The discussion of the precise locality where the primitive man developed into the white race is by no means settled as yet. The old theory that the Aryan or white race began in Asia is still held by many high authorities, but other authorities equally high maintain that the original "white man's country" was Europe and that from Europe the race spread to other parts of the world. It is safe to say that the last word upon the subject has not yet been spoken. The debate is still open and will probably remain so for a very long time to come.—New York American.

He Did Not Hesitate.

"You must rest," said the specialist after a knowing thumping of the popular preacher's person. "You will be in the next world in three months unless you go abroad and take a complete rest."

"Oh, then I'll go abroad at once," replied the preacher quite innocently.—Youth's Companion.

Your Hair Contrary?

Is it inclined to run away? Don't punish it with a cruel brush and comb! Feed it, nourish it, save it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula. Then your hair will remain at home, on your head, where it belongs. An elegant dressing. Keeps the scalp healthy.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

We certainly believe this, or we would not say so. Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, is a great preparation for the hair and scalp. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Promotes the growth of hair.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

PLUCKING LIVE GEESE

An Operation Necessary to Procure Good Feathers.

LOCKING THE BIRDS' WINGS.

This Trick Performed and Their Legs Bandaged Together, the Helpless Geese Are Ready, if Not Willing, Victims For the Expert Pickers.

"Yes," said a manufacturer and dealer in bed furnishings, "it is necessary that goose feathers should be taken from the live goose if we are to study the health and comfort of people who think they must have feather beds and pillows. Dead goose feathers are not much better than husks to lie on and have not that great virtue of husks—wholesomeness.

"They say it doesn't hurt a goose to pluck it, but it seems to me that one might as well say that it wouldn't hurt a man to have his whiskers yanked out by the handful. The reason they give for believing a goose doesn't suffer when its feathers are being plucked out of it is that it never squawks or squeaks or makes a fuss while the plucking is going on.

"Now, I believe it hurts a goose like the mischief to have its feathers pulled out, coming as they do from the tenderest spots on its body, and the reason the fowl doesn't utter any protest prompted by pain is, according to the way I have sized geese up, because it is such a blame fool. A goose will squawk and clatter and cackle as if it were suffering more agony than a horse with the colic just at the mere sight of you, but if you corner it up and pelt it with stones it seems to forget that it has a voice and will take all the punishment you give it without a further word.

"The Pennsylvania Dutch farmers pluck geese today just the same as their forbears did time out of mind, and I don't know as there is any other way. It certainly couldn't be made any pleasanter for the goose unless the plucker held chloroform or something like that to its nose while the plucking was going on. The geese to be bereft of their feathers are first got together in an inclosure used for the purpose. The perspicacity of geese may be strikingly made known to you when they are being rounded up in such an inclosure if there should happen to be a knothole in one end of it, the door being at the other. That door may be six feet high and three broad, but goose after goose will ignore it and try its best to get through the knothole. Induced, though, to try the door, every goose will bob its head down as it passes through for fear of knocking it against the top of the door jamb, six feet above.

"There is a man or a boy in every neighborhood where geese are plucked who is an expert in getting the goose ready for the process. Not every one can do that. The wings of the goose have to be locked together by a peculiar arrangement of the two near the shoulder, and, while they are not tied or fastened in any other way, the lock is such that no goose can unlock it. The goose's feet are tied together with a broad band of soft muslin. Then it is ready for the plucker.

"The pluckers, who are almost always women, go among the geese with their heads and faces entirely covered with hoods fastened around the neck with a shirr string. There are holes in the hoods for the eyes and also at the nose to supply fresh air for breathing. From the neck down the pluckers are covered with a glazed muslin garment to which no feather or down will cling. The pluckers will sit on low stools around a large and perfectly dry tub. Each takes in her lap a goose made helpless by its interlocked wings and bound legs and with rapid plying of her fingers separates the feathers from it. This is done with such skill, though, that the plucker rarely breaks the goose's skin or causes blood to follow the plucking out of a feather. The air is constantly filled with the light feathers during the plucking, but they settle into the tub at last.

"But there isn't as much call for the goose to undergo this raping of its feathers as there used to be. Not one pound of goose feathers is used today where there were fifty pounds twenty-five years ago. Odd as it may seem, asthma and hay fever long ago began to have a good deal to do with decreasing the demand for feather beds and pillows. It was discovered that asthma and hay fever had an affinity for such couches and head rests; that nothing would start an asthmatic off for a cheerful night's wheezing so quickly as a feather bed. This discovery spread, and the goose owes a great deal of its later day comfort to the asthma."—Detroit Free Press.

She Had Enough.

As Mrs. May of Birchdale Corners was leaving the exhibition hall of the county fair a man stepped out of a booth and accosted her.

"Won't you enter," said he, "and see the startling spenthariscopic scintillations of radium?"

Mrs. May shook her head—with a smile, however, for she is courteous if not scientific.

"I'm obliged to you," she said, "but my bag is chock full of samples now."—Youth's Companion.

Made Very Clear.

Tommy—Pop, which is correct, "I shall" or "I will?" Tommy's Pop—It depends on the sex, my son. A man says "I shall" and a woman says "I will."—Philadelphia Record.

Make your life your monument.—Ben Jonson.

The Game of Golf.

Farmer Barnes — There's one good thing about golf anyhow. Farmer Fallows (skeptically)—What's that? Farmer Barnes—Why, ye don't have to play it if ye don't want to.—London Scraps.

His Voice.

Polly Pinktights—What sort of voice has the new tenor? Fanny Footlights—Bum! You can almost see through the crack in it.—Philadelphia Record.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JAN. 7, 1901.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR"

To everybody, and Many Returns of the Same, is the JOURNAL'S greeting to its Patrons.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

The Woburn City Government of 1910 was duly inaugurated at 2.30 o'clock, January 3, instant, in the presence of a considerable gathering of, more or less, interested spectators.

The exercises were held in the Council Chamber, City Hall, Common street, as has been the general practice for some years past. City Clerk John H. Finn administered the oath of office to the members of the new City Government, and Rev. Francis C. Russell, curate of St. Charles church, offered prayer.

Then followed the Inaugural address of Mayor Hugh D. Murray, which, although a long one, was accorded an earnest and respectful hearing by the audience. It was a well written document and delivered in good style. Among the several excellent suggestions which the Address contained was one concerning liberal appropriations for highways; another for Legislative permission to borrow money to relay the watermains in the city; and still another, the extension of the Block Assessment policy. On the whole, it was a good Inaugural Address. Of course, what the new Mayor said about a Boulevard was Buncombe,

The following named gentlemen constitute the Woburn City Administration for 1910:

*Mayor, Hon. Hugh D. Murray.

Aldermen-at-large—Severin J. J. Andreason, *James Boyle, Thomas J. Cannon, John W. Fox, *George P. Garland, Harold P. Johnson, *Charles P. Pollard, *Frank P. Sullivan.

Ward Aldermen—Ward 1, Patrick H. McCauley; Ward 2, James McDonough; Ward 3, William H. Henchey; Ward 4, *Harry A. Jones; Ward 5, *James Corrigan; Ward 6, *Levi Furbush; Ward 7, Dennis P. Blake.

Board of Public Works—Michael J. Kennedy, *James H. Kelley, Daniel D. Carey, William H. Conway.

School Committee—Herbert B. Dow, Frank B. Richardson, Samuel W. Mendum, Grace L. Norris, William W. Crosby, H. Josephine Hayward, A. Wilbur Parker, Clara N. Kelley, *John G. Maguire.

*New members.

CITY COUNCIL.

At the close of the Inaugural Address, and after the Board of 1909 had passed out of existence, the City Council of 1910 assembled in the Chamber, as usual, and organized by the unanimous election of William Henchey, President, which, it is conceded on all hands, was an excellent choice of a presiding officer.

The Board then proceeded to make good the JOURNAL'S announcement of several weeks ago by electing

John C. Buck, City Treasurer;
John H. Finn, City Clerk;
Bernard J. Golden, City Collector;
William A. Lynch, Clerk of Committees.

To the action of the Council in this organization no adverse criticism can reasonably be made. Neither was it a surprise, for the JOURNAL, with inside information, had already published the ticket.

City Treasurer Buck was authorized to hire $200,000 in anticipation of taxes.

The second and fourth Thursdays of the months was fixed upon for the regular meetings of the Board.

The Rules and Orders of the City Council of 1909 were adopted for 1910.

WHAT MAYOR MURRAY DID.

As soon as Mayor Hugh D. Murray seized the helm of the Woburn Ship of State last Monday he proceeded to make the following appointments of City Officials:

James H. Connolly, Principal Assessor and Secretary of Board of Assessors, Thomas E. Caulfield, City Physician; Dennis L. Sullivan, City Solicitor; William H. Jones, Overseer of Poor; Frank Bellew, City Messenger; Dr. William H. Keleher, Member of Board of Health; Andrew R. Linscott, Trustee of Eunice Thompson Memorial Library for 3 years.

The JOURNAL claims credit for the appointment of Mr. James H. Connolly for Principal Assessor and Secretary of the Board.

The appointment of Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield to be City Physician was an excellent one, too.

☞ The Boston City election is to be held next Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1910, and it will be a great relief to the public in general when it is well over with.

THE SCHOOL BOARD.

At a regular meeting of the Committee held on Monday evening in their rooms Mr. Herbert B. Dow was reelected Chairman without a single dissenting vote, which was his just due for the fair, impartial, and very capable manner he has filled the office in the past. Superintendent George I. Clapp was reelected Secretary without opposition; and A. W. Parker, Auditor.

The Standing and Schools Committees were duly appointed; and then the Board was ready for business.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Great and General Court of Mrssachusetts convened at the Capitol on Wednesday, Jan. 5.

Speaker Walker did handsomely by Rep. Bean of this city giving him two important Committee appointments: Federal Relations and Railroads. Rep. Gowing was placed on the Committee on Counties.

B. P. W.

The Board of Public Works organized for the new year on Jan. 3, 1910.

Mayor Hugh D. Murray is, ex-officio, Chairman of the Beard.

It was decided to let the present Department assignments stand as they are for awhile.

☞ Mrs. Julia P. Lewis of Geneseo and Chicago, Illinois, a near relative of the JOURNAL'S Editor and Business Manager, who at her frequent visits to them has made a number of pleasant Woburn friends, was in the great railroad wreck at Trenton, Missouri, early on Friday morning, Dec. 31, but fortunately escaped serious injury. She left Chicago at 9 o'clock Thursday evening, Dec. 30, on the Rock Island Winter Excursion train for Gilroy, California, to visit her cousin, Mrs. Dr. H. C. Morey, and was due at Kansas City, Mo., about 10 A. M. Friday. Near Trenton, a small town several hours east of there the engine, running at a high rate of speed, left the rails, taking the long train down an embankment and totally wrecking it. Three persons were killed and 45, more or less, seriously injured. Happily, Mrs. Lewis was not on the list, but her New England and Illinois relatives were anxious and fearful until news of her safety arrived. The whole train was burned to ashes, and Mrs. Lewis was rescued from a car by being dragged through a window. She, of course, lost all her baggage, but was very thankful that she escaped more serious damage.

☞ The Boston city election is to be held next Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1910. The Mayor elected on that day will hold the office for four years, unless the people vote to unhorse him after a trial of two years, which the new charter gives them the right to do. There are but two real candidates in the field for Mayor—Fitzgerald and Storrow, both Democrats, and both capable men. The chances of an election seem to be on the side of Fitzgerald. Neither of them, if elected, would be likely to ruin the city, although a person, hearing the speeches of the candidates, wouldn't think so.

☞ Last Saturday, Jan. 1, 1910, the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, of which Maj. Gen. William A. Bancroft is President, distributed $75,000 in gold among their employees, as New Year presents in recognition of faithful services during the year 1909. This generous custom was inaugurated in 1903 by President Bancroft, since which date the Company have gratuitously distributed a total of $403,785. This time the amount given to each person ranges from $20 to $25, which is a liberal increase over former years.

☞ Commenting on the JOURNAL'S item of two weeks before respecting the call of the Woburn Charitable Association on the City Council for $1500 in aid of the Choate Hospital the Winchester *Star* said last week:

Happily Winchester discounted such a condition by preferring to wait until there was sufficient money to obviate the necessity of taking up subscriptions.

☞ At the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Public Library held last Tuesday, Judge Edward F. Johnson was reelected President; Judge John G. Maguire, Clerk; George H. Evans, Librarian; Emily F. Pollard, Assistant Librarian; William R. Cutter, Librarian Emeritus.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. H. Buck—Sheriff's Sale.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.

— Did you watch the old year out and the new year in?

— Happy New Year to the city administration of 1910!

— The Street Railway Men's Association are to give their annual Ball in Lyceum Hall this evening.

— The week of Prayer meetings this week at the First Baptist church have been very well attended.

— The Burdett young ladies have returned from their holiday outing at Intervale, N. H.

— Notwithstanding the intense cold, the festivities of the season have been at their height here this week.

— The days have increased in length just 10 minutes. And, yet, no shrinkage of the gas bills is noticed.

— To have made Miss Grace L Norris, Esq., City Solicitor would have been a gallant act on the part of Mayor Murray.

— In renewing her annual subscription to the JOURNAL Miss Ida Phillips was a mighty close second to Mr. Abijah Thompson.

— An esteemed local Cotemporay says the political career of President Henchey of the new City Council has been "meteoric."

— Mrs. Hortense Taylor, 23 Pleasant street, spent New Year's with her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Staples, at Franklin Falls, N. H.

— The Y P. S. C. E. of the First Baptist church are to celebrate the 20th anniversary of their organization next Sunday evening.

— When our policemen get after them, as they did last Sunday, the crap and card gamblers find that "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell of Pleasant street entertained their son, Dr. William Hartwell of New Hampshire, during Christmas week.

— Our respects and best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Joe McGarrey of Boston for the finest card and cheeriest New Year's greetings of the whole lot.

— It was currently reported in this city last Tuesday that when Mayor Murray arose to deliver his Inaugeral Address he was vociferously "applauded."

— The Week of Prayer is being observed by the Swedish Evangelical Free church this week. A drawing feature of the meetings is special music by a male quartet.

— The alarm from Box 45 at 4 55 Wednesday morning was for a fire that did considerable damage to a storage building owned by C. A. Sanborn, 309 Washington Street.

— Folsome & Sunergren, Photoengraver, 92 Pearl street, Boston, have issued and distributed a nice, neat 1910 calendar, and for one of them the JOURNAL returns thanks.

— Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor, preached an excellent sermon at the First Baptist church last Sunday morning on the text: "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life."

— Mr. Charles A. Nichols reported the mercury only 4 above at 2 30 o'clock P. M. around Nichols' Corner last Tuesday. He thought that figure would do for stiff winter weather.

— The public schools reopened last Monday with full ranks, and intensely eager to get learning and be cultured. The teachers were just as anxious to go at it again as the scholars were.

— Deacon Samuel Cook of Bow street, who was taken suddenly and dangerously ill on the night before Thanksgiving in Boston when enroute to his home from New York, is improving in health slowly, but surely.

— We return thanks for an excellent 1910 calendar issued by the Union Central Life Insurance Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio, presented by Mr. Elmer E. Silver, General Agent of the Company, with an office at 79 Milk street, Boston.

— "Barbara Fritchie" is the piece selected by the Choral Society for their first concert, the same to be given on Jan. 17, 1910. The soloist is to be Miss Annie Hollis. Handpainted posters and flyers will tell the whole story about it.

— Mrs. Walter Widgery, formerly a well known and highly respected resident of this city, where her husband, Mr. Walter Widgery, died a few years ago after a long residence, has gone to Hillsboro, N. H., to spend the winter.

— Mr. and Mrs. W. E Blodgett gave a delightful party consisting of 30 couples in Music Hall last Friday night, which danced the old year out and the new year in. Hern furnished the music for it, and it and the dance was greatly enjoyed.

— The New Year's reception given by the Burbank W. R. C. to Post 38 was one of the most enjoyable occasions that has taken place here for years. Unfortunately, Com. Thomas Moore and Q M. William T. Kendall were prevented from being present by illness.

— The Saturday thaw continued, at 40 to 50 above zero until Monday night when a fall of 35 degrees occurred, and Tuesday was the coldest Jan. 4 in Boston in 20 years. On Wednesday evening the mercury ran up to 25 above and a rain set in early Thursday morning.

— One of the most spirited "watchmeetings" held in the city last Friday night was that at the hospitable residence of ex-Mayor Lawrence Reade on Main street. It was a party of choice spirits, assembled to watch the old year out and the new year in, and never were visitors treated more handsomely.

— The 1897 Reading Club were most agreeably entertained by Mrs. Orlando M. Brooks at her home on Kilby street last Monday afternoon. It was the Club's annual, and one of the pleasantest New Year's parties in this city. Mrs. Brooks was assisted by Miss Lillian Brooks of Haverhill and Mrs. Eaton.

— Fully appreciating the kindness of a host of good friends who have so thoughtfully and generously sent us beautiful Christmas cards containing sentiments of cheer and "peace on earth;" and fully realizing our unworthiness thus to be remembered; to each and all we hereby tender our hearty thanks for the same.

— The following good people composed the committee who had charge of the 10th annual banquet of the S. of V., in Lyceum Hall last Tuesday evening: Marcus H. Cotton, C. Winfield Smith, F B. Snell, Leon Barden, Fosest Bezauson. Mr. James M. Kimball and Mr. Clarence W. Stetson furnished fine music on the saxophone, bells and glasses.

— To Nellie J. Mc., Ass't. P. M., Woburn, Mass.: Thanks: Happy New Year: Drink Hearty: Many returns of the same.

— The college boys and girls have gone back to their books and things after a pleasant holiday vacation, and long may they wave!

— News of the death of Mrs. M. B Cummings, a former resident of Woburn, at her home in Mattapan, reached this city a few weeks ago.

— Horn's Orchestra is doing a fine business this winter. The balls and dancing parties all employ it instead of Boston, or other foreign orchestras. Hern's is a good one.

— Perhaps Woburn and Winchester railroad men may be interested in the perusal of an item in this paper entitled "Locomotives" taken from the Boston *Transcript* of last Saturday.

— At the Methodist Episcopal church, last Sunday morning, six persons were baptised, and eight were received into probationary membership. In the evening the choir rendered excellently a Christmas Cantata, "The Manger Throne." Next Sunday morning the Rev. J. L Carlyon, Pastor of the Centralville, Lowell, M. E. Church, will preach.

— Following the coldest Dec. 30 for 19 years there occurred a most agreeable letup in the weather in these parts on Friday, Dec. 31. It was so warm during the latter part of the last day of 1909, that some folks expressed the fear of a premature "January Thaw," which, of course, is not due here until considerably later in the month. Saturday was a mild one, too.

— The following are the newly elected officers of the Ladies Auxiliary of Charles Bowers Camp S. V.: President, Lena F. Carswell; Vice President, Margaret L. Waters; Chaplain, Bessie M. Brown; Secretary, Flora W. Noyes; Treasurer, Maude A Ayer; Guide, Ida M. Reed; Asst. Guide, Bertha Walker; Inside Guide; Evelyn M. Briggs, Outside Guard, Lizzie L Lovering.

— At the annual meeting of the North Congregational church held last week Mr. B F Kimball was re-elected Deacon for 5 years; Dr. J. P Bixby, Clerk; Samuel A. Thompson, Treasurer; A. T. Sawyer, Charles H Vaughn, Church Committee. The following officers of the Sunday School were chosen at the meeting: Superintendent, B. F. Kimball; Assistant Supt., William W. Hill; Secretary, Miss Lena French; Treasurer, Dr. J P Bixby. Church and School are progressing finely.

— Mr. Edward Johnson, the accomodating and popular Cashier of the Woburn National Bank, generously remembers his friends and patrons of the institution at the coming of each New Year by the presentation of substantial tokens of regard with compliments of the season and "Happy New Years." This year his greetings take the shape of a handsome and very useful memorandum book, neatly printed and bound, a handy thing to carry around in the coatpocket, or for the Lady to keep in the basket containing her knittingwork or sewing outfit. Thanks.

— No matter how young and smart the fellow may be, he's got to get up very early in the morning to beat Mr Abijah Thompson of Court street, the Civil War Vet., born in 1823, and as lively now as 25 years ago when he could sell more goods in a day than the average salesman could in a week For years and years Mr. Thompson has distanced all competitors in being the first patron of the JOURNAL to pay his subscription in advance at the opening of the New Year, as he did early last Saturday morning. He always gets around, bright and breezy, with $1 50 in his fist ready for delivery early on Jan. 1.

— Last week Baldwin Chapter, R. A., elected the following officers: Regent, Frank B. Snell; Vice Regent, G. J. Whithed; Orator, H B Blye; Past Regent, John G. Maguire; Secretary, E. E. Foss; Treasurer, W. E Emery; Collector, C H. Harrington; Chaplain, P Elverton Bancroft; Guide, S. D. Sampson; Warden, F W. Turner; Secretary, Horace Bryenton; Trustees, Fred Flint, J. Foster Deland and J. G. Brown; representative to Grand Council, S. D Sampson; Alternate, J. Foster Deland The officers will be installed Monday evening, January 10th, by S. D G R, W. E Brown of Newtonville, as a public installation in S. of V. Hall

— Div. 3, A. O. H., is one of the oldest, largest and most prosperous social organizations in this city. It is composed of good solid Irishmen—men of character and standing in the community, and their Club commands respect On the opening of each year Div 3 always give an entertainment—a ball, or play, or banquet with speeches and music—which never fails to bring out a full house. This year they gave the old, favorite drama of "Kathleen Mavourneen," acted at Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening, under the direction of Frank H Doherty, to the biggest audience of the season. The play was a grand success, and everybody enjoyed it hugely. Our thanks are due to Mr. John F Mahoney, Secretary of the Committee, for compliments to the JOURNAL, and cordial New Year's greetings.

— In another column of this paper we print, for the benefit of the public, an article entitled "Hot Onions and Pneumonia." One would naturally infer from a perusal of it that the remedy is a new discovery by the French physician, but such is not the fact. Pneumonia is only another name for old time "lung fever," for which hot onion poultices were a remedy which seldom failed to conquer the disease The loss of a lung fever patient under the hot onion treatment was a rare thing. Occasionally, in very stubborn cases, the Doctor felt obliged to resort to a blister of Spanish Flies, but not often. The hot onion poultice of those former times was prepared exactly as set forth in the article we print in this week's JOURNAL. There is a physician, with a large medical practice, not 1,000 miles from Woburn, whose only remedy for pneumonia is hot onion poultices and he very seldom fails to head off the disease and restore his patient to health.

— The annual meeting of the Woburn Visiting Nurse Association will be held Monday evening, January 10th at 7.30 o'clock in the Directors' Room, Savings Band Building. A full attendance is desired.

— Caledars for 1910 are coming to hand hot and heavy. Last week Burdetts College of Boston, the famous educational institution where is taught thoroughly "Business from the start," favored the JOURNAL with a fine one accompanied by a valuable booklet, illustrated broadside, etc. It is duly prized. Then followed one from J H. Osgood Co., Boston, authors and finishers of the best printingpress rollers made in America, the pleasantest thing about which is that it is an exact reproduction of each one of the 25 we have received from them in that number of years. They all look so much alike that we could tell an Osgood calendar with both hands tied behind us. Thanks.

— The Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal church of Woburn held their annual election last week when the following officers were chosen for the year to come: Leon L Dorr, Supt; W. A. West, Asst Supt.; Mrs. W. F. Copeland, Supt. Junior Dept; Hiram West, Asst.; Mrs E S Knowlton, Supt. Primary Dept; Miss Jennie West, Asst.; Mrs. George Duley, Supt. Kindergarten Dept; Miss Jessie Rollins, Supt. Cradle Roll Dept; Mrs Margaret Robinson, Supt. Home Dept.; Miss Carrie E. Legg, Secretary; Miss Carrie Long, Treasurer; Miss Avis Sherburne, Pianist. From this it will be seen that the school is in the hands of and managed by earnest and competent men and women, who have the proud satisfaction of being able to announce that it is in a highly prosperous condition, and growing in numbers attendance, and grace Supt. Dorr reports that the average attendance in 1909 was larger than ever before; and the Treasurer says the school has a good bunch of money in its chest.

Electricity Cost Cut Again.

On January 1 the Edison Electric Illuminatidg Company put into effect another cut in the cost of electricity for light and power, dropping from 12 cents to 11 cents per unit. This is a reduction of 8 1-3 per cent. In 1906 the Company reduced its price from 18 cents to 15 cents, later from 15 cents to 12 cents, and now from 12 cents to 11 cents.

These reductions have all been made possible because of the co-operation of the people with the Company. A few customers may furnish successful business for an electric lighting company, but a wide-spread co-operation among the proprietors of the stores and factories and the owners and occupants of homes in the use of electricity makes it possible for a company like the Edison to introduce economies in the manufacture and distribution of current and so increase the efficiency of its apparatus. This means greater and greater possibilities for reducing the price to those who are co-operating in its use.

This co operation not only results in a saving, because the price can be steadily reduced, but it brings to one and all the great advantages of electric light and power service. There is nothing more modern at the present time in our scheme of industrial and social life; there is nothing so available and adaptable; and there is nothing that makes so much for the comfort, health and security of all the people as electric service.

WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE as a crow. When you're coughing and gasping. When you've an oldfashioned deep-seated cold, take Allen's Lung Balsam. Sold by all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Locomotives.

For some time past the Boston *Transcript* has been publishing in its "Notes and Queries" statements furnished by correspondents respecting the engines that drew Massachusetts railroad trains 30 years ago, and more, and in its last Saturday's issue appeared a communication by "M. W. M." from which we take the following paragraphs:

"In relation to the Lowell railroad engines of 1850, the following from the Woburn JOURNAL of July 7, 1860, will doubtless be of interest: "About the time [1850] the town [Winchester] was set off and incorporated, there was at the machine shop of the Lowell Railroad a new locomotive in process of construction, which the engineer wished to have named Winchester The then President of the railroad, Mr Sturgis being a resident of and a large taxpayer in Woburn, which had resisted the act of incorporation, objected to the name, and it was called 'Woburn' John A Bolles meeting Mr. Sturgis a short time after, inquired of him in relation to it, when the latter gentleman remarked that the corporation would wait until they got the fragments of three locomotives, and then they would put them together and call it 'Winchester,' alluding to the way the town was made up of three towns, [Woburn, Medford and West Cambridge] Mr Sturgis's promise was in a way fulfilled in later years, for in the winter of 1866 (January or February) the locomotive Essex, by the explosion of its boiler, was wrecked upon the grade crossing in Winchester * * * A few months later there appeared on the road an engine of the same type of inside connection, with new boiler and resplendent in fresh paint and less brass, bearing the name Winchester, and said to be the reconstructed Essex.

"A few years later, the William Sturgis, which was (I think an outsider) the showiest one on the road, also exploded somewhere in Medford. The brass work of this exceeded all others in quantity; cylinder, valve chests, steam dome and sand box were thus encased, while wide bands encircling the boiler and numerous small fittings and railings besides the bell and whistle made the fireman's task laborious in keeping up its shine.

"Later, this one reappeared under the name of Medford, and both continued in service for many years. * * * About 1857 the first coal burner appeared, named Boardman, and seemed a giant I notice one correspondent mentions the "Rollo." The name was Rolla. This was a small but fast one, and ran to Woburn in charge of Edw. Huggins."

Hot Onions And Pneumonia.

Hot onions, according to a French physician, are said to be a sure cure for pneumonia. The remedy is as follows: Take six or ten onions, according to size, and chop fine; put in a large pan over a fire, then add the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to make a thick paste. In the meantime stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer for five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs, and apply to chest as hot as patient can bear. In about ten minutes apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices, and in a few minutes the patient will be out of danger. This simple remedy has never failed to cure this too often fatal malady. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, Cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Mary A. Carter died at her home, No. 6 Bennett street, this city, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 5, 1910

She was the daughter of Marshall add Almira Richardson of Woburn, born Aug. 12, 1850.

She is survived by a daughter, Miss Ada D. Carter of Bennett street.

The funeral is to be held at 2 30 this afternoon at the late home of the deceased.

Insolent.

"Why are you so indolent?" demanded the stern parent. "You don't see me letting the grass grow under my feet."

"No," replied the son. "If you had let some grow under your feet you wouldn't be so near having it grow over your head."—Philadelphia Record.

An Optimist.

"Pa, what's an optimist?"

"A man who has four children and continues to think the price of living is no more than it's worth."—Exchange.

Perhaps It Is.

"If you want a thing well done"—

"Get an expert to do it for you. Ain't that more sense than what you were going to say?"—Cleveland Leader.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: Sacrament. Sunday School for the Children at 11.46 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

When You Put On Stockings

Of the heavier sort, do your shoes pinch and your feet swell and perspire? If you shake Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes, it will give you rest and comfort, and instant relief from any annoyance. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

Married.

At Clinton, Mass., Dec. 28, by Rev. J. J. O'Keefe Mr. James Dugan of this city, and Miss Gertrude Queeney of Clinton, Mass.

In this city, Dec. 30, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Mr. S. Eugene Rose of Malden, Mass., and Miss Edith F. Platts, of Woburn.

At Boston, Mass., Jan. 1, by Rev. O. E. Mark, Mr. Milton Hitchins of East Boston, and Miss Helen Daisy Smith of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 30, Craig S. Pope, aged 57 years.
In this city, Dec. 30, Edward M. Crandall, aged 61 years.
In this city, Dec. 26, Helen F. Bean, aged 55 years, 3 months, 22 days.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Four Stores
Washington Street
Boylston Street
Summer St.
Cambridge.
Use the most convenient.
Prices are Satisfactory.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
318 Boylston St. | Boston.
75 Summer St. and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

Woburn National Bank
WOBURN, MASS.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn National Bank for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting, will be held at its Banking House, 397 Main street, on **Tuesday, January 11, 1910,** at 5 o'clock, P. M.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 10, 1909.

NOTICE.

In compliance with the requirements of Sec. 30 of Chapter 590 of the Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that the following officers of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are charged with the duty of investing its funds.

President, Charlie A. Jones.
Treasurer, A Herbert Holland.
Board of Investment, Charlie A. Jones, John R Carter William Beggs, L. Waldo Thompson, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, Fred J. Brown, W. Prior Chute.

Attest,
A. HERBERT HOLLAND, Clerk.

Hogs Dressed

in firstclass manner. Also, Hogs bought and sold by

A. W. BOUTWELL,
Butters Row, Wilmington, Mass.

LAST CALL

The forms of the next TELEPHONE DIRECTORY close positively on

JANUARY 8, 1910.

If you are a resident or a prospective resident of this territory and desire to have your name in this book you must give your order AT ONCE

Call up our Local Manager in your town, free of charge, and an Agent will be sent to see you.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

STANDARD SILVER PLATED SET Full Leather Case, Satin Lined $2.50



McLaughlin & Dennison
DISTRIBUTORS,
WOBURN, MASS.

THE HERBRAND CO.,
New York: St. James Bldg. C. A. LEWIS, Mgr.
FREMONT, OHIO
London: 32, 33, 34 Featherston St City Road, E. C.
Chicago: Hartford Bldg.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, December 4th, A. D. 1909.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the twenty ninth day of January, 1910, at nine o'clock, A. M. at my office in my dwelling-house, No. 2 Montvale Avenue in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Mary A. Randall of Stoneham in the County of Middlesex, had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution,) on the seventh day of May, 1908, at eight o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described parcel of real estate, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of Lincoln Street in Stoneham, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now, or formerly, of Chamberlain about 59.99 feet; Southerly by land, now or formerly of Charles W Wright about 139.2 feet; Westerly by said Lincoln Street about 40 feet; Northerly by land, now or formerly, of Emily W. Pierce about 158 feet; Containing 8,310 feet, more or less; Being lot eight (8) on Plan of House Lots made by G. F. Hawthorne for Heirs of John H. Wright, May 1873.

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

FRED GOWING,
Doctor of Osteopathy,
HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS,
BOSTON.
HOURS: 10 to 4.
SPECIAL FREE Lecture and Treatment every Thursday at 3 P. M.
Public cordially invited.
Telephone 22195 Back Bay, Boston.
" 105 2 Woburn.

For Sale.

A 5-passenger Springfield Touring Car in firstclass condition.
Apply at 922 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.


PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. at Druggists.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Coleman Costello to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated April 13th, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3154, Page 516, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

SATURDAY, the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1910,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Conn street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing about eighty-three hundred (8300) square feet, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of said Conn street at land of Connolly, thence the line runs easterly by land of said Connolly about one hundred and sixty-seven (167) feet to land formerly of Michael Mellugh; thence northeasterly by land last named, sixteen and 50-100 (16.50) feet to an angle; thence northerly by same land thirty-seven and 20-100 (37.20) feet to a stake at land of Heirs of Rose Dunn; thence westerly by land of said Heirs, one hundred and seventy-two (172) feet to said Conn street; thence southerly by and along said Conn street, forty six and 40-100 (46 40) feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to said Coleman Costello by L. Waldo Thompson by deed dated April 13th, 1905, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, upon said premises. One Hundred Dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee, by John C. Buck, Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., December 21st, 1909. 24-31-7

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Gilman, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, James Skinner, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, his first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the eleventh day of January A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MELVIN, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. SOGERS, Register.

California ASPARAGUS

1 lb Round Cans 15c.

Asparagus Tips, square cans 25c.

Tall Asparagus 30c.

These are the lowest prices ever quoted on

California Asparagus.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 343-3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



William Hodge in scene from "The Man From Home, Park Theatre, Boston.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

The suggestion has been made that Denman Thompson construct a play that would give his many admirers an opportunity to see "Joshua Whitcomb" in all those incidents in which this famous character has been seen by the public during the past 30 years. For instance, in "The Old Homestead" with which everybody is familiar, his experiences are both amusing and at the same time have that touch of pathos that appeal to everybody. The same may be said to be true of the sketch "Joshua Whitcomb" which Mr. Thompson is now playing at Keith's, and which has brought back memories of 25 years ago to thousands of theatre goers, while many other who became attached to "Joshua Whitcomb" in "The Old Homestead" welcome this incident in his career which is entirely new to them.

THE BOSTON.

Those in search of a light, merry, clean, melodic and fascinatingly spectacular entertainment will find it at the Boston Theatre, where "Bright Eyes" has already scored one of the biggest kinds of a popular hit. Large as is the auditorium of this playhouse, audiences have been almost of a "capacity" character since the first performance and enthusiasm and delight have been universal. The show is a veritable riot of life, melody, color and merriment, not a jumbled mass but consistent, constant jollity and pictures; movement which captivates the eye and music which charms the ear. Mr. Joseph H. Gaites has made a splendid production and supplied a fine company headed by Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook.

THE PARK.

This is my first letter of the New Year and I'll begin by wishing you happiness and good cheer, if you haven't started the year quite right see the delightfully humorous William Hodge in "The Man From Home" at the Park Theatre and it will send you away in the best humor with yourself and world. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson have given a play that is far beyond all the splendid efforts of our other American dramatists in providing outbursts of Americanism for the stage. "The Man From Home" neither waves the starspangled banner, nor screeches spreadeagle screams, but is American to the core, and it is a meaty, wholesome core. With literary force and vitality, a splendid moral courteously pointed, and a story rich in humor, delightful in romance, and heated vigorously with melodrama of the choicest theatricalism. "The Man From Home" has an intense appeal for every sort of amusement seeker.

THE GLOBE



Lew Dockstader with his one hundred comedians, singers, dancers and musicians, introducing up-to-date subjects and popular fads, will be the attraction at the Globe Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, January 10, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The minstrels are under the management of James H. Decker, who once again has joined forces with the monarch of mirth. Doubtless to celebrate this event Dockstader has come forward this season with, it is said, the largest production ever known in this line of entertainment. The opportunities for picturesqueness have not been overlooked. Dockstader shows not only gorgeous scenic effect but he introduces several novel numbers, among them being "The Sahara Belle" and the "Human Flag." Neil O'Brien is here as the chief of the local fire department and contributes a funny sketch called "Fighting the Flames."

CASTLE SQUARE.

Another week bids fair not to be enough to satisfy the demand for "1915" at the Castle Square. Record-breaking houses have been the rule ever since the opening performances of Mr. Friebus's musical comedy on Christmas eve. The third week, therefore begins on Monday, and every afternoon and evening the Castle Square will be resounding to the merriment of thousands of playgoers who cannot resist the humor and the spectacular display of "1915." With its scenes laid in Boston, with an air ship in full view as it journeys through the clouds, and with the fairylike mystery of a South Sea Island in tropical climes there is plenty of diversity and variety in this new musical comedy. There are more than seventy-five people in the cast of "1315."

THE COLUMBIA.

The attractions for the week at the Columbia Theatre will be the famous band of comedians, especially people and pretty girls known as "Kentucky Belles." Two capital pieces of humor entitled "A Girl From Albany," and "Texas Desperado" offer an irresistible first and second part. Both are by Frank Graham who wrote book, lyrics and music Mr Graham has done very well as attested by the fact that he made a direct departure from any similar entertainments usually part and parcel of burlesque show.

WINCHESTER.

Our good Methodist people watched the old year out and the new year in.

The Congregationalists are to hold their annual meeting next Monday evening, Jan. 10.

There were the usual goingson here New Years day and night. Not much account is made of the holiday in this burg.

Scores and scores have taken advantage of the fine skating on Mystic Lake this week and had dead loads of fun and frolic. It is going to be so all winter.

It is rumored that not less than 5 members of the Board of Selectmen will refuse a re-election next March. That will be a "pretty kittle of fish," indeed! Who will we get to take their places?

Rev. D. Augustine Newton, late Pastor of the Congregational Church, is a sound theologian, an able sermonizer, gifted in prayer and exhortation, and a faithful pastor; now, why can't the people let him "depart in peace?"

Take a hint, do your own mixing. Rough on Rats, being all poison, one 15c box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice. Its the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. Beware of imitations, substitutes and catch-penny, ready-for-use devices.

THE EARTH AS A MOON.

Our World as It Appears to Venus and Our Own Moon.

If we could be transported to the planet Venus a peculiar set of views could be obtained of our earth which would enable us to see ourselves, to some extent at least, as others see us. Venus is about the same size as the earth, is somewhat closer to the sun and has more atmosphere than the earth. When the earth and Venus are nearest together they are, of course, on the same side of the sun, and in consequence of this the earth does not see more than a very small part of the Venus illuminated, but Venus, on the other hand, sees all of one side of the earth illuminated and consequently is able to claim she has something that takes the place of a moon anyhow, for the earth to Venus at this time looks very large and bright, almost as much so as our moon does to us.

If we could see all the illuminated surface of Venus on these occasions we should have quite a distinct second moon. When we do see all of her illuminated surface she is on the opposite side of the sun from us and consequently at an enormous distance, yet she is so brilliant as to keep us from seeing her surface distinctly.

But to our own moon we appear in the best light as a moon. A full earth as seen from the moon, according to Professor Todd and other astronomers, is a very inspiring sight on the moon's surface. It can at once be seen why this is necessarily true. The earth is several times larger than the moon and would appear in the heavens as a disk about fourteen times the size of the moon. It would shine with probably a variable light, due to the shifting clouds on the earth, though the light, of course, is reflected from the sun, and the reflecting is done in part by the upper surfaces of the clouds.

The outlines of the continents of the earth appear very clearly to the moon as if they were formed of papier mache on a globe. Cities or comparatively large size could be made out with ease in case people were there to make them out. The intensity of the reflected earth light would be as much as fourteen moons and would enable the Selenites, if such they are, to read or work in comparative daylight.—St. Louis Republic.

WHAT IS A WHITE MAN?

A Puzzling Problem For the Racial Investigator.

The chief of the naturalization bureau at Washington is of the opinion that the "average man in the street" understands distinctly what a "white" man is. Apparently some persons can master a subject without studying it at all, while others who have looked into it deeply are not so dogmatically certain as the "average man in the street."

For example, the encyclopedias tell us that mankind was divided by Blumenbach into five races—namely, Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American (Indian) and Malay. The words "Caucasian" and "white" are used synonymously. This classification was first published in 1781 and must have been known to our national legislators when in 1802 they passed the first naturalization law.

The Caucasian race includes Arabs, who are certainly no "whiter" than the Turks, yet Turks, the official says, cannot be naturalized because they are not "white."

We are also told by the naturalization bureau that the Hindoo is not "white" within the meaning of the statute. But the encyclopedia says that it is a great error to separate the Hindoo from the Caucasian race. The Hindoo, it thinks, is much nearer the "white" race than the Arab.

To puzzle the racial investigator still further, while everything is so clear to the "average man in the street," we are told by the encyclopedias that the original Caucasians—that is, the inhabitants of the Caucasus—are no longer regarded as Caucasians. They have been thrown out of the "white" camp and forced to go over to the Mongol.

Nor is the enigma any nearer solution when we are told by the naturalization bureau that Asiatics cannot be naturalized, but that Siberians can, although Siberians may be anything from Russians to Mongolians or Mongol-Turco-Tartars.—Boston Globe.

AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

The Body That Was Seen Floating In the Icy Water.

On Aug. 30 we arrived at Rudolf island, the most northern of the Franz Josef group and simply a mass of ice and high glaciers, where we had planned to spend the winter. While cruising near Northbrooke island I saw one day from the "crow's nest" a singular dark body just awash on the surface of the water. As we came nearer and nearer I was possessed by a rather unusual desire to know what this dark mass was. Putting up my glasses, I gave the order for "dead slow," and we passed the object closely on the starboard side. I saw clearly that it was the body of a man clothed in a great skin coat, with the usual hood, and with mittens on the hands. The face was not discernible, but it dawned on me suddenly that this might be the remains of the Swedish balloonist Andree, who had been lost in the arctic about two years before, or perhaps one of the men who had been lost in the Abruzzi expedition.

I was about to stop the steamship and procure the body when it occurred to me that to take a corpse on board would destroy the good spirit and courage of the members of the polar party, for there is a general superstition among sailors that a ship is doomed when a dead body is on board. The first officer and myself were the only ones who witnessed this ghastly spectacle, and neither mentioned the fact, fearing that the discovery would cast a shadow over the entire party. We have both always believed that this was the body of Andree, and I have often regretted that it had not been in my power to give him decent burial.—Captain Edwin Coffin of the Ziegler Polar Expedition in National Magazine.

Could Prove It.

A few days ago an alderman was glancing over the register at one of the local hotels to see if a friend of his was registered there. Near him stood a man who was holding on to the desk for dear life in a semisuccessful attempt to maintain his balance.

"I s-s'pose you think I'm drunk?" said the stranger, looking belligerently at the alderman.

"No; not in the least," replied the alderman, anxious to avoid the possibility of a row.

"Well, you'd know I was if I let go this desk," answered the man.—Newark Star.

"Chinese" Gordon.

It was there that I saw General Gordon for the only time. He was a curiously listless looking, nervous little man, with a sort of furtive look and expression as if he always anticipated something unpleasant. He was not agreeable or encouraging, and he gave very little outward evidence of the power and influence he possessed. He spoke little and seemed bored when he was addressed or asked any question.—Lady St. Helier's Memoirs.

Spartan Self Denial.

When Mr. D., known to be miserly, but not believed to be a miser, was approached delicately for a contribution to the organ fund, he shook his head courteously, but with an air of finality.

"Charity," he said, "is a pleasure one must do without."

NOT BURIED AT SEA.

The Humane French Boatman and the Dead Englishman.

A long expected French lugger was seen making for the roadstead, and the Lowestoft free traders were on the alert, anxiously seeking an opportunity for communicating with her crew. While they waited for a lapse of vigilance on the part of the excise men a boat was lowered from the lugger and rowed toward the shore. A curious crowd of beach men and excise men assembled to meet her, and as she came in on the crest of a roller it was observed that she contained a coffin.

The French boatmen had a mournful tale to tell. On board the lugger had been an Englishman suffering from an illness which soon proved fatal. In his last moments of consciousness he had begged the captain not to bury him at sea, but to keep his body until a resting place could be found for it under the green turf of a churchyard in his native land. Sympathy with his sad fate and the knowledge that the lugger was not far from the English coast had induced the captain to consent, and now he had sent the body ashore for burial. In spite of his broken English the Frenchmen's spokesman told his tale well.

Both excise men and beach men—especially the latter—loudly expressed their admiration of the captain's conduct. A parson was summoned, and in a little while a mournful procession made its way from the beach to the churchyard. Even the chief officer of the excise men was present and is said to have shed tears.

That night the local "resurrectionists" were busy, and at dawn the churchyard contained a desecrated grave. A little way inland, however, in the midst of the marshes, a smugglers' store received the addition of a coffin filled with silks and lace.—"Highways and Byways In East Anglia," by W. A. Dutt.

ON THE FLAT SHELL.

Oysters Opened That Way With a Purpose, the Waiter Said.

The waiter had taken a long time in getting the oysters, but as he was well known to his guests and his guests to him that occasioned no comment. When the oysters were brought the waiter set them down before his customer and asked:

"Do you like them better that way?"

The diner looked, but he didn't notice any difference, so he asked, "What way?"

"Why, on the flat shell," replied the waiter. "Don't you see they aren't on the curved part of the shell, as usual?"

"I see it now that you tell me about it," said the diner, "but I don't exactly get the significance."

"Well, you see," said the waiter, "they always keep them upstairs on the round shell, and when any one calls for oysters if they do come on the round shell it isn't a certainty that they have been opened fresh. Sometimes they aren't good, just because they have been standing. When I call for them on the flat shell, as I do for some of my customers, then they have to open them specially for that order. In that way you get them fresh."

"Ah, I see!" remarked the diner.

But when he told the professional cynic about it the cynic said something about betting that they kept them standing opened in both ways.

"Besides, any one knows they look fatter on the flat shell, which is all the more reason they'd be likely to serve them to some folks that way. If they asked for extra large oysters they'd get them on the flat shell. The same oysters on the curved shell would go as ordinary sized oysters," remarked the cynic gloomily.—New York Sun

The Humble Librettist.

In the history of opera there are many curious anomalies, but perhaps the strangest is the role played by the librettist. For the most part obscure and unimportant and generally unremembered, his ranks have nevertheless been recruited from the ablest and most brilliant men of letters. Among those who have undertaken the part are such unlikely names as Voltaire, Goethe, Wieland, Addison and Fielding, while others of considerable poetic talent, as, for example, Metastasio, Calzabigi, Rinuccini, Boito and Coppee, have tried their hand at libretto writing with assurance, giving to it their best efforts. And yet the successful librettists are few—the merest handful out of a harvest of three centuries—Forum.

One of Florence's Jokes.

That genial comedian W. J. Florence had a habit of promising a man a fish or some game when he was about starting on a hunting or fishing trip. Day after day would pass, and the game would not be forthcoming. But almost every day a letter or telegram would come saying that Florence had not forgotten; that Florence was just about sending the game; that there was no cause for worry, as a fine fish or deer was on its way to the express office. At first this solicitousness would cause courteous letters and telegrams in return. As the delay got longer the victim would get impatient and would finally be literally haunted by huge fishes or deer, "with the compliments of W. J. Florence." Then some fine day, when it was least expected, the fish or deer would come.

Quaint Hymns.

For unreality of sentiment in hymns we must go back to the eighteenth century. Here is an instance:

Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare.

It seems strange that death should have been the occasion for a touch of unconscious humor in a hymn. In the collection entitled "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," there was and possibly still is the following verse:

They do not hear when the great bell
Is ringing overhead.
They cannot rise and come to church
With us—for they are dead.

The list of things which "they" are unable to do might be indefinitely extended.—London Chronicle.

Dew Water.

The ancient "dew ponds" of England have their modern counterparts on the rock of Gibraltar, where drinking water is obtained by the condensation of the abundant dew in specially prepared basins. The primitive process consists in making a hollow in the ground and filling the bottom with dry straw, over which is placed a layer of clay. On a clear night the clay cools very rapidly, and the dew is condensed into water in the basin. The pond is improved by putting a layer of asphalt or portland cement under the straw. At Gibraltar the present practice is to use wood instead of straw and sheet iron instead of clay.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs. A. S.
Mr. F. P. LEWIS Pianoforte Theory, Organ
Consult, Unit. Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 2-4.
Address, Winchester, Mass.

SHOE SIZES.

How the Standard of Measurement Was Established.

It is most difficult for many persons to remember the sizes of their different articles of wearing apparel. Collars, shirts and gloves are easy enough, because in the case of these it is a matter of actual inches. But the hat and shoe numbers are what puzzle most people, to say nothing of the mystery why a No. 11 stocking goes with a No. 8 shoe.

This last puzzle is, however, easily explained. Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighth inches. So, calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and accordingly built up his scale. It follows therefrom that a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he be an expert arithmetician. Even then he is likely to go wrong, because all the shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers instead of keeping to the regular scale have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears simply by adding the width and length of the inner brim and then dividing by two. Orders can also be sent to the shopkeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—Boston Globe.

BURNED PAPER MONEY.

Source of Great Profit to the Government and Banks.

At the redemption windows of the treasury and of the subtreasuries of the country any silver coin that has not been mutilated willfully and which still is recognizable as from the mints of the United States will be redeemed at face value, this in spite of the fact that the silver in the worn coin may not be worth half its face value. As to gold coin, the government stands only a small portion of the loss from abrasion; but, according to weight, these worn gold coins always are redeemable.

In the case of the paper currency two-fifths of a note must be presented if it shall be redeemed or a new note issued, and, no matter what the evidence may be as to total destruction of this paper currency, the government regards it as the holder's individual loss with which it is no further concerned. Fire may melt $1,000 worth of silver coins and it is worth its metal value. It may melt $1,000 in gold coins and the mint will pay $1,000 in new twenty dollar gold pieces for the mass. But the ashes of $1,000 in paper currency is without value.

In the thousands of fires over the country every year involving office buildings, factories, business houses and family residences an untold total of legal tender notes of all kinds are destroyed. Every piece of such paper lost is loss to the holder and gain to the government or to a national bank. It is a promissory note hopelessly lost to the holder. It is even more, for in many cases an individual man might redeem his debt obligation if he were assured by the holder of it that the piece of paper to which he had signed his name had been destroyed by accident and by no chance could turn up again against him.—Chicago Tribune.

Pope as a Witness.

Pope, like Garrick, made but a poor figure in the witness box. He was cited to appear in defense of Bishop Atterbury when that prelate was tried for high treason in the house of lords in 1723. "I never could speak in public," he told Spence afterward, "and I don't believe that if it was a set thing I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the bishop of Rochester in his trial, though I had but ten words to say and that on a plain point (how the bishop spent his time when I was with him at Bromley), I made two or three blunders in it and that notwithstanding the first row of lords (which was all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance."—London Standard.

The Lost Company.

"Hungry, I suppose?" said the sharp faced woman as she opened the door just a little bit.

"W'y, no," answered the ragged wayfarer. "I've clean forgot how to be hungry. But I'm out and out lonely."

"Lonely!"

"Yes. You see, I hain't had nothing to eat for so long that I've got so thin I can't cast no shadder, and you ain't no idea what company a man's shadder is to him while he is travelin' along the road."

Considerate.

Muggins is not handsome, and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked, "Does it look like me?"

Of course they replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "break it to my wife gently."—London Tit-Bits.



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The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

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A Culinary Capture

The Sequel to Nanon's Birthday Banquet.

By VIRGINIA TYLER HUDSON.

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Though women were few, and single women fewer, in the construction camps along the keys, it must be admitted that the coming of Nanon O'Higgins caused scarcely a flutter in the busy camp life.

When old Jim O'Higgins carelessly remarked that he would not eat at the camp table, as he had his daughter with him and would take his share from the commissary to his shack, it was the cue of Anjer Regan and Peter Ingraham and Frenchy Despard to stroll casually over toward the O'Higgins shack at the close of the first day's work. It was not because of a lack of welcome that they went no more—at least for some time.

"Not much for looks, sure," was the pronunciamento of Anjer Regan as they went back to the bunk boat down at the edge of the scraggly coral beach. "Her eyes gave me the creeps too. Looks as if she had a regular grouch at the world."

"Mos' probably," put in Frenchy, "she have—not with ze worl', but with ze old O'Higgins, who have name her Nanon, Parbleu! Such a name for such a femme! Youth and beauty, certissement, it means, and when you see her, pouf! It vaneesh!"

One day Ingraham was stretched on the white sands when O'Higgins came upon him.

"We want you and some of the boys to come up to the shack for dinner tonight, Mr. Ingraham," said the old man hesitatingly. "This is my little girl's birthday, and I thought"—

Ingraham hesitated.

"Oh, why not?" he thought. "This once won't hurt me. The old chap's fond of the girl, I suppose, too, and he hates to see her neglected." So he answered as he rose, yawning: "All right, O'Higgins, we'll be on deck."

All three of the men knew what it was to dine well. In the city Ingraham was known as such an epicure that it was a standing joke with his friends that he would starve down on the keys on the construction camp commissary. Like all true Frenchmen, Despard, too, knew the value of things culinary. But each was compelled to admit that never, even in the best clubs and restaurants, had they sat down to a daintier feast than that provided in the little Florida shack. And that, too, on the necessarily limited fare.

"Mais oui!" exclaimed the delighted Frenchman as together they strolled toward the beach. "Such soup! Such an entree! Such sauce bernaise! It would appear that we have underrated the Mlle. Nanon! Never have I had such a salad of cocoanuts. It was beautiful—enough to make Oscar turn the envious green!"

"At last he has been smitten with the charms of Nanon," solemnly murmured Anjer. "The little god has got busy and hit him in the stomach. But surely he don't expect to be without a rival. I, too, monsieur, have these many years been in search of a good cook."

Ingraham looked at his companions scornfully.

"Little beasts!" he muttered.

"I weesh to inform you," said Frenchy Despard one night, after a longer visit than usual, when he and Nanon had gone for a walk along the coral beach, "zat I have ze honaire to be betrothed to Mlle. Nanon O'Higgins." He bowed low.

"Well, you turned the trick on us, all right, Frenchy," said the somewhat discomfited Anjer. "May I hope to have an occasional invitation to eat at your house? I can't say but what, on the whole, I'm just as well satisfied. We'll at least have the cook in the family, so to speak."

Ingraham looked up with a frown. For the first time the girl's side of this occurred to him. She was to be sacrificed! But, with a shrug as if he would efface the thing, although the girl's dark eyes haunted him, he turned to his book.

Two days later Despard came in from the construction camp early. He was intrusted by the superintendent with a message for O'Higgins to prepare for a visit from one of the board of directors whose yacht had been sighted. He went, therefore, at once across the beach to the shack in the palm trees. With the freedom of the accepted lover he turned the corner of the house toward the little kitchen.

"She will be preparing for me the grand dinner," he said to himself unctuously and leaned across the sill of the window through which he could hear the rattle of pots and pans. The sight that met his eyes made his jaw drop and stilled the greeting on his lips. More quietly than he had come the man withdrew and slunk across the beach to the bunk boat.

Only an idling darky boy was in sight when Despard reached the waiting motorboat, into which he hurriedly climbed, carrying a suit case and three notes he had written.

"Here, you," he called as he started the motor, "deliver these notes as soon as this boat is out of sight!" Out in the channel he turned in the opposite direction from Knight's key and headed for Miami. The negro boy waited until a little promontory hid the boat from view and the chug-chug of the motor could no longer be heard and started on a dogtrot with the missive which were addressed to old O'Higgins, Nanon and Ingraham.

When the men came in later Ingraham hurried to the O'Higgins shack. Old O'Higgins, more bent and forlorn than ever, sat in the little doorway softly weeping.

"Despard?" queried the superintendent. "Has he been here? I sent him"—

"He was here—yes," answered the old man bitterly. "And has gone away, but if I live long enough to find him he will answer for this insult to my little girl"—

"Insult?" cried Ingraham, astonished. "Who—Despard? Has Nanon"—

"Read these!" said O'Higgins, handing him Frenchy Despard's notes. He took the opened one of O'Higgins first.

"You have deceived me grossly," it started, without introduction. "You have tried to foist your ugly daughter on me under false pretenses, and I rebel. I have gone away—so far that you will never be able to find me to marry your daughter that cannot cook."

Bewildered, the man opened the other note.

"Dear M. Ingraham," it read, "I am forced to the flight, ignominious Mlle. Nanon, my fiancée, I find is no cook at all. On arriving at her home unannounced today I saw her father preparing those so elegant dishes we have thought she made. Of course I cannot marry her, but fear they will try to force this so unpleasant state on me. Your motorboat I return from Miami."

Uncertain whether to laugh or join the O'Higgins' lament, Ingraham stood staring at the epistles. Then the thought of the girl's sad eyes came to him.

"And Nanon?" he asked somewhat awkwardly.

"Knows, and it will break her proud heart to see you all again. Oh, my poor little girl, to think I brought this on you! And I thought I was doing it for your good!" The old man's sobs broke out afresh.

"Did she love this Despard so much, then?" queried Ingraham.

"No, no!" was the hasty answer. "Lately I've come to think she didn't love him at all, but was doing it to please me. She knew I wanted her to marry a Frenchman and thought this was her only chance. You know, my poor Nanon isn't exactly what might be called beautiful," he broke off deprecatingly.

Ingraham's face broadened in a suppressed smile, but the father went on.

"I have a confession to make to you, Mr. Ingraham," he said, "something you should have known before, but Nanon said I mustn't tell. The reason goes back a long time. Once I had everything I wanted, and then it wouldn't have been necessary for me to do what I have to get a husband for Nanon. You boys maybe thought we didn't know what brought you here so much, but we did. It was the cooking. Nanon knew, but she only laughed and let me have my way. Always she only had it in her mind to let me have my way and please me. But, to go back, after my wife died things went wrong, and I lost all I had. I had never been taught to work, so could do little, and there came a time when we didn't know where to get our next meal. Then came this chance down here. Nanon told me to accept it. 'But I can't keep accounts,' I told her. 'Never mind,' said she; 'we'll fix that so they'll never know.' And she did. On account of my lameness I got permission to work here in the shack. Now, don't you see? She did the work, while I kept the house and cooked.

"Cooking was the only thing I could do, you see, but I can cook. French cooking has always been my hobby, and I learned from some of the best experts alive. Well, I began to think Nanon ought to get married, for I wanted some little children about in my old age. She never attracted men, though, if they knew how beautiful her heart and mind are, instead of looking at the face I would not have had to plan a scheme for getting attention for her. I thought if a man really got to know her it wouldn't matter about the means. But I've failed, you see," he finished, "and that's all. I've disgraced my child, and we'll have to start all over again somewhere else."

"Where is the girl?" asked Ingraham soberly. O'Higgins nodded at the pines.

Seated on a dead tree trunk he found the girl, her somber eyes gazing out through the vista of pine trees into the patch of opal sea beyond.

"Nanon," he said, offering his hand, "I've come to see if there isn't something I can say—something I can do"—

"What is there to be said?" she answered, ruefully smiling. "Only—only please don't say you'll bring him back."

"Then you don't love—didn't love"—

"I love my father," she said simply. "And he wanted me to marry."

As the man looked down into the deep eyes that told so much of self sacrifice and love, that would have made her even sacrifice her life to give an old man passing happiness, the slow dawn of a comprehension broke over him, a comprehension of what it meant to know a woman who knew only one law—the law of devotion. He had never been a man of impulse, but as Ingraham gazed at her the one that came to him was heeded.

"There are other men to marry, Nanon," he said, looking her squarely in the eyes. The girl winced a bit, but laughingly replied:

"It cannot be that you, too, are looking for a cook?"

"I'm looking for a woman," he said, "and I think I've found her. I won't ask you to answer me now," he went on hurriedly. "I have only found myself that I love you, and the sensation is so wonderful that I, too, must have time to think of it. But you will think of me a little, won't you?"

The girl put out her hand as a glad light flitted in the somber eyes through their wondering.

"I think I've always done that," she said.

Happy Events.

A teacher in one of the public schools of Vienna in order to test the ability of her junior class—girls eight to nine years old—in composition writing gave each little miss a subject to be discussed "at once without consultation and without help of any kind." The articles were found to be so interesting and amusing that they have been collected for publication. One article on "My Three Happiest Days" is notable in the unique collection. In well chosen words and clearly rounded sentences the little girl says that, being lost in the woods, having to run away from a fire which broke out in their house and watching a little boat as the wind tossed it on the waves and finally smashed it, were the most "happy events" that she could think of. Another in describing "fairyland" said that it must be a place where "everything is as it is here except that the lakes should be frozen half across at all times of the year so that we could take a swim and jump out and skate."

James I. and Billiards.

James I. appears to have inherited his mother's love of billiards. Among the payments from his privy purse noted in the exchequer records is one to "Henry Waller, our joyner, for a billiards boarde. Twelve foote long and fower foote broade, the frame being wallnuttree, well wrought and carved, with eight great skrewes and eighteen small skrewes." A salutary billiard rule in force in the days of the Stuarts was one to the effect that no bystander, even though he was betting on the game, should be allowed to offer advice unless asked. If he did so it was provided that "he shall for every fault instantly forfeit twopence for the good of the company or not be suffered to stay in the room."—London Chronicle.

His Early Home Coming.

"Does your husband carry a latchkey, Mrs. Homebody?"

"No, I never knew him to."

"Oh, then he comes in early! That must be due to your training?"

"Not in the least. There is always some one up when he gets home in the morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HIS NOSE WAS SAFE.

But His Nerves Were In a State of Cold Chill Collapse.

"I was sitting on the veranda of a mining town hotel one afternoon a good many years ago," said a veteran engineer, "and was lazily smoking one of the nicest meerschaum pipes you ever saw when out of the tail of my eye I saw that a bad man down at the other end of the veranda had his gun sighted at me. They were a wild lot around there, and I couldn't tell whether he meant to shoot me or the pipe. The chances were in favor of the pipe, however, and it seemed a good chance to test my nerve. I made up my mind to let him shoot and to pretend a careless air, but I'm telling you in the ten or fifteen seconds of waiting the sweat came out at every pore, and my heart pounded my ribs sore. I felt a sort of tick at the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of the gun and knew that a bullet had passed through the pipe. I got a brace with my hands and feet and waited for a second bullet, and it went through the bowl after the first. I sat there until his fourth bullet had hit the pipe and knocked the bowl off the stem, and then the shooter sauntered up to me and laughingly said:

"'Excuse me, stranger, but I thought it was limitation.'

"'Same as you are,' I replied.

"My gibe hurt him, but he was man enough to tell everybody about my nerve, and the boys chipped in sufficient nuggets to buy me a new fifty dollar pipe. Say, do you know what happened to me when I made an excuse to go upstairs after my old corncob? I had no sooner got into my room than my knees gave out, chills galloped up my spine, and I'll be hanged if I didn't faint away and lie there for ten minutes. It had suddenly occurred to me that the bowl of that pipe was only six inches from my nose while the fellow was doing his shooting, and I have not yet got over touching my nasal organ now and then to see if it is safe."

A TIRED MUSICIAN.

How Strauss Once Snubbed a Russian Court Dignitary.

When Johann Strauss took his orchestra to Russia he had some unusual experiences not generally vouchsafed to those who live outside an autocratic government.

One day he received the czarina's commands to play before her at her summer resort and was told on arriving there that he would have to rehearse his program three times before the performance. He begged to know the reason for that, but no explanation was given him. These were her majesty's orders, and he could only comply. Still, his astonishment grew when he saw during the three rehearsals an empty court carriage drawn by a pair of horses slowly going back and forth in front of his orchestra.

Throughout the final performance the mysterious act was explained. The empress, having a sharp attack of gout, was obliged to recline in the carriage, her foot on a cushion, while the concert took place, and the object of rehearsal had been to accustom the horses to a full string band lest they should take fright and bolt with her.

At the end of the performance an exalted dignitary of the court bade Strauss follow him to a splendid grand piano, saying:

"Now be good enough to play me all the newest Vienna music."

Although he was pretty fatigued by his three rehearsals and state performance, Strauss thought it expedient to comply, but after he had played continuously for over an hour he stopped, saying, "I presume that will be sufficient?"

"I am not at all tired," coolly rejoined his excellency.

"But I am!" said Strauss and rose from the instrument.

The Baths of Old Rome.

At the end of the third century after Christ there were in Rome 11 large public baths and 926 smaller ones. The baths of Caracalla could accommodate at one time 1,600 people; those of Diocletian, 3,600. Taking 1,500 as the average of each of the public baths and 50 as that of each of the private baths, it appears that at any minute bathing accommodations were possible for 62,000 people in ancient Rome. Counting on a population of 2,000,000, the figure generally given as the correct one, it would thus seem that ample privileges were afforded every day for every inhabitant of the Imperial City.—New York American.

A Gilbert Story.

Sir W. S. Gilbert, who was one of the few playwrights who defended the stage censor, is noted for his caustic criticisms on anything which does not meet with his approval.

While dining out once some one happened to ask him his opinion of Burne Jones' women. "Too long in the neck," remarked the author of "The Mikado." "When I look at one of them I always feel that she ought to have a joint in it and wear a stocking."—London Tit-Bits.

A Pleasure of Memory.

Drolichon bought a phonograph and insisted upon his mother-in-law having her voice registered by the instrument.

As the good woman refused, he added maliciously:

"Oh, come, now; just a few words. You can't think how much pleasure it will give me to hear your voice—when you are gone! —Paris Figaro.

Nothing of the Kind.

Mrs. Askit—When she's abroad does she hobnob with royalty? Mrs. Nonaught—Mercy, no! Her behavior is always extremely proper.—Smart Set.

His College Training.

"Has Billie's son ever made any use of his college education?"

"I should say so. He was held up a few nights ago."

"Yes?"

"And he tackled his assailant low and threw him for a loss of four rids. He learned that trick on his college eleven."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Out of the Ordinary.

Sapleigh—Bah Jove, you know, an idea has occurred to me— Miss Pert (interrupting)—Pardon me, Mr. Sapleigh, isn't that more than a mere occurrence? I should call it an event.—Boston Transcript.

A Pertinent Question.

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whisky surprised his mother by asking, "Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a little boy?"

Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is.—Lowell.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—First Quarter, For Jan. 9, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. iii, 13, to iv, 11—Memory Verses, iv, 10, 11—Golden Text, Heb. ii, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

While the people were in expectation or suspense and men were reasoning in their hearts as to whether John was the Christ or not, Jesus, being about thirty years of age, came to John to Jordan to be baptized of him (Luke iii, 15, 23). The Jews had sent priests and Levites from Jerusalem to John to ask him if he was the Christ or Elijah or that prophet, but John replied that he was neither the one nor the other, but only the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Isaiah" (John i, 19, 23). Then after His baptism John pointed Him out as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world and whom men are to follow, and men hearing John followed Jesus. We are not good witnesses unless those who see and hear us follow Jesus because of us. According to our lesson, John at first refused to baptize Jesus, feeling his own unworthiness, but Jesus said, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness" (verse 15). Remembering the first recorded utterance of Jesus, "I must be about my Father's business" (Luke ii, 49), how suggestive is this second utterance, "Suffer it to be so now." As believers in Him and therefore His representatives here we should always be about His business, and in reference to all that He appoints us, however unnecessary and uncalled for many things may seem to us, we should remember His words, "Suffer it to be so now." Whatever God appoints is right and best, and we manifest His high righteousness by cheerful submission to all that is right in His sight. Thus we shall be approved of Him in some sense as Jesus was. When Jesus began thus publicly to identify Himself with sinners, for those whom John baptized confessed their sins (verse 6), but Jesus had no sins to confess, the heavens were opened and the Father testified to His delight in His Son, and the Spirit came as a dove and abode upon Him. Thus we see the Father, Son and Holy Spirit in this great event. It seems to me that this testimony from the Father covers all the previous life at Nazareth, while the testimony at the transfiguration (xvii, 5) covers all His public life. He could truly say of Himself in relation to His Father, "I do always those things that please Him" (John viii, 29). We can never be satisfied with ourselves while we stay in these mortal bodies, but we can walk with God in fellowship if we are always well pleased with His Son Jesus Christ. In the seven chapters in which we find the phrase "Heaven opened" (Ezek i; Matt. iii; John i, Acts vii and x, Rev. iv and xix) we have in each a vision of Christ. He is always the center of adoration by the hosts in heaven and the redeemed on the earth. If Jesus, who must have been, like John, filled with the Spirit from His birth (Luke i, 15), needed a special filling or anointing for His public ministry is it any wonder that so few have any public ministry unto Him when so few seem to know or care anything about a special anointing of the Spirit? His desire is for many to stand before Him, to serve Him, to minister unto Him (II Chron. xxix, 11), but He has to say to the many: "I would, but ye would not;" "Ye will not come unto me." The same devil who blinded and led astray Adam and Eve is still blinding the minds of the lost to the light of the glorious gospel and the minds of the saved ones to the light of the glory of God and His kingdom. To submit to God means to resist the devil (Jas. iv, 7; I Pet. v, 8, 9), and until we have learned something of his devices and how to resist and overcome him we are not qualified for service as witnesses unto Christ. God did all He could for the comfort and happiness of Adam and Eve, but the devil told them that he would do better for them and make them like God. The devil's lie won and has been winning the crowd ever since by his suggestions on the same three lines. Something for the body, something for the mind and the power to lord it over others seem to cover the most of his devices—good for food, pleasant to the eyes, a tree to be desired to make one wise (Gen. iii, 6). Bread for the body, the esteem of men, the world and its glory. The first may include all gratifications of the body, the second all that might give us praise from men and the third every phase of dominion over others. Whatever you desire get it; do or be something wonderful in the eyes of man; get power over men by gold or politics or in any way the devil may suggest. How does our Lord reply? Things for the body are not important in comparison with the life and health of the soul, the food of which is the word of God. To desire greatness in the eyes of others is called tempting the Lord our God. To bow down to the devil for the sake of worldly advantage is forbidden by "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." Would we live in fellowship with God and in the comfort of the ministry of the angels it must be by rejoicing in the Lord our righteousness and in a hunger for a greater manifestation of it in us; by seeking to magnify His name, not ours.

Psalms Not Barred.

The other evening Miss Y., a maiden lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau downstairs, called Martha and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" cried the quick witted Martha. "It was only me singing a psalm."

"Very good," returned Miss Y. significantly. "You may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hims."

The Bland One.

Lady—What! You've just come out of prison! I wonder you are not ashamed to own it! Ne'er-do-well—I don't own it, lady—wish I did. I was only a lodger.—New York Journal.

A golf player in a match at Rochford, Essex, England, drove a ball into a hedge bordering on a stream which intersects the course. On searching for the ball it was found in a nest resting on four eggs, the parent bird having been knocked into the water. Neither nest nor eggs were damaged.

TRAVELERS' TALES.

The Blunders in Books That Describe Foreign Countries.

A lively article on the amusing mistakes to be found in books appears in the London Academy. The author in referring to the blunders often made in books that describe foreign countries notes that a traveler's ignorance of the manners and customs of strange peoples or deliberate imposition by his informants are both supposed to have given a somewhat fabulous character to some parts of the writings of Herodotus. He quotes these lines, which he found written on his desk when he was attending lectures at Oxford:

Herodotus, Herodotus,
You could not spell, you ancient cuss.
The priests in Egypt gammoned you.
It was not very hard to do.
But don't you think you'll gammon us,
Herodotus, Herodotus.

The author adds: "The second line is presumably a reference to the spelling of Ionic Greek. What follows alludes to the story of the Nile issuing from between the mountains Crophi and Mophi, which certainly sounds like a nursery tale. In justice, however, to the historian we must remember that recent investigations have discovered that many of his narratives once regarded as mythical have been found to have some foundation in fact.

"This is more than can be said of most mediaeval travelers' tales. Some, however, admit of explanation, as, for instance, Othello's account of 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' Raleigh is convinced that the wonder 'is true, because every child in the provinces of Arromaia and Canuri affirms the same.' The origin of the belief in such prodigies has been found in the account given by Olearius of the Samojeds of northern Muscovy, whose garments are made like those that are called cosaques, open only at the necks. When the cold is extraordinary they put their cosaques over their heads and let the sleeves hang down, their faces being not to be seen but at the cleft which is at the neck. Whence some have taken occasion to write that in these northern countries there are people without heads, having their faces in their breasts.'"

FREAK CATALOGUING.

British Museum Has a System That Few Can Fathom.

It may seem ungrateful in an old reader who has reaped so many benefits from the great library in Bloomsbury to find fault with the arrangements, and if I stood alone in this complaint I would retain my isolation, but the grievance is ventilated by many.

In the first place, I and J are treated as the same letter, as U and V are. That was all right when the catalogue was begun and was in manuscript, but now that printing has superseded handwriting the obsolete fashion of cataloguing Jones and Ives under the same letter or Vale and Unwin as having the same initial might be discontinued and the modern usage adopted.

In the second place, anonymous works are catalogued according to a bewildering system, the object of which seems to be to hide the identity of the work.

Take the case of the valuable little book with the following title: "An Account of the Origin of Steamboats, In Spain, Great Britain and America and of Their Introduction and Employment Upon the River Thames Between London and Gravesend to the Present Time"—i. e., 1821. One would think that it would be catalogued under "Steamboats," that being the main subject, but no—it is catalogued under "Spain." I am told the rule is to take the first proper name.

That rule, however, is not applied in the next case. A well written little book published in 1907 is entitled "Devon, the Shire of the Sea Kings." "Devon" would seem to be the natural heading, but no—in the catalogue it will be found under "Great Western Railway."—London Notes and Queries.

Broke the Combination.

The father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had discovered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent old negro who groomed the Wadhams horses came to him.

"You los' you affection foh me, boss?" he asked.

"No, Scipio," said Mr. Wadhams. "I like you as well as ever."

"Then," asked Scipio peevishly, "w'yn't you tie old Rover in de chicken coop stid of dat new dorg?"—Argonaut.

Had to Walk.

The intoxicated gentleman stared in a bewildered manner at the sign on the bridge. The sign read, "Loads Must Not Be Taken Across the Bridge Faster Than a Walk."

After giving the sign profound study he observed:

"Don't shee how fellersh wi' loadsh can do better'n a walk nohow!"

A Disraeli Anecdote.

Sitting next Disraeli at dinner, Mrs. Jeune said that Lord Sherbrooke must be allowed one virtue—namely, his patient and affectionate behavior toward his wife. "Do you think," said Disraeli in his deep tone, "that he has ever seen her?"—Memoirs of Lady St. Helier.

Scientific.

"Why did you get a divorce?"

"My wife poisoned my whole life."

"But you hastened to marry again?"

"Well, I had an antidote coming to me, didn't I?"—Cleveland Leader.

"A Nine Days' Wonder."

The memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey is said to have given rise to the phrase "A nine days' wonder." Lady Jane was proclaimed queen of England July 10, 1553, four days after the death of Edward VI. After the lapse of a period of nine days, on July 19, she relinquished her title to the crown, thus terminating her reign in the short space of a week and a half. A noted English historian says, "Thus we come to the end of the diary of that short and troubled reign that from its length is said to have given rise to the now (1620) popular phrase, 'A nine days' wonder.'"

A Social War.

"See here, old man, every time my wife orders a gown your wife orders two gowns."

"Yes?"

"Whereupon my wife goes your wife one better."

"Well?"

"Can't we arbitrate this matter?"—Pittsburg Post.

CAPTURED BY A TIGER.

The Fearful Experience of an English Sportsman.

It is not often that a person who has been in the claws of a tiger can tell later how the experience seemed to him. John Bradley, an English sportsman, had the good luck to escape with his life from such a predicament and in his "Narrative of Travel and Sport" tells what the sensation was like. He was hunting tigers in the eastern part of Burma when he met with the adventure. Two other Englishmen were with him at the time:

We marched along carelessly, without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning when he exclaimed, "Beware, sahib!" and a full grown tiger went past us at a gallop.

A straggling volley was fired after it, and, although evidently not struck, the beast stopped and, rearing up on its hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or a table.

Mr. Grant and I fired simultaneously, but without effect, and before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind I was down under its paws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat and then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I heard the frightened shouts of my companions and the report of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me, but I did not lose consciousness.

As I was jolted through the forest I several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time, although quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to the danger that some persons have described under similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile from the spot where I was first seized. They followed as fast as they could run and, although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life, for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions, although as yet I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of this release, I tried to escape to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand.

In an instant and with a terrible roar the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder and at the same time lacerating my chest with its claws.

A shot was fired, and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to aim too high. A second and third shot were equally unsuccessful, and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint and could not suppress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, fortunately for me.

Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage and began to spit like an angry cat at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but whom I could not see owing to my position, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my friend was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

The Gates of Paradise.

Once in a year and at one place in the world there is a crush that surpasses anything else of its kind in the world. It is the great fair of Bawa Farid, which is annually held in the town of Pak Pattan, in British India. It is held in honor of the famous Sheikh Farid-ud-Din, surnamed Shakar Ganj or sugar store, from the fact that his body had become so pure by continual fasting that whatever was put into his mouth, even earth and stones, was instantly changed into sugar. The principal ceremony consists of passing through an opening made in a wall adjoining the shrine measuring 5 by 2½ feet and called "the gates of paradise." Whoever between noon and night is able to pass through this opening is assured of paradise, and when there are 50,000 striving to pass through at the same time the crush is something terrific. Women faint, bones are broken, and the heat is stifling.

Gladstone's Eccentric Attire.

Mr. Gladstone cared little about personal appearance, and had it not been for the loving care of Mrs. Gladstone his dress at times would scarcely have been in keeping with the dignity of his position.

"During one of the Midlothian campaigns," Mr. Lucy in "Memories of Eight Parliaments" informs us, "when he was a guest of Dalmeny he daily wore an ancient, short cut, much frayed cape of the kind Shem, Ham and Japheth might have worn when they took their walks abroad before the flood necessitated the ark. It was compact, of a cheap, shoddy material called, I believe, vicuna. It was in vogue, among other monstrosities of fashion, in early Victorian days. This was probably the only specimen left in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Even it could not debase or disguise the native majesty of Gladstone's presence."

The Woman With the Transfer.

With a transfer ticket punched to expire at 12 o'clock an elderly woman got on a car.

"I can't take this, lady," said the conductor. "You see, it's marked for 12 but now it's ten minutes of 2. The ticket's been dead for nearly two hours."

"Well," was the woman's reply, "I took the first car I could get after leaving the bank. I had to wait to have my interest figured up."

"If it took 'em two hours to figure the interest on my money I wouldn't argue about a transfer. I'd pay my fare or ride in an auto," said the conductor.

The woman made no retort, but fished a nickel out of her hand bag and gave it to the conductor.—New York Times.

Mrs. Haudout—If you would wash your face, comb your hair, trim your beard and mend your clothes you could secure employment.

Staggering Blow—Y-yes, lady. I've been aware uv dat fact fer jest twenty-seven years, but I'm jest as much obliged fer de warning.—Judge.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Figure It Out.

A beggar boy asked an old gentleman in the street for sixpence.

"What will you do with it if I give you one?" asked the old gentleman.

"Turn it into ninepence quick," replied the boy.

"How?"

"Give me the sixpence and I'll soon show you."

The boy got the money, darted off to a baker's shop and bought a three penny loaf, with which he returned to the old gentleman and handed him back 3 pennies.

"How's this? You said you would make the sixpence into ninepence."

"So I have. The baker's got threepence, you've got threepence, and I've got a threepenny loaf. That's ninepence."—Pearson's Weekly.

Just the Opposite.

"You are a poor young man?"

"I am."

"Then what you want is a thrifty economical wife."

"Not at all. What I want is a rich liberal wife."—Democratic Telegraph.

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VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 9

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington or No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1907.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.06 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.40 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Wilson street, near Calnan's shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal sts.
912	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
3-1	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
5-2	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
5-3	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
5-2	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
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Swallowed and Climbed.

A woman newly rich was invited to an aristocratic dinner party. During the course of fowl and salad this woman noticed with dismay a fat, furry caterpillar on her topmost leaf of lettuce. Glancing up, she met her aristocratic hostess' eye. The hostess, too, had seen the caterpillar. Her gaze implored the guest to save the dinner from catastrophe. The guest gave her hostess a reassuring smile. Then she doubled a lettuce leaf around the caterpillar and swallowed it calmly. The look of awe and gratitude that her hostess gave her was an assurance that her footing in society was at last firmly established.

"Did you think," said Mrs. Newlyrich to her daughter afterward, "that I'd lose a chance of establishing the family socially for a little thing like a caterpillar?"

Might Be on One's Nose.

"Don't get down in the mouth, old man," said the optimist. "Look on the bright side of things."

"That's all very well," mournfully replied the sufferer, "but what is the bright side of a gumboil?"

Belated.

"I understand that Frailman has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will."

"Well, what is there courageous about that? She's dead, isn't she?"

The Touch of Fortune.

"What do you think, my dear? Such luck! We leave for Paris in an hour."

"Yes; we're going to Pasteur's. My husband has just been bitten by a mad dog."—Bon Vivant.

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Established in 1851.

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HOW THE PRINCE CAME

Jim Wade Feared He Would Lose His Daughter, and He Did.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Jim Wade shaded his eyes with one broad hand and looked over his rich fields ripe for the harvest. As far as the eye could see from his point of vantage on the ranch house steps the land was his own.

Because Molly Wade was his only child, Jim, watching her grow up from a motherless girlhood, was full of fears and apprehensions for her future. The best in the world was none too good for Molly, and so away to school Molly went, and when she came back, unchanged, unspoiled, he was thankful.

She came back as simple hearted and home loving as when she had taken her tearful farewell of him. The so called broader life for women had no attraction for Molly Wade. She was first and last a home lover—a homemaker.

Jim sighed even then as he watched her directing the affairs of the house they occupied. Almost any day now some handsome young man might come along and rob his nest of its one birdling. And each morning he looked searchingly into her clear blue eyes seeking some change that might tell him of the threatened invasion of her heart, for suitors there were in plenty at the Wade ranch.

This morning Molly dashed around from the corral on her little black mare Daisy.

"Where now, honey?" asked Jim.

"A ride in the corn, father. Can't you come, dear?" Molly's hair was like ripened corn silk, and her eyes were as blue as the sky overhead. The black of her hat made a frame for her delicate skin, tinted with bloom and warmed by the sun. Slender and lithe, she swayed in the saddle with a grace that was only equaled by her dancing.

"Sorry, honey, but it's pay day, you know. The old man's got to stay home and work this morning. Don't go too far. And got your gun handy?"

Molly patted the belt at her trim waist, where a small revolver gleamed in the holster. "Right here, dad. I'll be home in time for dinner. So long!"

"Don't let any fairy princes run away with you, daughter," admonished Jim. "You know I worry a lot about that prince that's coming after my little gal some day." There was more gravity than fun in Jim's voice, and Molly felt that this old jest between them was becoming a serious matter to her father.

She urged Daisy to the foot of the steps and flicked her father lightly on the shoulder with her whip. "Dad, dear, I really believe you are worried. I've never even seen the man—or prince—I'd leave you for. There, are you satisfied?" He leaned down and kissed her lovely, laughing face, and a warm smile lighted his grim features.

"God bless you, darling. I want you to be happy, but I hope it will be many a day before the prince does come. I'm a selfish old brute, eh?"

"Not a bit, dad. And when he does come we'll set him to work in the fields and live right along with you."

With a laughing, backward glance Molly rode away toward the fields of tall corn that had not yet fallen prey to the snapping reapers.

A thousand acres of corn whispering in the wind! It was like a thick forest, thought Molly, as Daisy threaded her way daintily through the tall stalks.

Overhead the yellowed leaves rustled crisply. On either side they reached long, fluttering fingers to brush Molly's rose leaf face or to touch a lock of her soft hair. Her eyes grew dreamy as she listened to the whispering, and a look came into her face—a look that her father had never seen.

Molly had had her day dreams—indeed, she had dreamed of a lover who came out of a fascinating world of which she had caught a mere glimpse in her school days. The prince who would come and claim her one day would come spinning down the state road in a motorcar. Handsome he would be and merry and rollicking as so many of those gay automobilists appeared to be.

But when it came to the wrench of parting with her dear father Molly's dream always changed to one where the dashing motorist became enamored of farm life and elected to settle down at Wade's ranch for a lifetime, with a huge red car stabled among the horses.

All at once Molly drew rein and listened to a sound other than the sighing of the corn. There was the thud, thud, of hoofs in another aisle near by. Perhaps it was her father, or, at any rate, it would be one of the men from the ranch.

"Hello!" called Molly musically.

"Hello!" came back in a man's deep voice.

As the man lifted his battered felt hat Molly realized that he was a stranger, and her cheeks grew warm under the gaze of his dark eyes. He was very good to look upon, young and straight and strong, with sun browned face and chestnut hair. His blue flannel shirt was open at the throat, and the skin below the collar was smooth and white. From the saddle bow swung a bundle rolled in a blanket.

"I am afraid I've lost my way," said the stranger pleasantly. "I've been wandering in this cornfield for the last three hours. Perhaps you can direct me to Wade's place, or is it possible you are lost too?"

Molly smiled and shook her head. "I can show you the way easily. I am Mr. Wade's daughter," she explained over her shoulder as the little mare walked on.

The stranger turned his horse into the aisle behind Molly and followed close in her wake.

"My name is Norton—Scott Norton," he said after a little pause. "I'm looking for work in the fields. I was told Mr. Wade needed help."

"He does," assented Molly eagerly. "They want to make crop before the 20th, and father was wishing this morning for half a dozen extra men."

"I am very glad," said Norton.

Something in the tone of his voice thrilled Molly's tender heart. She knew as plainly as if he had told her in so many words that he had been in hard luck and that he had traveled a long distance in search of this job. The miserable beast he rode was a scarecrow, probably purchased with his last penny.

They came to the edge of the cornfield and emerged into a well beaten road bordered on either side by corn.

"I missed this road somehow," said Norton, riding abreast of Molly. "It must be well on to noon, isn't it?"

His lack of a watch deterred Molly from looking at her own little timepiece. She glanced up at the sun with a delightful knitting of her pretty brows.

"Dear me, it is late! We must hurry!" she said.

Behind them came the shriek of a siren and the distant hum of a speeding motorcar. Molly had barely time to urge her mare to the edge of the corn when her eyes caught a horrified glimpse of the stranger's balky horse rigid in the path of the speeding vehicle.

There was a warning shout, a queer crashing thud and a cloud of dust. Then Molly found herself kneeling beside the prostrate stranger, while an excited automobilist borrowed her revolver to still the agony of the injured horse.

The party of men carried the unconscious form of their victim to the uninjured car, and it was Molly Wade, white lipped and trembling, who took a place in the tonneau and supported the quiet head against her shoulder. To her it seemed as if she was his only friend in an inhospitable land. One of the men awkwardly rode the mare in the rear of the car, and slowly they trailed through the dust toward the wide gate of the ranch.

Jim Wade, sitting on the wide porch, reading a newspaper, saw them coming, a strange procession. The sight of a stranger riding Daisy was like a knife thrust in his heart, and when the machine stopped at the steps he could barely make his way to the ground and assure himself that Molly was safe and sound.

His daughter's voice cut into the noisy explanations of the men.

"This man was on his way to the ranch looking for work, father, when he was struck. He must need medical attention. I think he is recovering consciousness. If you will take him into the house I will telephone to Dr. Acklin."

It was the work of an instant for the five men to improvise a litter and carry the stranger into the house and deposit him on Jim Wade's own bed. Jim Wade himself applied restoratives and announced that the man had suffered no injury beyond a broken arm and severe shock. He detained the automobilists, however, until the arrival of the doctor.

Molly did not appear at dinner where the four strangers joined her father She had sent Hannah, the servant, to the sick chamber to await the arrival of the doctor while she took the domestic's place in the kitchen.

Dr. Acklin confirmed Jim Wade's estimation of the injuries to Scott Norton—a badly fractured arm and a severe shaking up. Six weeks' confinement and rest for the first and quiet and repose for the last. The motor party made up a purse for the victim, which Jim Wade promptly returned to them.

"He's our friend," he said, with dignity. "Any one that comes to my door in trouble and needs me is my friend. I look out for my friends. Take a lesson, gentlemen—go slow; go slow!"

They departed, sobered by the experience, while Hannah was installed as head nurse in the sick chamber and Molly assumed the woman's duties in the kitchen. Late that evening she related the incident to her father, and as he noted the new light in her eyes his heart grew troubled.

"I—the fellow can't be a prince in disguise, Molly. I won't have it so!" he blurted out.

"Why, dad!" blushed Molly. "We don't know Mr. Norton, and, anyway, princes come in coaches and in splendid motorcars, with gorgeous clothes. They don't lose themselves in cornfields and ride—oh, such a horrible horse, father. I'm glad the poor beast is dead."

And with the change of subject Jim had to be satisfied.

* * * * * * *

Nevertheless another summer found Molly preparing for her wedding. Scott Norton had recovered, been tried and found to be the right man wanted by Jim Wade to assist in the management of the ranch. He had no people and no home, and he came to round out the family circle at the ranch.

"So you are Molly's prince," said Jim Wade, with tears in his eyes; "an American prince, I take it, because you just came along when you were needed. I need you, and—Molly needs you to make her happy."

"I need you both," said Norton, with emotion. "I am a sorry prince, sweetheart," he said, kissing Molly's bright face, so near his own.

"A prince in disguise," whispered Molly.

Had Authority.

A case was being tried before the late Lord Young, "Crabbe versus Crabbe."

"I may explain, my lud," said the advocate, "that my client Crabbe is a nephew of our opponent Crabbie, but a few years ago he dropped the 'i' in his name for the sake of euphony."

"Ah," replied Lord Young, "he has Biblical authority for that—'If thy "I" offend thee, pluck it out.'"—Westminster Gazette.

Different Now.

"They say his wife was the inspiration of some of his best plays."

"Yes; he produced them before he was married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Significant.

Tom—Do you think your father dislikes me? Tess—Well, he gave the dog's chain and muzzle away yesterday.

Simply a Man Hunt.

"I declare!" shouted a bellboy in one of the big downtown hotels as he dashed into the lobby.

"I declare!" he shrieked again, or at least it sounded like that.

An irascible old gentleman whose eardrums were jarred by the shrill screech wheeled about and glared at the boy.

"I declare!" he piped louder than before.

"Well, what's the answer?" demanded the old man gruffly.

"I declare!" came the shrill reply.

"Oh, you do, eh?" snorted the old fellow. "Well, why the deuce don't you?"

The bellboy cast a withering glance at him, gazed searchingly about the room and emitted a shrill "Declare!"

"Say," exclaimed the old chap, collaring the boy, "what the dickens is wrong with you, anyway? Are you going crazy?"

"Naw, I ain't goin' crazy," replied the brass buttoned one. "I got a telegram fer 'em; that's all. Aw, look fer yerself!" exclaimed the boy disgustedly as he shoved the yellow envelope under the old fellow's nose. It was addressed "I. D. Clair."

"Well, I declare!" gasped the old man weakly as he sank into his seat.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Show Windows In Austria.

The Austrian shopkeeper takes great pride in having his window dressed in an attractive manner and the glass perfectly clean at all times, no matter how small the shop or how small the city. Frequently the greater part of the stock of merchandise is displayed in the windows of the smaller shops. It is much less difficult to make attractive displays than in American stores, as windows open outward on hinges. Even heavy plate glass windows ten to fifteen feet square are so arranged and dressed from the street instead of from the inside, as in America. The large windows are usually arranged in the morning before many pedestrians are on the street. The wall space between shops is frequently rented by owners of adjoining stores and arranged to appear like windows, giving the appearance of being a large shop. When one wishes to examine an article displayed in a window the proprietor or clerk goes to the street with a key, unlocks the window and takes out the article, then locks his window again.

The Only Difference.

Clorinda was as black as night and of heroic proportions, but in every possible way she copied her slender young mistress, for whom she had a great admiration. "I like to look jes' as much like you as I can," she often said, "'cause you looks jes' like a lady orter look, Mis' Hend'son."

Clorinda intrusted all her shopping to Mrs. Henderson and scorned the bright colors and pronounced styles affected by her own friends. One day she asked her mistress to buy her a pair of low shoes. As she made the request she glanced with admiration at the slim little foot showing beneath the edge of a dainty skirt.

"An' I want 'em jes' exactly like yours, Mis' Hend'son," said Clorinda, "no diffence 'ceptin' dey's gotter be wide ones, so maybe de buckle might 'pear better if 'twas a teenty mite larger'n yours."—Youth's Companion.

Father's Method.

During a recent slight illness the five-year-old Teddy, usually so amiable, flatly and obstinately refused to take his medicine. After a somewhat prolonged and ineffectual argument with him his mother at last set the glass of medicine down, leaned her head on her hands and "played" that she was crying. A moment passed, and the tender hearted Teddy, unable longer to bear the sight of his mother's stricken attitude, inquired, "What's the matter, mother, dear?" Without removing her hands from her eyes she replied, "I'm grieved that my son won't take his castor oil for me." Whereupon Teddy sat up in bed and offered consolingly: "Oh, I wouldn't feel bad if I were you, mother, dear. Father will be home soon, and he'll make me take it."—Delineator.

Bunching the Hits.

A legal journal tells a story of an Illinois attorney who argued to the court one after another a series of very weak points, none of which seemed to the court to have any merit until the court finally said, "Mr. ——, do you think there is anything in these points?" To which the attorney replied, "Well, judge, perhaps there isn't much in any one of them alone, but I didn't know but your honor would kind of bunch them."

Foolish Question.

"Some one stole every blessed stocking off our line."

"What are blessed stockings?"

"Those which are not darned, of course."—Exchange.

Great characters shine out through small crevices.

You May Need It

Ask your doctor about the wisdom of your keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, ready for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis. If he says it's all right, then get a bottle of it at once. Why not show a little foresight in such matters? Early treatment, early cure.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Many a boy is called dull and stupid, when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills will do such boys a great deal of good. They keep the liver active.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A BLOW IN JAMAICA

Things That Happen When a Big Storm Breaks Loose There.

A WEST INDIAN HURRICANE.

It Will Leap Out of a Clear Sky and Level Almost Everything In Its Path—Then Comes a Torrential Downpour That Ends In a Flood.

"Have you ever been through a West Indian hurricane?" said a man who has lived in the tropics on and off for a number of years. "Do you want to know what the experience is like?

"A hurricane will leap out of a clear sky, swoop down on a city, blow everything in its path flat and pass on. Then follows the tail of the hurricane, a steady breeze blowing in the same direction, but at a much lower velocity. This is likely to continue for many hours, sometimes for many days, and is always accompanied by a torrential downpour of rain.

"I was in Kingston, Jamaica, at the time of the hurricane of 1903. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I was in my office on the top floor of a rickety wooden building. As suddenly as a clap of thunder the room went dark.

"I had a pretty good idea of what was about to happen and, going to the window, looked out across the roofs. A black cloud had whirled up out of the southwest, obscuring the sun, but the mountains back of the city were still golden with light.

"In less than a quarter of an hour the wind reached us. The first structure that went was a wooden watchtower about 200 feet high that had been used in the old days to locate ships approaching the harbor. It had weathered all previous hurricanes, but this time it went down like a house of cards. Spars of lumber from that tower were carried as far as twenty blocks before they came to the ground.

"Then the spire of the church went, the roofs of a good many residences were torn off, and some fine palm trees in the public gardens snapped off about halfway from the ground. Buildings in Kingston, however, are calculated to stand a pretty severe blow. They are built only a few stories high, and the roofs present a broad and comparatively flat surface to the wind. Considering the velocity at which that hurricane was traveling, the damage was not great. Even my crazy office building withstood it. But the tail of the thing followed, with a heavier rain than I have ever seen before or since. To say that it came down in bucketfuls would be mild. It was as if the clerk of the weather had taken the plug out of some huge vat suspended above our heads and allowed the water to plump straight down on us.

"In three hours the macadam on the streets had been washed into the harbor. The street outside my window was a rushing river as much as four feet deep in places. I saw a cart try to cross it, but with the water above the axle of the wheel and the horse's legs being washed away from under it it was an impossible task, and the driver turned back. Big casks and packing cases were dancing on the surface like corks.

"As you can imagine, I did not get home to supper that evening. It was 8 o'clock before the rain stopped and the water in the streets had drained into the harbor. Even then traffic had not begun to reorganize itself.

"The trolley car tracks had been washed out, and no cars were running. Cabs, however, were doing a roaring business, and eventually I got a cabman to drive me home for three times his customary charge.

"The damage to property in Kingston mounted up to hundreds of thousands of dollars, but the real destruction was wrought in the country districts. Floods wiped out many a negro village and sent the flimsy houses floating down the rivers. The railroads were tied up for nearly a week. Every banana tree in the path of the hurricane was uprooted. Oh, yes, a West Indian hurricane can do a lot of damage when it gets busy.

"Loss of life, did you say? Of course there was. Nearly 200 people were killed throughout the island on that occasion, but we grow accustomed to that in the West Indies. We expect a hurricane every once in awhile, and we know that it will take its toll of human life when it comes. If you had been telling the story you would probably have mentioned that first of all, but sudden death is so common below the tropic of Cancer that we get callous, I suppose."—New York Sun.

Albion and Columbia.

"Albion, the Gem of the Ocean," was written and composed by Jesse Hammond, an English government dock official, about 1820 and was heard above all others in the theaters, music halls and on London streets. It is apparent that "gem of the ocean" fits an island more aptly than our large tract of continent, and "borne by the red and the blue" (the red of the British army and blue of the navy) is more logical than the meaningless line "borne by the red, white and blue." The lines of the English songs are almost word for word identical with our version, "The Red, White and Blue."—Exchange.

A Manly Woman.

"Why do you say she is a manly woman?" asked Jinks.

"She always gets off a car properly," said Minks.—Buffalo Express.

A Sight Worth Paying For.

The cab, drawn by a weary looking horse, came to a standstill opposite a public house. As the driver was preparing to descend a small boy ran up with, "'Old yer 'orse, guv'nor?"

"'Old my 'orse? Look 'ere, my lad, Ah'll give yer a bob if it runs away."—Manchester Guardian.

His Contribution.

"Have you ever done anything for the good of the community?" asked the solid citizen.

"Yes," replied the weary wayfarer; "I've just done thirty days."—Philadelphia Record.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14, 1910.

NATIONAL BANK ELECTION.

In pursuance to legal notice the Woburn National Bank held their annual meeting on last Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1910. The only change made in the Directory from 1909 was the election of Mr. John C. Buck to the Board. The following Directors were chosen:

John W. Johnson, John G. Maguire, L. Waldo Thompson, Edward F. Johnson, Everett P. Fox, Robert Chalmers, William E. Blodgett, Daniel R. Beggs, John C. Buck.

At a meeting of the new Board of Directors the following officers were chosen:

President, John W. Johnson;
Vice Pres., Edward F. Johnson;
Chashier, Edward Johnson;
Asst. Cashier, John C. Buck;
Teller, Raymond W. Brown;
Bookkeeper, Mary E. Godkin.

The Bank is doing a business wholly satisfactory to its officers, stockholders, and the public.

FITZGERALD WON.

In a poll of over 95,000 the City of Boston last Tuesday elected Hon. John E. Fitzgerald Mayor for 4 years by the narrow margin of 1415 votes. Mayor Hibbard got 1816, and Taylor 613. These last two were not bonifide candidates, although Hibbard pretended to be one.

Fitzgerald was Hibbard's immediate predecessor in the office, and is a much abler man than the present incumbent.

Storrow and Fitzgerald are Democrats, but the former was taken up by a "Reform" organization calling themselves a Good Government Association, and to that fact Storrow's defeat was probably due.

☞ There lately have been conferences and special meetings of the City Council and Board of Public Works to consider the important matter of relaying water mains in this city in accordance with Mayor Murray's Inaugural Address. The bodies are in accord with the Mayor and are ready to take immediate action toward putting his ideas and plans into execution. This looks like business on the part of the three working branches of the city government. It appears to foreshadow, too, a real business administration this year. Evidently Mayor Murray was sincere in making his Inaugural suggestions, and intends to have them carried out so far as he is able to have them executed. The City Council and B. P. W. seem equally in earnest for a genuine business administration. The conferences and meetings spoken of have already resulted in steps being taken to carry out the Mayor's recommendation.

☞ Last Saturday, January 8, was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, the last fight in the War of 1812, when General Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," won a brilliant victory over the British forces under the command of General Packingham, who lost his life in that hot and sanguinary engagement. This is the reason why Jan. 8 is called "Jackson Day," and why it is so enthusiastically celebrated by some Democrats on the return of each anniversary of it. It is not, probably, true, however, that a large share of the Democrats of the Southern Ctates, particularly those of New Orleans, still vote at every election for General Jackson for President, although it is claimed that he was the discoverer of a brand of Democracy called "Jacksonian," now no longer in use by that Party. The anniversary was not observed to any great extent by Woburn Democrats.

☞Hon. James Wilson Grimes, Ex-Senator, of Reading, represents the 7th Middlesex District on the Republican State Committee, an honor which he fully deserves, for he is able, and a Republican without fault or blemish. There is a place higher up waiting for him. When the new Committee met last week in Boston to organize a few dissatisfied members undertook to get up an insurrection over something they did not like; but they couldn't make an Insurgent of Senator Grimes, and the rebellion fell through. Nobody understands better than he does that a political kicker is always a shortlived official, and to succeed one must keep step with the Regulars.

☞ The "new broom" didn't sweep all the good ones from City Hall. Theres Redmond E. Walsh, now, the Water Registrar, one of busiest and most popular officers in the old building, he is still at his post of duty and making good every day in the week, Sundays excepted; and Buck in the Treasurer's room; and John Finn, who has a lifelease of the City Clerk's office; and a considerable bunch of likely ones, scattered through the upstairs apartments; no, a good many of the best ones are there yet.

☞ We find the following in the Boston *American*, of Jan. 11, accompanied by portraits of the two Holden sisters, daughters of our friend, Hon. Joshua B. The girls evidently had the courage of their convictions at the election:

"Young society girl suffragists visited Martin Lomasney, the Ward 8 leader, at the Hendricks Club on Green street, and he gave them permission to stand in the doorway leading up to the Club and distribute handbills. These were of various colors and read: 'Votes for Women.'

"Miss Anne Gladys and Gwendolyn Holden, daughters of Joshua B. Holden, the lawyer, who lives at the Hotel Somerset, stood in the cold doorway of the Club and distributed handbills most of the day. Miss Mandeline Pinkham, daughter of State Senator Pinkham, stood across the street and distributed papers."

☞ Hon. John P. Feeney, ex-Mayor of Woburn, a citizen and prominent lawyer of Boston, presided at the mammoth Fitzgerald massmeeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, last Saturday night, at which a large number of the most eminent Democratic orators and statemen of the Hub were speakers. The meeting was in the nature of a windup of the greatest, hottest, and raciest municipal campaign that Boston ever went through. A tremendous crowd filled the vast auditorium, but Chairman Feeney maintained the best of order.

☞ The Railroad Committee of the Legislature, a place on which Speaker Walker graciously, and without solicitation, gave to Representative George F. Bean of Woburn, is one of the most important and eagerly sought by ambitious statesmen, in the House. A new member is seldom, or never, placed on that Committee, but it is generally reserved for the wheelhorses and seasoned Legislators.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

Choral Union—Concert.
Edison Co.—Cooperation.
E. F. Johnson—Mort. Sale.

— The Baraca Class gave a Mock Trial at the Orthodox church last evening.

— Prof. Larson of Harvard is to lecture at the Swedish Free church on Jan. 29.

— Tickets for the Choral Society concert, Jan. 17, are for sale at Whitcher's drugstore.

— Some Woburn parties are after game this week with the New England Fox Hunting Club.

— There was a new moon last Tuesday, which will be ready for sleighing parties in a few nights.

— The days have increased in length 19 minutes, which has become quite noticable, especially in the afternoons

— Commissioner Kelley of the B. P. W. will see to it that the public pump matter shall be settled all right, you bet.

— Smallpox is raging fearfully in Reading. Woburn people should give that town a wide berth. Wakefield has it bad, too.

— First Congregational church of Woburn held their 268th annual meeting last Tuesday evening. None of the charter members attended it.

— This is the best time of year to get C. A. Nichols of Buel's Court to make some of his fine rugs for you. His work in this line takes first premium every time.

— The Annual Report of the Woburn Visiting Nurse Association for 1909, with a list of officers for 1910, is regretfully crowded out of these columns this week.

— There seems to be something of a lull in the festivities of the season just at present—nothing alarming, but a slight slump. The cause of it has not been explained to us.

— The Newtown Club of Cambridge are to give the first presentation of their new play "Cactus Land" on Feb 7, and run it 6 nights thereafter. See notice in another column.

— Dr. A. S. Lamb of Burlington is Assistant Master of Hounds at the annual meet of the New England Fox Hunters Club this week, which took place at Bedford last Monday.

— Does brilliant and beautiful star Venus engage your attention and excite your admiration these clear evenings? She never appeared out in finer style than at the present time.

— The address of Mrs. Francis, widow of the late Mr. John W. Francis, who for many years was the faithful Janitor of the Woburn Public Library, is 35 Myrtle street, Belmont.

— Last Monday John Dulong, an icecutter for Mr. Frank C. Nichols, fell while at work at the icehouses and broke one of his legs. He was taken to his home on Water street, and is doing well.

— A true story of the ancient silver communion cups of First church, carefully prepared by Mr. W. R. Cutter, Librarian Emeritus of the Woburn Public Library, appears in this issue of the JOURNAL.

— The New England Fox Hunting Club are now on their annual chase for Sir Reynard, and we have heard that Mr. J. E. Boutwell and other famous Woburn foxhunters are away from home this week.

— This evening, Jan. 14, the Alumnae of the St. Charles High school are to give their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall. Hero's Orchestra will furnish music for the dance, and the convert is to be given by the Mabel J. Golden Concert Co.

SAVE BY CO-OPERATION

The people of Greater Boston by their co operation in the use of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company's Electric Light and Power Service have made possible frequent reductions in the price. The latest cut, made possible by the great increase in business last year, was from 12 cents to 11 cents.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company

39 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON

FIRST CONCERT

— BY THE —

WOBURN CHORAL SOCIETY

Mr. J. W. CALDERWOOD, Conductor

LYCEUM HALL, - - WOBURN

— ON —

MONDAY Evening, Jan. 17, 1910

AT 8 O'CLOCK

Assisted by Mrs. ANNA E. HOLLIS, Soprano
Mr. LEON VAN VLIET, Cellist

Tickets, Whole House Reserved 50 Cents

— The Social Benevolent Society held their annual election yesterday. A supper followed.

— Boys and girls didn't like to have Supt. Martin sand the sidewalks and thus spoil the best part of their sliding down hill; but he had to do it, whether the youngsters approved of it or not, to save people from falling down, and the city from expense.

— The First Church Y. P. S. C. E. have arranged to give a course of three entertainments from which to raise funds for repairs on the small vestry. The first one will be given on Jan 21 in the church, to consist of a reading by Miss Ada M. Phillips.

— When the rain ceased to fall early on Friday forenoon it left sufficient snow in the roads to provide a good quality of sleighing, although some teamsters persisted in employing wheels to get around on in place of runners. On some hills the coasting wasn't at all bad.

— As usual after the holidays, business of all kinds is mighty dull in this city just now. It is expected, however, that the leather industry will improve as spring approaches, and the merchants are looking for good times to open up in the course of a couple of months.

— The Exposition number of the San Diego, California, *Union*, a copy of which we have received from Major O. J. Stough, Retired Capitalist and the largest fruit grower on the Pacific Coast, is so bulky that it would fill a big basket and make a wheelbarrow load—for a boy.

— Mr. A. A. Brooks of Boston, formerly a respected resident of Arlington Road, Woburn, kindly and promptly with the opening of the New Year, informs us that he is still in the land of the living, and in reply to his timely note we wish him "Many Returns of the Same."

— Miss Emily F. Pollard, Assistant Librarian at the Woburn Public Library, and Mrs. Jessie A. Brown are to read original papers at a meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of the Orthodox church to be held with Mrs. A. W. Brown, 28 Arlington Road, at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols is harvesting an ice crop of a size that warrants the belief that he will be able to sell the commodity at reasonable figures next summer. By the way, Mr. Nichols does not appear to take advantage of the absence of competition in the business to unduly feather his nest.

— We print in this issue of the JOURNAL the poem written by Christine Kelley for the occasion, and read at Mrs. Smith's birthday anniversary a few weeks ago, for the purpose of correcting some typographical errors that appeared in an earlier publication of its It is produced here today just as Miss Kelley wrote it.

— "January Thaw" of 1910 began early Thursday morning, Jan. 6, and ended at noon on Jan 7. During this period it rained almost continuously day and night and reduced the body of snow that covered the ground to nearly the vanishing point. It was a great rain that threatened and in spots destroyed the sleighing. More of it is promised by the goose breastbone.

— The thaw last week produced an unprecedented situation in this city, namely, a "Sugar Famine." To supply their customers with even the smallest quantities the storekeepers had to borrow, beg and buy of each other for several days, something never before experienced in Woburn. The famine was caused by the almost impassible condition of the slush laden roads.

— The pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be occupied next Sunday, Jan 16, in the morning by Rev. Dr. C. F. Rice, District Superintendent of the Cambridge District. The public are cordially invited to hear Dr. Rice. In his official capacity he usually preaches here at least once in the year. In 1909 he preached here at an evening service. Dr. Rice came to the District Superintendency from the pastorate of the large and influential "Wesley Church," Springfield. Their spacious and costly house of worship was built during his pastorate The Quarterly Conference will hold its service at 3 o'clock, at which time the work of the year will be reviewed, and officers to serve for another year will be chosen.

— A bursted main forced some of the Montvale people to go without water all last Tuesday, and this a "dry" city!

— St. Joseph,s church at Montvale are to hold their annual reunion on Feb 2, for which extensive preparations are being made.

— To participate in the concert to be given by the High School Orchestra on Feb. 4, Miss Ellen Bartlett, Musical Instructor in the public schools of this city, has recently organized a Glee Club from among the pupils consisting of nearly 20 members

— At the annual meeting last Monday evening of the Mt Horeb A F and A. M Relief Association the following officers were elected: Dr Charles H Buss, President; Fred W Shattuck V. P; John C. Andrews, Secretary and Treasurer.

— Last Saturday the Innton Canoe Club, one of the oldest and largest organizations in this city, elected officers for the following year. They are: Edward F Wyer, Commodore; Walter I. Eaton, Vice Commodore; Willard K Fowle, Secretary; Frank H Sawyer, Treasurer; Benjamin P Crowell, Willis A Hubbard, Lynde B. Stone, Directors; William W Crosby, G William Buchanan, Frank H. Sawyer, Trustees.

— The Woburn Medical Association have voted to donate the proceeds of their annual ball this year to the Nurses Association of the Choate Hospital, which was a wise and generous thing to do This community can't be any too liberal in contributing to the aid of the Choate Hospital, for it is an excellent institution, one that is needed in this city, and its liberal support is a duty which our people owe to it. Its utility is demonstrated every day.

— Captain Rose, the Ancient Mariner of Cambridge street, and honest milkman, is a better weather prophet than Mr. Smith, the Boston U. S. Weather Bureau keeper, and hits the mark oftener Just before the old year stepped out to make room for a new one, the venerable Sea Captain told his customers along the route where he distributes pure milk, with all the cream on it, every day, that there would be no storm here of any consequence until about Jan. 10, and there wasn't.

— Highway Commissioner Kennedy of the B. P. W., and his Super. Hugh Martin, are entitled to much credit for keeping the roads and sidewalks of this city in such excellent condition during the numerous kinds of unfavorable weather that have prevailed since Christmas Once in a while a constitutional faultfinder, or natural growler, is heard to complain of the condition of our thoroughfare; but nobody pays any attention to them—they are built that way, so let them go it. "Hughey" does the business all right.

— The Woburn Choral Society are a strong singing organization, and growing more so right along Mr. J. W. Calderwood is the Director, who is well and favorably known professionally, and under his leadership the Society are to give their first concert in Lyceum Hall on Monday evening, Jan 17, at 8 o'clock (see adv.). The tickets are 50 cents each, to be obtained at Whitcher's drugstore. Anna E Hollis is to be the solo singer, and Leon Van Vliet will handle the 'cello Whole house reserved It is going to be a great concert—no doubt of that.

— The Baptist Y. P. S. C. E. enjoyed a refreshing season at the celebration of the 20th anniversary of their organization in the Baptist church last Sunday evening A large and intelligent audience enjoyed the presentation of a fine program of oratory and music for a couple of hours, or such a matter The principal speakers were William E. Blodgett, a pillar of the church, who was first President of the Society; Francis A Partridge, Jr., former President, and, also, V. P. of the Middlesex Central C. E Union; President Chester Wood, Rev. Dr. H B Williams, Pastor of the church; Mrs. Williams, who represented the Junior Society; and Mr Wallace Campbell, President of the Middlesex Central Union. Excellent music was provided by Mrs H B. Williams, Helen Sylvester and Henry Jones. At a recent election the following officers were chosen for the current year: President, Chester Wood; V. P., Daniel D. Towse; Rec. Sec., Anna E. Gage; Cor. Sec., Elsie Wood; Treasurer, John Peterson.

— Please read the piece entitled "For Midshipman."

— Thanks to the good work and influence of Mr. Charles F. Remington, the Boston & Lexington Street Railway Company, under a new management, are about to improve the service of their Woburn and Lexington line and furnish its patrons with better facilities for getting about. That is going to be a good move for the Woburn Westsiders, for which they will be grateful and thank Mr. Remington. Properly handled, the trolly line from here to Lexington might be made a very profitable one, especially in the summer season. The improvements promised will bring in settlers along the route, too.

Electricity.

Owen McCall has arranged for electric lights in his grocery at 300 Montvale Avenue, where the Edison Electric Illuminating Company is furnishing the lighting service.

The Remington Tool & Machine Company, which has recently located in Woburn in the old Russell shop at 12 Beacon Street, has installed a 10 horsepower to furnish power in the shop. The Edison Electric Illuminating Company will furnish the service for its operation.

J F Kelley has arranged to operate the stonecrusher at his ledge on Arlington Road with a 50 horsepower electric motor, for which the Edison Company will furnish the service This big motor will replace a steam engine. It has the distinct advantage of being ready to run at the twitch of the switch and there is no waiting to fire up the boiler and get steam before work can begin.

Charles W. Ames has adopted the most up-to-date and labor-saving methods in his blacksmith shop at 14 Union Street. He has got electric lights and has also installed a forge-blower which is operated by an electric motor. The old days when the "village smithy" blew his fire with the hand bellows, pumped by means of a long pole extending out beside the forge have passed. The "village smithy" was a good man and skillful, but those days were the days when people had time to wait for their work, when the farmer and the teamster welcomed the crowded blacksmith shop as an excuse for sitting around on starch boxes and visiting with neighbors. Time is too precious for that now, for a man wants his horses shod quickly and the blacksmith must do his work by the most approved methods if he is to succeed.

Council Committees.

On last Tuesday evening, at a meeting of the City Council, Pres. Henchey announced his list of committees as follows, in which he used the Republican members very well indeed.

Accounts—Garland, Corrigan, Andreason, Jones.

Claims and Bonds—Andreason, McDonough, Pollard, Cannon, Blake

Finance — Henchey, Andreason, Cannon, Johnson, McCauley, Jones.

Fire—Cannon, Doyle, McDonough, Furbush, Pollard.

Highways—Boyle, Furbush, Fox, McDonough, McCauley.

Ordinances — McDonough, Blake, Boyle, Johnson Furbush.

Printing—Blake, Corrigan, Furbush, Sullivan, Johnson

Railroads and Street Railways—Sullivan, Johnson, Andreason, Jones, Garland.

Salaries—Corrigan, Garland, Fox, Cannon, Jones.

State and Military Aid—Fox, Sullivan, Boyle, McCauley, Pollard.

Police and License—McCauley, Garland, Sullivan, Fox, Blake

Rules and Order—Henchey, Johnson, McDonough.

For Midshipman.

Representative McCall of this District has been invited by the Navy Department to nominate a candidate for the appointment of midshipman to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., to fill a vacency which occurs in 1910 It is necessary that this appointment be made on or before March 4th, 1910, and in order to select a candidate, a competitive examination will be held about the 29th of January 1910 Under the law only bona fide residents of at least two (2) years of the 8th Congressional District of Massachusetts who are between 16 and 20 years of age, are eligible for this appointment Full information in regard to the date and place of the examination may be had upon application to Hon S. W. McCall, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Newtowne Club To Have New Play.

The Newtowne Club of Cambridge will present their new play, "Cactus Land," six nights, beginning February 7th, and it is confidently expected that it will excel last year's triumph, "The Rose of India." The Club has been rehearsing several weeks under the direction of Mr. Geo. V. G. Lord, and the principal choruses are already well in hand.

"Cactus Land" is a bright musical comedy in two acts, written especially for the Club by Stanton Hill and Chas. P. Scott. The cast numbers over thirty and there are twenty-one songs. Both lines and music are full of action, and there is something doing every minute of the play.

WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE

as a crow. When you're coughing and gasping. When you've an oldfashioned deep-seated cold, take Allen's Lung Balsam. Sold by all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Unreasonable.

She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on $3,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that. He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat. She (petulantly)—Isn't that just like a man? Always thinking of his stomach.—Boston Transcript.

Why?

When a mother tells her boy he is getting to be just like his father he knows well that it is not intended as a compliment.

In Awful Shape.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"I'm so dead tired of doing nothing that I'm too tired to do anything."—Cleveland Leader.

Poem Dedicated to Mrs Anna E. Smith On Her Ninetieth Birthday, December 20, 1909.

As in the depths of wintry woods
The brave arbutus grows,
The prize of eager hands which search
Beneath the drifted snows,
So doth perpetual youth's white flower
Still bloom in thy heart;
Tho' crowned with snows of ninety years,
Dear friend, unchanged thou art!

What tho' thine outer sight be dim?
Thine inner eye doth trace
In fadeless lines and colors yet
Each well loved form and face.
Thou seest not alone the friends
Who loyal homage pay,
In genial circle gathered round,
But others long away.

Thy kind old father's cheery voice,
Thy mother's tender kiss,
In memory live, as once in truth,
To bless and brighten this,
The golden mile stone of the child
Whose soul is fresh and sweet
As when, a little maid, she played
About the old folks' feet.

The gentle husband, on whose arm
Thou wast so proud to lean,
Smiles fondly on thee still across
The years that intervene.
While side by side thy brothers stand,
As in lost hours of yore;
Remembered words and living speech
Are mingled evermore.

The children whom the angels lured,
The son whose manly prime
Was prop to thy declining sue,
Are thine despite of Time.
The precious niece who bore thy name
Thy love still holdeth fast,
Thus joining to the present's store
Each treasure of the past.

And surely from those brighter realms
Where now they wander free
These blessed spirits turn to keep
This birthday rare with thee,
And not in memory alone
Thou feel'st their presence near:
Not all the joys of heaven today
Can draw them far from here!

But earthly voices ringing clear
In hearty chorus blend;
And thy quick ear distinguisheth
The tones of each old friend
And kinsman come to clasp thy hand,
To look upon thy face,
And taste again thy welcome true
In all its winsome grace.

They feel with awe the wondrous spell
That rests upon this height
Of Alpine age, to which hath led
Thro' checkered shade and light
The rugged path which thou hast caused
To echo with fair deeds,
E'er pausing by the way to stay
Some fellow pilgrim's needs.

Thy ministering hands have soothed
How many a fevered brow!
For who so versed in healing art
And swift to aid as thou?
And when thou could'st not save how soft
Thou mad'st the sunset ways;
How many a lip, ere hushed in sleep,
Spoke last thy name's dear praise.

We hail thee as our Queen of Hearts,
And pray that thou may'st live
Until the rounded century mark
Time's ripest guerdon give.
Beyond the years of toil and stress
God granteth Age for rest:
With richest harvest of His peace
Be thy long evening blest!

C. P. K.

The Old Communion Plate.

The sensible disposal of the pieces of ancient silver belonging to the communion plate of the old First Congregational Church of this city, as a loan to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for safe keeping and for exhibition with similar pieces, meets the approval of all careful students of Woburn local history, and I may be pardoned if I make a few comments upon the history of the collection.

The cups bear date of 1726, 1740, 1741, 1769, 1771, and 1822. When a young man in 1871, assisting in preparing a church manual for publication, I made a list of these articles and copied the inscriptions. At that time there were eight cups bearing the dates above given. None of these pieces were contemporary with either the first or the second minister of the society, but came into being during the pastorate of the third. In 1726 a period of 84 years had elapsed from the founding of this church, and the first pastor had died in 1684, the second in 1703, and the third survived until 1756. All these pastors from the tablets placed in the vestibule of the church, as ministers in that day were chosen for life. Notwithstanding all that is said, these are the oldest relics the church organization possesses, since the church records (the records of church membership) previously to 1756 are now inaccountably lost. The parish records from 1730 are still preserved. The old burying yards were formerly parish property, also, but since parish and town (in New England) were one in effect and terms so symbolic as to be indivisible, the title to these yards was years since vested in the city, the inheritor of all the rights formerly belonging to the town of Woburn.

The claim of the first parish to any lands supposed to be theirs by right as town property appears never to have been seriously questioned until about the year 1854. Thus, all the edifices of the church (with the exception of the present one) were built on land, which from the first settlement had been town land. It is easy to trace this from Charlestown to George Bunker, from him (as a gift) to Woburn, and then for town purposes forever. The lot was at first very large, but was gradually contracted, and five meeting houses, at least, belonging to the town (the town paying the full support of the minister) were built upon or near the present Woburn Common.

But to return to the subject of the most imporant pieces of the old Communion plate. These articles from the wording of their inscriptions were the gift of various persons to the church itself (the church, the parish) and not good or silver plate was a luxury in the days of our forefathers. The less fortunate had to be satisfied with pewter. Therefore the person who gave the silver cup dated 1726, must have been and was, a person of more than ordinary wealth and consequence in this community,—the place of his birth and death, and certainly of his burial, for his gravestone, with its long inscription, is still standing in sight of the Common, where the church of his affection stood Eleazer Flagg, or Flegg, as he spelled it, was the rich man of Woburn of his day. His father as an officer met death on the battlefield with the Indians, when Eleazer, the son was only 20 years old. Eleazer, himself, was called into active conflict with the Indians, and rose in military rank tarough the grades of sergeant, lieutenant, captain, major, and colonel, to the command of the local regiment. These offices in his time were no sinecure. How his wealth was acquired is not stated, but probably in merchandise. His wife was called "Madame." His virtues were many, according to the statement on his gravestone. Nine are there enumerated; the first three relating to his church membership; the next two, to his law practice; the next three to his family life; and the ninth and last, to his general qualities as a man.

The cups coming from the Saltonstall-Cotton family were relics possibly of three churches existing here in the 1740s. The record concerning both the churches and the families of the two names is clear. As to the churches, two were component parts of the present First Church, and the third is the one now called the Burlington church. Roland Cotton, the Colonel of the inscriptions, was at one time (1751) clerk of the House of Representatives of the Province, also for a considerable period a prominent resident here, and Nathaniel Saltonstall, his uncle, was at one time Librarian of Harvard College. He was a resident here. Died here and is buried nearby the site of the churches which accepted the evidence of his generousity. He was the younger brother of a governor of Connecticut.

Thirdly, the church had a cup of its own, dated 1769. Isaac Stone, donor of a cup, was a prominent business man of his day (1771) and gave also a bell to the town of Lexington. Joseph Lawrence, donor of a cup (1822) was a bachelor, and had served as an officer in the Revolutionary War.

I have not attempted to copy the inscriptions or to make any mention of the maker's marks.

WILLIAM R. CUTTER.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, Cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Ethel—Mother, Miss Bruce told us such a funny thing about the cuckoo today. (Mysteriously) It doesn't lay its own eggs.—Punch.

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

STANDARD SILVER PLATED SET
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Honor In Wall Street.

One would hardly consider the New York Stock Exchange exactly in the light of "a communion of saints." Indeed, to judge by much that appears in the daily papers and the muck raking magazines, this might be the last place to look for the very soul and spirit of integrity. But there it is "in the midst of them." Between members of that marble mansion of trade in securities on New York's famous Broad street no paper writing passes certifying to the binding obligation of a transaction. In the very fiercest rush and maddest vortex of the wild corner a word, a nod, the merest sign, amply suffices. Whatever it may lead to—irreparable loss, ruin, bankruptcy, no matter—the deal is closed. I am not professing to be an apologist for whatever crimes may be committed in the name of honor. I simply record the fact, to be easily verified, that the dealings on that exchange are "on honor." The Corinthian fairness of its pillared and entablatured front is not shamed by the constant and consistent uprightness of the traffic within.—Christian Register.

A Tragedy In Writing.

Illegible handwriting, which has given rise to so many comedies, led to a tragedy in the case of Bacher, a musical enthusiast of the last century who devoted several years to the composition of a history of Viennese music. His task finished, he submitted the manuscript to the Austrian Imperial academy, which he had been led to believe would defray the cost of its publication. After three months his manuscript was returned. Despite their best efforts the members had been unable to decipher it. Bacher then endeavored to have his work copied, but every professional copyist who undertook the task had to confess himself baffled. He thereupon attempted dictating the work, only to find that even he could not decipher it, and, heartbroken at the discovery that his years of toil had proved fruitless, he attempted suicide and finished his days in a lunatic asylum.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 15 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Life." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

When You Put On Stockings

Of the heavier sort, do your shoes pinch and your feet swell and perspire? If you shake Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes, it will give you rest and comfort, and instant relief from any annoyance. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

Married.

In this city, Jan. 5, by Rev. Walter A. Fegan, Mr. Maurice J. Neville of Malden and Elizabeth M. Kelley of Woburn.

At Lincoln, Mass., Jan. 5, by Rev. Joseph Waterhouse, Mr. William Russell Cameron of Woburn and Miss Louise E. Harding of Lincoln, Mass.

At Winchester, Mass., Jan. 10, by Rev. John R. Chaffee, Mr. John E. Turner of this city and Anna Crotty of Woburn.

In this city, Jan. 8, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Erick Lundin and Hilda Carlson both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 8, Mary J. Kennedy, aged 67 years.
In this city, Jan. 5, Mary A. Carter, aged 69 years, 5 months, 7 days.
In this city, Jan. 9, Ella A. Marden, aged 37 years.



Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures hair diseases & hair falling.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Roland S. McCormack of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Mary Lavigne of said Woburn, dated October 26, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, libro 2230, folio 228, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Monday, the seventh day of February, 1910, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for a breach of conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:

A certain lot of land situated in the southerly part of said Woburn and bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at a stake at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of the grantee and in the northerly side line of a private street thirty feet wide, from thence the line runs northerly by land of the grantee one hundred eleven and 4-10 feet to land of Michael Murphy; thence running the line runs westerly by said land of Murphy forty-one and 75-100 feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs northerly still by said land of Murphy twenty-eight and 8-10 feet to land of Timothy Cronin; thence turning the line runs westerly by said land of Connors forty-seven and 9-10 feet to a stake at land now or formerly of the grantee; thence the line runs southerly by last named land one hundred seventeen and 6-10 feet to said private street; thence easterly by and with said private street ninety feet to the point of beginning. Containing 10,527 square feet. Being the same premises described in a deed to the grantor from the grantee, dated August 19, 1909, and with the rights of way therein set forth. $100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

IDA M. LARSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.
January 14, 1910.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, December 4th, A. D. 1909.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of January, 1910, at nine o'clock, A. M. at my office in my dwelling-house, No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Mary A. Randall of Stoneham in the County of Middlesex, had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution,) on the seventh day of May, 1908, at eight o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described parcel of real estate, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the easterly side of Lincoln Street in Stoneham, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now, or formerly, of Chamberlain about 59.9 feet; Southerly by land, now or formerly of Charles W. Wright about 139.2 feet; Westerly by said Lincoln Street about 60 feet; Northerly by land, now or formerly, of Emily W. Pierce about 158 feet; Containing 8,310 feet, more or less; Being lot eight (8) on Plan of House Lots made by G. F. Hawthorne for Heirs of John H. Wright, May 1873.

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

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Asparagus Tips, square cans 25c.

Tall Asparagus 30c.

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Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER, 379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go else where to find choice cuts, as we always keep them Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

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THE NEW SHUBERT THEATRE.

The present plan is to throw the doors open to the public about the middle of January, and the inaugural attraction will be one of no less magnitude than America's stellar artists, Sothern and Marlow, who so short a time ago successfully opened the New Theatre in New York City, under the direction of Mr. Lee Shubert. This Theatre is on Tremont opposite Hollis Street, Boston, and will be under the direction of the Wilbur-Shubert Company, will be practically the only one in Boston having free passageway on all four sides—Tremont Street on the front, Seaver Place on the right, Warrenton Street at the back and the theatre's own passageway on the left.



Scene from the last act of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOSTON.

"Bright Eyes," with undiminished popularity, begins its fourth week at the Boston Theatre Monday night. "Bright Eyes" has come near establishing a record for business at the Boston Theatre and already has one only equalled by "Three Twins." Half the people in Boston are whistling the melodious numbers from Karl Hoscha's beautiful score and the other half will soon join the chorus. Mr. Cecil Lean's irresistible comedy and ingratiating smile, and his singing of "The Lines in Molly's Hand," and "He's a Fan, Fan, Fan" have made him, in the short time he has been at the Boston Theatre, a place that will not soon be unsurped. Miss Florence Holbrook's dainty manner and pretty comedy as well as her charming singing of "For You Bright Eyes," and "Mrs. Casey," are nightly captivating her audiences.

KEITH'S.

For the week of January 17th at Keith's there has been provided one of he best comedy bills that Mr. Keith has ever given his patrons. In fact, it promises to be a riot of fun. One of the features of it will be Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols in their sketch called "The Rehearsal," in which Mr. Murphy as the instructor in a school of acting tells the tribulations of such a position with aspiring actors and budding soubrettes. This act is one roar of laughter and the finish of a marching regiment is what might be called a "scream." Another feature will be Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher in a comedy called "The Halfway House," which is also a big laughing feature.

HOLLIS STREET.

HENRY BERNSTEIN'S MASTERPIECE, his powerful drama "Israel" comes to the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston next week. This young French dramatic author, Henry Bernstein, is a worthy follower of that distinguished line of French dramatists, Moliere, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, father and son, and Victorien Sardou. "Israel" is Bernstein's masterpiece and his latest play. As in "The Thief," and in "Sampson," Bernstein's purpose is to tell a dramatic story of unflinching power, full of surprises, and with its climax withheld until the end. As the first curtain goes up, the lounging room of the Rue Royal Club is discovered and gathered together is a group of young Parisians, who await the arrival of their leader, Thibault of Croucy. He is to force the resignation of a rich Hebrew banker, Justin Gutlieb, from the club. Gutlieb refuses to resign and Thibault insults him so deeply that a duel becomes inevitable. Thibault's mother, the Duchess of Croucy learns of the impending meeting and in her last extremity sends for Gutlieb. Her appeal to him is in vain. Charles Frohman brings "Israel," with Constance Collier and the rest of the original New York cast to the Hollis Street Theatre for a two a two weeks' engagement beginning next Monday night. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday of each week.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The fourth and last week of "1915" begins at the Castle Square on Monday, and a series of gala performances may be expected. Ever since its opening Christmas eve this new musical comedy has drawn crowds to laugh at its gayeties and applaud its melodies. Its Boston scenes have been especially appreciated, the romantic atmosphere of the South Sea Island to which all the characters are transported for a single act adds beauty and variety to it, and the clever Music is already being whistled and sung within more than fifty miles of Boston. But all good things must come to an end, and "1915" must give way to the other attractions which Mr. Craig has in store for his patrons at the Castle Square.

THE COLUMBIA.

No one should miss the big show offered by "Miner's Americans," the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for the week of the 17th. It sure is "Some Show," embracing vaudeville, athletic exhibitions, pantomine and "Four Up to Date Burlesques," packed with good singing, dancing, and original comedy. The athletic part of the program will introduce the Bennet Sisters in scientific sparring and wrestling and Miss Lura Bennett will meet all comers on the mat, and will forfeit $25 00 to anyone she fails to throw in fifteen minutes.

THE TREMONT.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Tremont Theatre has scored the greatest success ever achieved by a dramatic offering in Boston. Crowded houses have been in evidence as every performance of this delightful, refreshing play and many out of town theatregoers who have delayed in securing reservations have been disappointed.

Ruth St. Denis at the Hollis.

For the third time since her coming to Boston Miss Ruth St. Denis, who is acclaimed by the press of Europe and America as the greatest of all modern dancers, hae had her engagement prolonged. Originally booked for the holiday week only, Mss St. Denis was first held over for special matinees at the Colonial Theatre and then transferred to the Hollis Street Theatre for another series of matinees. So triumphant has been her success and so great the demand for seats that her engagement has again been extended and she will be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre next week in four matinees, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons. The performances begin at 3 o'clock and end in ample time to allow out of town patrons to catch their usual trains. Next week's matinees will be positively Miss St Denis' last appearances in Boston as she is to tour all the large cities of the United States.

Take a hint, do your own mixing. Rough on Rats, being all poison, one 15c box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice. Its the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. Beware of imitations, substitutes and catch-penny, ready-for-use devices.

Had to Do It.

Champ Clark was showing a constituent about the capitol one day when he invited attention to a solemn faced individual just entering a committee room.

"See that chap?" asked Clark. "He reads every one of the speeches delivered in the house."

"What!" gasped the constituent.

"Fact," said Clark. "Reads every word of 'em too!"

"Who is he?" queried the visitor, regarding the phenomenon closely.

"A proofreader at the government printing office," explained Champ.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

BIRDS' NECKS.

It's the Number of Bones In Them That Makes Them Flexible.

The flamingoes were making their afternoon toilets in the big flying cage at the Bronx zoo the other afternoon, says a writer in a New York paper. A crowd of children and grown people were looking on and exclaiming with admiring wonder at the way these birds were twisting their long necks about into all sorts of corkscrews and curves when one of the ornithological experts came along and stopped to watch the performance.

"It's the larger number of bones in a bird's neck, not the length, that make it so flexible," he remarked. "There are twenty-three bones in the neck of a swan, for example, and a few more in that of the flamingo. It seems that the smaller the animal organism the larger the number of neck bones. The giraffe, for instance, has only seven bones in his long neck, which has a reach of nearly twenty feet from the ground. That little white throated sparrow over there is only three inches high, but he has fourteen bones in his neck and can almost scratch the back of his head with his bill. The swan has twenty-three neck bones and swings his head about with even greater freedom than a snake."

THE PLEBEIANS.

Their Secession From Rome and Their Rise to Power.

Plebeians were the comunons of Rome, who were originally forbidden all political rights. They were for the most part poor and were not allowed to intermarry with the patricians. They served in the army without pay and were sold into slavery for debt and could even be cut into pieces for distribution among their creditors.

Finding their condition intolerable, the plebeians in 497 B. C. seceded to Mons Sacer, near Rome, where they resolved to build a new city. But this step so alarmed the privileged classes that they granted to the commons the right of annually choosing from their own numbers two magistrates, called tribunes, with power to protect them against the aggressions of the patricians.

After the lapse of about 200 years the disabilities of the plebeians were almost entirely removed, and between the years 356-300 B. C. they secured the dictatorship, the censorship and the praetorship as well as the right to be pontiff and augur. Thus the Roman republic, after two centuries of existence, finally secured a democratic form of government.—New York American.

GUN COTTON.

A Peculiar Characteristic of This Terrible Explosive.

Many and odd are the materials entering into the manufacture of modern explosives, but perhaps the most interesting of all these elements of destruction as well as the simplest is gun cotton. The gun cotton manufacturing industry is large, as enormous quantities are used in the charging of torpedoes and for similar purposes.

The base of gun cotton is pure raw cotton or even cotton waste, such as is used to clean machinery. This is steeped in a solution of one part of nitric and three parts of sulphuric acid. It is the former ingredient that renders the mass explosive, the sulphuric acid being used merely to absorb all moisture, thus permitting the nitric acid to combine more readily with the cellulose of the cotton.

After being soaked for several hours in the solution described the cotton is passed between rollers to expel all nonabsorbed acid, a process carried to completion by washing the cotton in clear water. This washing process is a long one, requiring machinery which reduces the cotton to a mass resembling paper pulp. Should any nonabsorbed acid be allowed to remain it would decompose the cotton.

If the explosive is to be used after the manner of powder it is still further pulverized and then thoroughly dried, but if intended for torpedoes it is pressed into cakes of various shapes and sizes—disk shaped, cylindrical, flat squares and cubes. When not compressed gun cotton is very light, as light as ordinary batting.

A peculiar characteristic of this terrible explosive is that a brick of it when wet may be placed on a bed of hot coals, and as the moisture dries out the cotton will flake and burn quietly. If dry originally, however, the gun cotton will explode with terrible force at about 320 degrees of heat.

In general it is the custom to explode gun cotton by detonation or an intense shock instead of by heat. In a torpedo the explosive charge is wet, this wet cotton being exploded by means of dry cotton in a tube, this having been fired by a cap of fulminate of mercury, the cap itself having been fired by the impact of the torpedo against the target.—Harper's Weekly.

UNDER THE OCEAN.

Things That Happen at the Bottom of the Sea.

Naturalists dispute as to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea. Animals from below 700 fathoms either have no eyes or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding.

Another strange thing is that if the creatures in the lower depths have any color it is orange or red or reddish orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimps and crabs have this brilliant color. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines toward purple. Not a green or blue fish is found.

The orange red is the fish's protection, for the bluish green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or the red fish appear of a neutral tint and hides it from its enemies. Many animals are black, others neutral in color. Some fish are provided with boring tails, so that they can burrow in the mud.

The surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like an ordinary seabeach, showing that it is the feasting place of vast shoals of carnivorous animals.

A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shell, digests the meat and ejects the shell. Crabs crack the shells and suck out the meat. This accounts for whole mounds of shells that are often found.

Not a fishbone is ever found that is not honeycombed by the boring shellfish and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand. This shows what destruction is constantly going on in these depths.

If a ship sinks at sea with all on board it will be eaten by fish, with the exception of the metal, and that will corrode and disappear. Not a bone of a human body will remain after a few days.—Philadelphia North American.

THE COMET HUNTER.

His Emotions When He Finds a New Wanderer In Space.

The process of comet hunting is perhaps the most fascinating branch of practical astronomy. If there still lives among us moderns one only survivor of the traditional astronomer, one patient, expectant lover of the skies, seek him among the comet hunters, for today, as of old, you will find him perched on some tower scanning the heavens from dusk to dawn, sleepless, almost hopeless of success, yet ever supported by the thought that perhaps he, too, may add his chapter to the story celestial. Let us follow him at his work. Suddenly he sights a faint patch of hazy light, is for an instant uncertain, yet trusts that his eye deceives him not. Another minute and a larger telescope has made him sure. It is there. He hurries to his library and consults Herschel's catalogue of known nebulae. He finds the place in the book; down the page runs his eager finger. There is nothing recorded at that exact spot on the sky. It must be a comet. Yet even Herschel's careful scrutiny was not so very infrequently at fault. As yet there is no certainty. He must apply the final test.

The larger telescope is now brought into play. If this is truly a comet it must be following some appointed orbit in space. It must be changing its position with reference to the stars. Probably half an hour will serve to settle the question to an experienced eye. The minutes pass. Is there motion or is there not? He thinks there is. Now he is almost sure there is. Yes. No man could remain impassive. His pipe goes out; he forgets to smoke. Another quarter hour makes assurance doubly sure. Success is his.

But now he is seized with a new fear. Is he the first or has some other anticipated the discovery? There is another tireless comet hunter who lives in Vienna. Perhaps even now word is on the telegraphic cables. There is need of haste. The astronomer runs to the telephone, calls long distance and asks for the Harvard college observatory, which is the central distributing station for announcing new discoveries. They tell him calmly that they have heard nothing; that the discovery will be at once verified and made known by cable and telegram in every observatory throughout the world before morning. Our astronomer goes to shut up his telescopes. He will work no more tonight, but he sways a little as he crosses the room.—Professor Harold Jacoby in Harper's Weekly.

A Cruel Jest.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, resided with Lady Holland and amused himself by exacerbating her fears of illness and death. During the cholera epidemic Lady Holland was a prey to indescribable terrors. She could think of nothing but precautionary measures and on one occasion was describing to Rogers all that she had done. She enumerated the remedies she had placed in the next room—the baths, the apparatus for fumigation, the blankets, the mustard plasters, the drugs of every sort.

"You have forgotten the only thing that would be of any use," observed Mr. Rogers.

"And what is that?"

"A coffin," replied the poet.

Lady Holland fainted.—"Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino."

A Terrifying Smoke.

The Mexican peon smokes cigarettes made of the dried leaves of the merrihuana weed. One of the peculiar effects of merrihuana smoking is to distort the bigness of all animals, making them of enormous size and horrible shape. The smoker is filled with a horrible fear, something like the horrors brought on by delirium tremens. A kitten or a puppy to his distorted vision appears as some terrible creature. A common sight in Mexico is to see a swarthy "greaser," armed to the teeth, flee in terror from a small dog, while he would fearlessly attack any man with his knife or his machete.—New York World.

How Old Spiders Live.

Old spiders, which have neither web nor the materials to make one, often hunt about to find out the webs of other spiders, younger and weaker than themselves, with whom they venture battle. The invader generally succeeds, and the younger spider is driven out to make a new web, and the old spider remains in possession until a stronger spider invades the web and drives it out. When thus dispossessed the spider seldom ventures another attack, but tries to subsist upon the few insects that may fall accidentally into its clutches and eventually dies of hunger.

GOLD HIDERS.

The Aurohuacos of Colombia Worship the Yellow Metal.

Infesting the snow clad slopes of sun kissed Ahorqueta, "the Sentinel," one of the highest peaks in the Sierras de San Marta, in northern Colombia, is one of the strangest tribes of Indians known to ethnologists—the Aurohuacos. Their name means "hidden gold," or "gold hiders," and that is just what they are. They worship the yellow metal, dividing their devotions between gold and the sun.

The Aurohuaco will do anything for gold. Murder is nothing if it gains him the tiniest bit of gold. He works for any kind of money. When he gets enough silver or copper or paper money he changes it for gold and then hurries with it to his mountain fastnesses, there to hide it, and come back for more. Why he wants it is impossible to say. No Aurohuaco ever was known to part either with gold dust or gold coin.

His neighbors, the Talemancas, are wholly different. They regard gold or emeralds, also found in Colombia, as simply a medium of exchange for whisky or aguadiente. The Talemanca is superstitious to an absurd degree and wears a wild turkey's foot on a necklace as a talisman against sickness and bad luck. He worships fire as the cleansing and redeeming god.

In this favored region is plenty of alluvial gold which only needs to be taken out to make the republic of Colombia rich and powerful. But the Aurohuacos spoil the best laid plans of men who come there to mine. They let men dig and dig and wear their fingers away washing the precious yellow grains out of the earth, and then they murder the miners for their treasure. This has been done countless times. Many's the skeleton that whitens the sides of "the Sentinel."—New York World.

Of Course.

Reporter—Professor, what language do you suppose the people nearest the north pole speak? The Professor—What a question! Polish, of course.—Chicago Tribune.

CARAVAN BREADMAKING.

Afghans Use Cobblestones, While Turcomans Like Sand.

The bread of the Afghan caravan was cooked by heating small round cobblestones in the fire and then poking them out and wrapping dough an inch thick about them. The balls thus formed were again thrown into the fire, to be poked out again when cooked. The bread tasted well there in the desert, although in civilized communities the grit and ashes would have seemed unendurable.

After good fellowship had been established the Afghans actually sold us some flour, says a writer in the National Geographical Magazine. The camp where we used it a little later happened to be beside the sandy bed of a trickling salt stream, which was drinkable in winter, but absolutely unusable in summer, when evaporation is at its height and the salt is concentrated.

"See," said one of our Turcomans as we dismounted; "here is some sand. Tonight we can have some good bread."

When some dry twigs had been gathered he proceeded to smooth off a bit of the cleanest sand and built upon it a hot fire. When the sand was thoroughly hot he raked off most of the coals and smoothed the sand very neatly. Meanwhile one of the other men had made two large sheets of dough about three-quarters of an inch thick and eighteen inches in diameter. Between these he placed a layer of lumps of sheep's tail fat, making a huge round sandwich. This was now spread on the hot sand, coals mixed with sand were placed completely over it, and it was left to bake. Now and then an edge was uncovered, and a Turcoman smelled it appreciatively and rapped on it to see if it was yet cooked. When the top was thoroughly baked the bread was turned over and covered up again. It tasted even better than the Afghan bread after it was cooled a little and the sand and ashes had been whisked off with a girdle. The Turcomans are so accustomed to life in the sandy desert that they think it impossible to make the best kind of bread without sand, while the Afghans, who live in the stony mountains, think that cobblestones are a requisite.

THE ZANZIBARIS.

Dense Stupidity and Amusing Blunders of the Natives.

In the "Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley" the author says of the colored natives of central Africa:

"Good as the majority of Zanzibaris were, some of them were indescribably and for me most unfortunately dense. One man who from his personal appearance might have been judged to be among the most intelligent was after thirty months' experience with his musket unable to understand how it was to be loaded. He never could remember whether he ought to drop the powder or the bullet into the musket first. Another time he was sent with a man to transport a company of men over a river to camp. After waiting an hour I strode to the bank of the river and found them paddling in opposite directions, each blaming the other for his stupidity and, being in a passion of excitement, unable to hear the advice of men across the river, who were bawling out to them how to manage their canoe.

"Another man was so ludicrously stupid that he generally was saved from punishment because his mistakes were so absurd. We were one day floating down the Kongo, and, it being near camping time, I bade him, as he happened to be bowman on the occasion, to stand by and seize the grass on the bank to arrest the boat when I should call out. In a little while we came to a fit place, and I cried, 'Hold hard, Kirango!' 'Please God, master,' he replied and forthwith sprang on the shore and seized the grass with both hands, while we, of course, were rapidly swept down river, leaving him alone and solitary on the bank. The boat's crew roared at the ridiculous sight, but nevertheless his stupidity cost the tired men a hard pull to ascend again, for not every place was available for a camp.

"He it was also who on an occasion when we required the branch of a species of arbutus which overhung the river to be cut away to allow the canoes to be brought nearer to the bank for safety actually went astride of the branch and chopped away until he fell into the water with the branch and lost our ax. He had seated himself on the outer end of the branch."

A Bunch of Kicks.

"I'm in hard luck!" sighed the steel rail.

"Look at me! I get nothing from morning till night but hot air," groaned the pumping engine.

"I'm always in hot water," sighed the boiler.

"Consider my plight," cried the macadam road, "invariably walked over and trodden under foot."

"I'm used to it, for I'm always up against it," philosophically remarked the wall paper.

"You're none of you as badly off as I am," said the furnace, "for, no matter where I go, I'm generally fired."—Baltimore American.

The Editor Won.

A London paper described a children's excursion as a "long white scream of joy" and was called to account by a correspondent, who said that a scream could be long, but not white, whereupon the editor justified himself by urging that "a hue is often associated with a cry."

Every heart contains perfection's germ.—Shelley.

Doubtless True.

A teacher in a Birmingham school was endeavoring to explain the term "booking" as applied to our railway system, says London Tit-Bits.

"Now," he was saying, "can any of you tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?"

"The booking office," replied one of the lads.

"Right," responded the teacher.

At this moment his eye fell on a small boy at the end of the class who was evidently paying very little attention to what was said.

"Did you hear that, Spry?" he demanded.

"Wot, sir?" asked that youth innocently.

"As I thought, you were not listening. We will suppose your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do before he could take his seat in the train?"

Without a moment's thought the youngster electrified his teacher by replying:

"Pawn his tools!"

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Hymnological Ineptitude.

The story of a minister who held a religious meeting in a penitentiary and aroused the ire of the inmates by announcing as a hymn that one beginning "The dying thief rejoiced to see" is equaled by the tale of a local preacher whose church got in debt not long ago. A congregational meeting was held for the purpose of extricating it, and the chairman of the board of deacons, or whatever the financial body was, got up and stated the situation and ended by calling for a special collection to make up the deficit.

"I suggest that we sing a hymn," one of the members of the church suggested.

This idea was carried out, and the number of the song was announced. A smile overspread many faces, however, when they reached the line, "When we asunder part it gives us inward pain."

Nevertheless the "sundering" process was most successful and wasn't particularly painful either.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Musical.

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CAPTURED AS SPIES

A Story of the Civil War.

By THOMAS GRISWOLD.

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"Butler's coming! Railroad track's all torn up and the telegraph wires cut! You boys had better get right back to Petersburg. I'm going there to give the alarm."

A dust covered farmer mounted on a foaming horse, who had come tearing down the Richmond turnpike, shouted this startling news to two barefooted newsboys who were resting in the shade on the side of the turnpike, a few yards from the point where it crossed the Richmond and Petersburg railroad.

The time was in the early days of the siege of Petersburg, when General Benjamin F. Butler was operating on the James river.

The older of these two newsboys was fifteen. I will call him Jack. I was the younger one and was eleven years old.

We discussed the question whether we should go home or go on toward Richmond and endeavor to get a glimpse of General Butler, whom Confederate boys at that time regarded as a sort of monster.

We started at a brisk walk along the railroad, with our unsold stock of Richmond papers under our arms.

As we turned a curve near the Swift creek bridge we saw, about a mile beyond, a sight that greatly excited us. The air was full of black smoke, through which we saw an occasional flash of flames. Presently we came close enough to discover that the source of the flames was a great pile of telegraph poles and railroad ties.

"Butler's men did that," said Jack. "We'll have to be mighty cautious. Let's get into the ditch along the track and keep a sharp lookout."

Just beyond a slight rise of the ground north of the house was a Union encampment. The smoke lazily rose from a hundred campfires, and the white tents gleamed in the bright sunshine in a manner that was almost painful to the eyes.

Gradually it dawned upon us that the camp had been suddenly abandoned—so suddenly, indeed, that the dinners were left cooking on the fires, and all sorts of camp utensils and provisions were scattered promiscuously around.

We made straight for the big tent in front of which the flag was flying. Jack lowered the flag. With a beating heart I entered the tent. I found it littered with torn papers and maps. In one corner was a camp chest upon which were painted the words, "General B. F. Butler, U. S. A."

In a tent in the rear of General Butler's, which was probably used as a kitchen, we found a stock of provisions that set us wild with delight. We had little to eat at home and now had been for several hours without food.

A pot of coffee steamed on the fire in front of the tent. On the shelves inside was a boiled ham, and about it lay a variety of canned meats and fruits, while a chest was found to contain a quantity of freshly baked bread.

"Oh," said Jack, "if we only had a wagon we might carry home a lot of these things."

"Well," said I, "the next best thing is to tote home as much as we can on our backs. What are we going to take?"

"I reckon," said Jack, "that the folks at home would like tea and coffee best. They are scarcest."

We decided to load ourselves down with those two articles. We found some empty sacks and divided the contents of the sack of green coffee in General Butler's kitchen tent into two parts of thirty or forty pounds each. Then into two other sacks we poured a chest of Oolong tea. These were tied up and put inside the sacks containing coffee, and Jack also stuffed into his sack the flag in front of the general's tent, which he had taken down when he first entered the camp.

He suggested that I give him a part of my coffee in order to lighten the load, and at first I was inclined to do so, but when I thought how the people at home after many months' use of chicory, parched corn, roasted sweet potato parings and other poor substitutes for coffee would enjoy the genuine article I made up my mind that I would carry home the contents of the sack if I had to drag it over the entire five miles.

We had been so much excited with our discoveries that we had not noticed that the sun was very low. It would be dark before we could reach home. We gazed longingly at what we were leaving behind and started homeward.

We took the turnpike with the hope of getting a lift in some passing vehicle. As we trudged along we saw two Confederate cavalrymen riding toward us. In our fear lest they should rob us of our precious possessions we slouched along as near the woods as we could get, hoping they would pass without noticing us.

Vain hope! "Halt!" we heard one of them shout just as they were abreast of us. One of them, who was a corporal, dismounted.

He was a cruel looking fellow, and we soon discovered that his looks did not belie him. Walking up to Jack, he gruffly asked, "What have you got there?" and at the same time roughly jerked the sack from the terrified boy's shoulder.

Plunging his arm into the sack, he drew out the United States flag. At sight of this the corporal shouted, "Spies—traitors!" and danced about wildly.

It was useless for us to try to explain to the infuriated man, and, to tell the truth, we were too badly frightened to give a good account of ourselves.

"I'm going to carry you to General Beauregard's headquarters," the corporal said, "and you'll be shot as spies."

We believed him. It was not, therefore, with very good spirits that we started on our march to General Beauregard's headquarters.

We wished to throw our sacks away, but our captors would not allow it, so we plodded along, our loads on our backs and the corporal constantly threatening to thrash us for our slowness.

We turned out of the turnpike into a crossroad. I ventured to ask how far General Beauregard's headquarters were and received a cuff on the side of the head from the corporal. I asked the other soldier if he would not carry my sack behind him on his horse's back a little way. I believe he would have done so if the corporal had not forbidden it.

Just as we reached the top of a long hill and I was about to drop from fatigue I saw that we were near our journey's end. In front of us was a large building which before the days of railroads had been a roadside inn. Two guards slowly marched back and forth before the tumbledown steps that led to the porch, which extended across the front of the house and which was now crowded with soldiers, apparently couriers and orderlies.

As we reached the porch the soldiers began to rally the corporal upon his "baby prisoners." He made no reply, but stalked pompously through the open door after instructing his companion to hold us.

This was a useless instruction. We needed no holding except as we were receiving from the floor of the porch, upon which we had fallen completely exhausted and where we remained until the corporal came out to summon us to the presence of General Beauregard.

"Bring the sacks," yelled the corporal as we started in without them.

I am certain that no murderers ever went to receive sentence of death with weaker knees than we had as we were pushed into the presence of General Beauregard.

I had my eyes shut, but opened them when I heard a low, kindly voice saying, "Well, my boys, what is the trouble?"

I saw seated at a little pine table a dapper little man in a gray uniform, with small mustache and imperial and kind looking brown eyes. He was smiling straight into my eyes, and before I knew what I was doing I was smiling, too, and thinking that our lives were safe in the hands of a man who could smile like that.

Behind the general several men were busily engaged in writing, and scattered around the room were officers whom I took to be members of the staff.

Every one was smiling in the pleasantest way. In fact, the only ill natured man in the room was the corporal who had brought us in.

"Well, well," the general repeated, "what is the trouble?"

The corporal began to answer, but the general said: "I have had your story. Now I want the boys' side."

Jack was much encouraged. He stepped forward and told a straightforward story of the way in which we had been arrested and of the corporal's brutal treatment of us.

"Shameful!" said the general as he looked at the corporal with angry eyes. Then, turning to Jack again, he said kindly, "Now tell me where you got the flag and other things."

"We got them from General Butler's abandoned camp on Shippen's farm," said Jack promptly.

"What! Are you telling the truth?" excitedly asked the general as he jumped up and walked around to where we were standing. At the same time the room was filled with the sound of rattling swords as the officers approached.

"Yes, sir, I am telling the truth," Jack answered proudly, looking the general straight in the eyes. Continuing, he told the whole story from beginning to end, not forgetting the dinner we had eaten in General Butler's kitchen tent.

General Beauregard held a whispered consultation with the officers present, and they soon hurried out. Turning to the corporal, the general said: "In view of the important information these boys have given me I forgive your foolish arrest and brutal treatment of them. You may go."

The corporal went out, crestfallen. By this time it had grown quite dark, and the military clerks were writing by the light of tallow candles. General Beauregard turned to one of them and gave instructions in a low tone. We sat down on a bench at the dark side of the room, apparently forgotten.

Presently the general walked over to where we were sitting and, placing his hand on my head, said, "I suppose you boys are anxious to get home?"

"Yes, sir," we answered, both at once.

"Well, I will send you home in my ambulance. Meantime accept my thanks for the important information you have brought me."

We drove home, the happiest boys in the world, in General Beauregard's private ambulance, with our precious sacks behind us. What a welcome we found at home and how our old government Java and Oolong were appreciated!

Alluring Surroundings.

A young man who had just gone to Philadelphia to take employment in a business house was casting about for a suitable room for himself in Germantown when he chanced upon one in a fine house overlooking a cemetery.

He was a little doubtful about the terms and more than doubtful about the cemetery.

"Your rate is pretty high," he murmured hesitatingly to the landlady.

"But consider the cheerful view, sir," ventured the mistress of the house.

"Cheerful view!" exclaimed that applicant for lodgings. "Is that what you call a view that embraces a graveyard?"

"Why, certainly," was the response. "Just think how comfortin' and cheerin' it will be when you look out of your window and think you're not there!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Arsenic.

Arsenic is mined in Japan, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Germany, England and, within a limited area, in the United States. Its uses are many. As a poison it has been known from very early times. The peasant women of Austria consume large quantities of it, having faith in its virtues as a beautifier, and the men of the same region are addicted to its use in the mistaken belief that it increases their bodily strength and endurance.

Noblesse Oblige.

"What are you staring at, Nellie?"

"Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds you do look so like Lady Plantaganet Gingham that I was own maid to! Are you any relation, ma'am?"

"No—at least no near relation. But you can have that pink silk waist of mine, Nellie!"—Life.

An Effort to Console.

"Yes," said Mrs. Flummerton, "my ancestors were among the country's first settlers."

"Well," answered Mrs. Cumrox consolingly, "the social and educational facilities in those days must have been rather crude, but I don't believe in heredity."—Washington Star.

THE SKIPPER'S WHITE LIE.

What Happened at Night and What the Passenger Was Told.

It was a dirty night, to use a sailor's phrase, and the talk in one corner of the smoking room drifted to events at sea and the childlike faith that passengers repose in navigators.

Said the scientist who had been collecting specimens on a coral reef:

"I've often heard men and women say they felt so safe with Captain So-and-so, and I've wondered, too, whether their sense of security would still be retained if these favored travelers knew exactly what happened on shipboard during a voyage. For my own part, I have more confidence than ever in a captain of my acquaintance since I learned that he could tell a white lie when it was necessary to calm the fears of a nervous traveler. It so happened that one foggy night I was awakened by the sudden stoppage and reversal of the engines. I jumped out of my bunk, went on deck and was told by the second officer that we had had a narrow squeeze. It appeared that we had nearly run down a schooner as she silently crossed our bows and disappeared into the haze.

"Next morning a woman passenger who sat at the captain's table asked him whether the engines had been stopped and reversed, and he replied: 'Yes; we sometimes do this to test the engineer's watch and see if our machinery is in proper order. We do it at night so as to create no excitement.' Then he got the woman to describe what she had heard and asked her, 'Did you find much time between the stopping and reversing?'

"'No,' she replied.

"'Then,' said the skipper, 'that showed how well everything was working, did it not?'

"When I got the skipper's ear I told him confidentially that I didn't think the schooner's engines had worked as well as ours, and he remarked that it might have been worse. Whether he meant the lie or the incident I didn't inquire, but I suspect it wasn't the lie."—New York Post.

LAW OF GRAVITY VIOLATED.

Conditions Under Which Water Actually Flows Upward.

"Water seeks its level" is an expression heard so frequently as to be almost trite, and yet the law has its exceptions. There are conditions under which water actually flows upward and rises above its source. If a glass tube be dipped into water the column inside will be above the level of the surrounding surface. Moreover, if a tube of half the diameter be substituted the column doubles its height. The water creeps along the inside of the tube, owing to the adhesion, and forms a cup shaped depression at the top.

An explanation is not difficult. It can be proved mathematically that if the diameter of a circle be diminished one-half the circumference is also reduced to that extent, while the area is one-fourth of its former value. The circumference of the column of water being reduced one-half, its contact with the glass, and hence the adhesive force, is also diminished to that extent, while the cross section, and hence the weight, is decreased to a fourth of what it was before. Therefore the second column can be twice the height of the first without exceeding the lifting power.

Remarkable as the underlying principles of this phenomenon undoubtedly are, nature made use of them long before man made their discovery. Every tree and flower adds its testimony. The core of a tree or plant, instead of being a single open channel, consists of a spongelike substance containing many miniature tunnels, through which the sap and moisture collected by the roots flow upward in small rivulets, rising higher and higher in sheer defiance of the great law of gravity.—St. Louis Republic.

Sense of Danger.

Dr. Waldo of London holds that people should develop a sixth sense to inform them of the approach of danger in the streets. Lafcadio Hearn once said: "While in a crowd I seldom look at faces. My intuition is almost infallible, like that blind faculty by which in absolute darkness one becomes aware of the proximity of bulky objects without touching them. If I hesitate to obey it a collision is the inevitable consequence. What pilots one quickly and safely through a thick press is not conscious observation at all, but unreasoning intuitive perception."

A Strong Prescription.

Menelik, emperor of Abyssinia, often dabbled in medicine. Some years ago Mme. Stevenin, the wife of a prominent member of the French colony at Addis Abeba, was laid up with fever. Menelik inquired what treatment she was undergoing and expressed disapproval when he learned that she was being dosed with quinine. The following day a messenger called with a large pot of very rancid butter, accompanied by a letter from one of the emperor's secretaries stating that his royal master hoped that madame would take three glasses daily of the butter sent, which had been stored for two years and would be found an infallible remedy. The present was gratefully acknowledged and promptly buried, and when madame recovered Menelik took to himself the credit of her cure.

Effects of Drugs.

Persons employed in india rubber factories sometimes inhale bisulphide of carbon and suffer from frightful dreams of being murdered or of falling over precipices. Opium stimulates imagination; alcohol in excess excites dread and suspicion; hasheesh, from which the word assassin was derived, produces homicidal mania. These drugs have a distinct effect upon the moral sense. Sometimes, as from alcohol, a coarse and stupid brutality is stimulated, or, as from morphin, a gloomy and morose temper, or, as from cocaine, while the manner remains gentle, the victim develops thieving and lying habits.

Blind Justice.

We meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong now?" we ask.

"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggans owed Hennett $10,000 and put his property in his wife's name so that Hennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual."

"And last night Mrs. Spriggans eloped with Hennett!"—Life.

Uncertainty.

"I am always horribly nervous when I buy a suit of clothes from a strange tailor."

"Yes; a person you don't know is hard to stand off."—Houston Post.

NEBULA HYPOTHESIS.

One of the Most Interesting Propositions of Science.

WHAT IT ACTUALLY MEANS.

That the Sun, Planets and All Matter Were Once a Vast Mass of Incandescent Gas All Jumbled Together In an Enormous Chaotic Cloud.

Everybody has heard the phrase, the nebula hypothesis, but what is it?

In a few words this is the meaning of "nebula hypothesis:" That the sun, the planets and all that is in them were at one time in the inconceivably remote past a vast mass of chaotic, incandescent gas all jumbled together in an enormous nebula, or cloud.

To begin with, the first conception that science has dared to make, however, takes us one step further back Without mentioning the origin of matter itself science conceives that in the beginning all matter was uniformly distributed throughout space — that there were no stars, no planets, no satellites, but that all space was filled with the matter we now have divided up into very fine particles some distance apart. The consistency of such material was perforce very thin indeed, much more rarefied than the highest vacuum we can obtain now by air pumps. From this state to the nebulous state the theory has a missing link, one that can only be satisfied by supposing divine command, for it assumes, in the words of Professor Todd, that "gradually centers of attraction formed and these centers pulled in toward themselves other particles. As a result of the inward falling of matter toward these centers, the collision of its particles and their friction upon each other the material masses grew hotter and hotter. Nebulae seeming to fill the entire heavens were formed—luminous fire mist, like the filmy objects still seen in the sky, though vaster and exceedingly numerous." This process is supposed to have gone on for countless ages, faster in some regions than in others. Many million nebulae were formed and set in rotation around their own axes. This happily can be explained by science. Whenever particles are attracted toward a center and are kept from falling directly to this center a whirlpool is formed, rotating in one direction. An example of this, though humble and not exactly analogous, is the rotation of water in a basin when the stopper is pulled out of the bottom. Gravity attracts the water immediately above the hole, which starts flowing out, thus leaving a space to be filled. The rest of the water rushes in from all sides to do this, and the whirlpool is the result.

Now each of these whirling nebulae became exceedingly hot, and each formed what is known as a star or sun, our sun being one. The earth and other planets had not then come into separate existence, of course, as it is supposed that they were thrown off later from the sun.

Our sun in its nebulous form and rotating swiftly o its axis gradually flattened at its poles on account of centrifugal motion. This phenomenon is entirely familiar to those who have seen a ball of clay on a potter's wheel gradually flatten. The motion was so swift and the mass so nebulous that the sun to be took the shape of a disk. As time went on the outer part became cool and somewhat rigid, while the inner part continued its cooling and contracting. Thus the inner part drew away from the outer, leaving a ring of matter whirling around on the outside. This breaking off of the ring is supposed to be hastened by the inability of the outside to keep up the swift motion of the central mass, both on account of the slight cohesion and of the centrifugal force. But this particular part of the argument has nothing to stand on if the first law of motion is true.

In the successive stages of the sun's contraction this process was repeated over and over again, until several rings were whirling around the central orb. They would necessarily be in the same plane. Now, these rings, not being uniform in mass or thickness, would each gradually accumulate toward the densest portion until they, too, would form a ball which would subsequently flatten, and if the substance continued nebulous and the ball was large enough they would also slough rings.

Of course the rings the sun discarded have become the planets, which, as required by the theory, are all very nearly in the same plane. The rings that the planets formed have become moons or satellites. So we are driven to conclude that our sun at one time filled all the space from his present position to the farthest planet in the solar system.

From this theory there is another thing that we have to believe, and that is that every star in the heavens has gone through this same process and has a family of planets sailing around it, just as our sun has. It would be impossible to see these planets, of course, for it is impossible to see a star, even with the greatest telescope, except as a mere point of light.

As regards the proving of this nebula hypothesis, of course it cannot be done. But everything points to its accuracy. Many nebulae are seen even now among the stars that seem to be going through the delayed process of world forming. Around one of the planets of our own solar system, Saturn, are three rings, which are probably destined in time to become moons, in the opinion of some scholars.—A. T. Hodge in New York Tribune.

Two Narrow Escapes.

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my sowl, if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom!"

"See there!" exclaimed the returned Irish soldier to the gaping crowd as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will ye! Ye see, if it had been a low crowned hat I should have been killed outright."

His Temper.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband, "there must be a lot of iron in your system."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot!"

Discoveries.

So many famous discoveries have turned out to be re-discoveries that we become cautious about asserting that any event or achievement was the first of its kind.—John Diske.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson III.—First Quarter, For Jan. 16, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. iv, 12-25. Memory Verse, 23 — Golden Text, Matt. iv, 16—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Luke tells us that Jesus, being full of the Holy Ghost, was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil, and that after the temptation Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee (Luke iv, 1, 2, 14). If we desire a sequence of the events in His life we may have to consider before His return to Galilee the whole of John i, 19, to iv, 54. But, confining ourselves as far as possible to our lesson portion, we should consider John's brief ministry and the reason of his imprisonment. He was filled with the Holy Spirit from his birth, and Jesus said of him, "Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist" (Luke i, 15; vii, 28). He was a Spirit filled, God sent man, in very truth the Lord's messenger. Yet his ministry was not what men count a success. Just a few months' public ministry, then imprisonment because he dared to rebuke sin in high places (Mark vi, 17-19), and then his martyrdom to please a wicked woman. But he was approved of God from first to last, and some time we'll understand. The devil could not conquer Jesus Christ, but he was permitted to torment and to kill His faithful messenger.

In connection with Jesus leaving Nazareth to make His home in Capernaum we must read Luke iv, 16-31, and note how, after He had in the power of the Spirit read the Scriptures and spoken in the synagogue at Nazareth, His own townsmen thrust Him out of the city and attempted to kill Him. Then He came and dwelt in Capernaum, and great was the privilege of that city; yet see His words concerning it in Matt. xi, 23, 24.

Notice the oft repeated phrase "that it might be fulfilled" (chapters i, 22; ii, 15, 23; iv, 14; viii, 17; xxi, 4; xxvi, 56; xxvii, 35, etc.) and remember His resurrection words in Luke xxiv, 44, "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses and in the prophets and in the Psalms concerning Me." The quotation in our lesson from Isa. ix, 1, 2, leads on to verses 6, 7, and the King and the kingdom. So also in Isa. xlii, 6, 7, where He is spoken of as a light of the gentiles, the context says that He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment in the earth (verse 4), or, in other words, till His kingdom comes. The darkness is everywhere, and is increasing, and we are right into the apostasy of unbelief and the setting aside of the written word and the living word of which we have in the word been forewarned. "For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people, but the Lord shall arise upon thee (Israel), and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the nations shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising" (Isa. lx, 1-3). Jesus preached, as John had done, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (iii, 2; iv, 17), but both John and Jesus were slain and the kingdom was postponed till the risen and ascended Christ shall come again in power and glory preceded by the real Elijah, as foretold by Malachi and confirmed by Jesus (Mal. iv, 5, 6; Matt. xvii, 10-13). Read the last passage most carefully and see how the real Elijah shall be to Christ's second coming what John was to his first coming. Acknowledging that John had come in the spirit and power of Elijah and had been rejected, He says in unmistakable words, "Elijah truly shall first come."

Meanwhile He is calling unto Himself out of the world those who are willing to remain in the world as His witnesses, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Himself and the glory of His kingdom. If we will follow Him it must be by denial or renunciation of self and a willingness to die daily that His life may be seen in us (Matt. xvi, 24, 25; II Cor. iv, 11). But He does not call us to this unworldly life without setting before us the kingdom, the glory and the rewards (Matt. xvi, 27, to xvii, 9). When Peter on one occasion said, "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed Thee—what shall we have, therefore?" Jesus told him of a new earth with the Son of Man in the throne of His glory and the twelve apostles on twelve thrones ruling the twelve tribes of Israel (Matt. xix, 27, 28). But listen to the last of the seven promises to the overcomers in Rev. iii, 21, and think of being with Him on His throne. He told Abram of the city which hath foundations; Moses had respect unto the recompense of the reward; Paul said that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us, but to the majority of believers today there seems to be no future glory worth mentioning, nothing and no one for which or for whom it is worth while to renounce the follies of this ungodly age and the pleasures of sin for a season. As Jesus went about all Galilee accompanied by His few faithful followers He preached the gospel of the kingdom and healed all manner of sickness and disease. He did not tell them to prepare to die, but told them of life eternal which He would freely give them, including the forgiveness of all their sins.

The Humming Bird's Flight.

The flight of the little humming bird is more remarkable than that of the eagle. We can understand the flapping of the eagle's immense wing supporting a comparatively light body. But our little bird has a plump body. His wings are not wide, but long, so he must move them rapidly to sustain his weight, and this he can do to perfection. The vibrations of his wings are so rapid as to make them almost invisible. He can use them to sustain himself in midair, with his body as motionless as if perched on a twig. In this way he can sip the nectar of the delicate, fine stemmed flowers without alighting for a moment. He never alights while so engaged. He moves from flower to flower with a graceful and rapid movement, sometimes chasing away a bee or humming bird moth, of which he is very jealous. Nor is he much more favorably impressed with any small birds that seem to his way. He knows his power of flight, and he has no fear of any other bird.—St. Nicholas.

THE HORSE WON.

A Race With a Locomotive When Railroads Were New.

In 1822 the first charter was obtained for a railroad in the United States. It was for a line from Philadelphia to a point on the Susquehanna river, but was never built. On the announcement of the project some one asked one of the Baltimore newspapers, "What is a railroad, anyhow?" The editor was forced to reply that he did not know, but that "perhaps some other correspondent can tell."

Seven years later on the little wooden track along the Lackawanna creek the first locomotive had its trial. The experiment was far from successful, and for a number of years afterward the trains on most of the railroads continued to be drawn by horses. The first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio had sails attached. So did the cars. These sails were hoisted when the wind was in the right direction so as to help the locomotive.

The rivalry between the railroads using locomotives and those using horses was very bitter. In August, 1830, an actual trial of speed was held between a horse and one of the pioneer locomotives which did not result in favor of the locomotive. The race was on the Baltimore and Ohio, the locomotive being one built by Peter Cooper, who also acted as engine driver.

The horse, a gallant gray, was in the habit of pulling a car on a track parallel to that used by the locomotive. At first the gray had the better of the race, but when he was a quarter of a mile ahead Mr. Cooper succeeded in getting up enough steam to pass the horse amid terrific applause.

At that moment a band slipped from a pulley, and "though Mr. Cooper lacerated his hands trying to replace it the engine stopped, the horse passed it and came in the winner."

As there were no brakes on the early trains, they used to stop and to start with jolts which threw the passengers across the car. The coupling was with chains, having two or three feet of slack, which the engine in starting took up with a series of fierce jerks. The shock on stopping was even worse and "never failed to send the passengers flying."

There were no whistles in the old days. Signals were given by pushing up the valve on the dome by hand and letting the steam escape with a loud hissing noise. On the New Castle and Frenchtown railroad when the signal was heard the slaves around the station would rush to the arriving train, seize hold of it and pull back with all their might while the agent stuck a piece of wood through a wheel.

There were so many collisions and explosions that some southern railroads introduced what they called a barrier car between the locomotive and the passenger coaches of the train. This barrier car consisted of a platform on wheels upon which were piled six bales of cotton, and it was claimed it would safeguard the passengers in two ways—it would protect them from the blowing up of the locomotive and would form a soft cushion upon which the passengers could land in the event of a collision. There is no record of how this experiment worked out.—American Cultivator.

Origin of the Word Canada.

On April 20, 1534, Jacques Cartier sailed from St. Malo, Brittany, with two ships and sixty-one men for Labrador, skirted Newfoundland, named Chaleur bay, crossed the eastern end of Anticosti and then headed for France again. The next year Cartier returned with three ships, thought he saw in the St. Lawrence the wished for passage to India and was only undeceived by the freshness of the water on reaching the mouth of the Saguenay. Then was revealed the majestic size of the continent, for, with the exception of the Amazon and the Orinoco, no American river gives one such a sense of power and grandeur. As the Frenchmen inquired the names of the Indian villages along the banks they were answered "Canada," a Mohawk word meaning village, but which was applied by the Frenchmen to the country.

The Planing Machine.

As to the original inventor of the planing machine there is perhaps scarcely a machine about which there has been more controversy than this, and there are many claimants to the honor. There are records, however, showing that Nicholas Forq, a French clockmaker, used a metal planer in 1751 for machining pump cylinders, apparently being under the impression that they could be made more accurately in this manner than by a revolving cutter.—Cassier's Magazine.

Cold as a Cure.

Cold of a certain intensity produces not only hunger, but, as it has been proved, health as well. Raoul Pictet, the famous Swiss chemist, was making experiments on a degree of cold considerably lower than any which occurs naturally, and he found that at temperatures between 110 and 150 below zero no covering of any kind would keep cold out, or, more exactly, would keep warmth in. There is nothing surprising about that. The surprise is in the result. M. Pictet is a gentleman who has suffered greatly from indigestion. After an exposure of several minutes to the cold which he had produced he experienced a sensation of hunger which he has described as ravenous. When he had eaten he experienced none of the tortures of his ailment, and when he had alternately frozen and eaten three or four times he found himself entirely cured.—London Telegraph.

The Gallant Cabman.

Nothing perhaps produces quite so much wit from a cabman as a sense of being underpaid, which in most cases means that he has been justly paid. A lady who had been guilty of this kind of justice experienced the usual sense of discomfort when her driver straightened the palm into which she had just dropped her shilling and looked at her speechlessly. She was weakly about to add another sixpence when the cabby's sense of humor prevailed. He transferred the shilling to his pocket and smiled sweetly down at his embarrassed fare. "Course, missy," he remarked, "there was the pleasure o' drivin' you!"—London Chronicle.

Arundel Castle.

The most singular circumstance about Arundel castle is that its owner, by mere right of ownership, is Earl of Arundel in the peerage of England. It is believed that there is no similar example of a peerage held on such conditions. Apparently there would be no legal obstacle, were the house of Howard to fall upon evil days and the castle be sold to some millionaire, to prevent the millionaire taking his seat in the house of lords as Earl of Arundel.—London Standard.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 12 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5 22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m) SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

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"In the water right between my feet was a spotted turtle that had just captured an appetizing but by no means dainty morsel. This was a terrapin-like bug that was more than a mouthful. His body was already out of sight, but clawlike legs protruded from both sides of that isosceles triangle which a turtle's mouth makes when it is closed and waved a frantic farewell to the passing underwater world. The turtle was a long time in masticating his terrapin, but it was a happy time. His whole body blinked contentedly, and he waved his fore legs with a caressing outpush, a motion exactly like that of a child at the breast. Then he wagged his head solemnly from side to side, as a wise turtle might who feels that such good lunches are put up by fate only for the knowing ones of this watery world, and pushed himself further under the roots of a tussock for a nap."

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VOL. LX. | WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1910. | Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. | NO. 10

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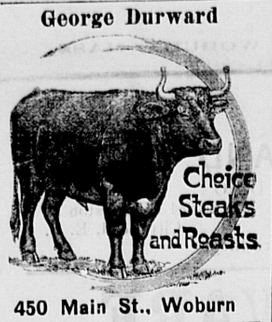
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.36 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5. m., 2.30, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 6.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.06 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 8.0 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
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512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
512	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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A SWIFT STORY.

The Way the Dean Rebuked His Publisher, Faulkner.

An amusing story of George Faulkner, the printer of many of Dean Swift's works, who lived in Parliament street, Dublin, is told by Mr. Wilmot Harrison in "Memorable Dublin Houses." Mr. Harrison relates how Faulkner, after a visit to London on business for Swift, called to see the dean, having arrayed himself in a laced waistcoat, a bagwig and other fopperies Swift received him ceremoniously as an entire stranger and asked:

"Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?"

"I thought it my duty to wait upon you, sir, on my return from London."

"Pray, sir, who are you?"

"George Faulkner, the printer."

"You George Faulkner, the printer! Why, thou art the most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of! George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you about your business and thank your stars that I do not send you to the house of correction!"

Poor George returned home and, having changed his dress, returned to the deanery and was received most cordially by Swift, who, having welcomed him "on his return from London," said:

"There was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat who would fain have passed for you, but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

The darker the cloud the brighter the sun when he breaks through the rift.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

An Editor's Telegram That Had a Double Meaning.

By LOUISE OSBORN.

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"Miss Bradley!"

"In a minute, Mr. Dunn," said Helen Bradley as she tossed her hat on the top of her desk, hung her coat carefully on a peg in the wall and crowded her gloves into a pigeonhole marked "Recipes."

Then she gave an adjusting pat to her hair and hurried through the door connecting her little room with the office of the Sunday editor of the Star.

"Good morning, Miss Bradley," said Mr. Dunn, just as he had said it every morning since, five years before, Helen Bradley had begun to work on the woman's page of the Star. "I'm going away tomorrow morning, and I'm going to ask you to do some of my work."

Helen gave a startled "Oh, I'm sorry you're going!" blushed and regained her usual businesslike voice. "Very well," she said. "What work?"

"I'll tell Jimmie to give you all manuscripts addressed to me. Open them. Read the stuff that's sent in and pass on it. You've helped me out so many times, I guess you know a good thing when you see it as well as I do. I'm putting it right up to you, Miss Bradley. That's all, thank you."

John Dunn swung round in his chair. "Hello!" he said into the telephone receiver. "Give me the composing room."

Helen heard him calling emphatically and ungently for overdue proofs as she closed the connecting door between the rooms.

Then she sat down to wonder why Mr. Dunn was going so suddenly away and to map out her two pages for the next week's Sunday paper.

The day was a hard one for the editor of the Star woman's page. The photographer telephoned that there wasn't enough sunlight and the fashion photographs wouldn't be ready until the next day.

The "beauty" writer sent word that she had a cold and couldn't get her copy in on time possibly.

Mr. Siddons, the managing editor, came in to say that he didn't think much of the new series of fashion articles Helen was running.

Her typewriter broke down, and she had to wait two hours for a man to fix it. Five o'clock found her still at her desk, struggling to think of something besides hash to tell about in the column she was writing on "How to Make Attractive Leftover Luncheon Dishes."

"Oh, Miss Bradley!" Mr. Dunn came into her room, his coat on and his hat in his hand. "I forgot to tell you. Don't be soft hearted and accept things just because you think the writer looks pinched and poor, the way you did those fashion articles Siddons kicked about. To go the stuff's got to have plenty of human interest, you know. It's got to have personal appeal. Remember that."

Then he looked at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes in the bright circle under the green drop light over her desk.

"What's the matter?" he said, for a moment the tone of the businesslike editor giving place to that of a sympathetic fellow worker. "You're tired, Miss Bradley. Shut up your desk and go home. Tomorrow you'll be fresh, and things will go better. Jove," he added, "it's a shame to pile extra work on you!"

"Oh, Mr. Dunn," said Helen, "I don't a bit mind! And I'm awfully glad to do it for you. I'll try not to make any dreadful blunders."

Helen smiled as they shook hands. "Goodby," she said. "I hope you'll enjoy your trip."

Then as he went out of the room she said to herself: "Now, I must remember. Human interest and personal appeal." And she scribbled the two phrases down on a slip of paper and pinned it to her calendar.

By the time John Dunn had been away from the office a week Helen had several times had recourse to the two watchwords he had given her.

The task of passing on manuscripts was always a hard one for Helen. She knew a good article when she saw it, as the Sunday editor had said; but, as he had also hinted, her sound business sense was too often overcome by her imagination.

If the copy she read was written with a well worn typewriter ribbon, if the paper seemed cheap or the ink looked watered, Helen was always disposed in favor of the article.

"I suppose," she said to herself more than once, "that a really good editor—like Mr. Dunn, for instance—doesn't pay a bit of attention to anything but the story itself."

And with the desire always before her to discharge her added responsibilities in a way that would please the absent editor Helen read the articles submitted to her in her most professional manner and submitted them all to the tests of "human interest" and "personal appeal."

As the week passed Helen found that her desire to please the grave and dignified Sunday editor was not only a desire to do her work well. With some annoyance she realized how much she had grown to depend on his friendly "Good morning" and "Good night."

She called herself foolish, for she remembered that from the time she had begun to work for the Star Mr. Dunn had never shown her more than the whole hearted friendliness he showed every one who worked for him.

"Well," she said to herself one morning as she looked into his empty room, "he's been gone just a week. I don't know whether I'd rather have him come back or stay away. Anyway, I'm a silly goose."

She went resolutely back to her desk and sat down before the pile of letters and manuscripts addressed to "Mr. Dunn."

Among them were a few letters for herself. She put these aside and tackled the manuscript first. After a couple of hours' reading she had two piles, one labeled "Rejected" and one labeled "Accepted." Between them was a long envelope.

"I'm not sure about that one," thought Helen. She reread the brief note accompanying the manuscript. "'Please wire if you do not find it available. I have a duplicate, and I think I can place it here.' Well," she added to herself, "I'll think about it while I read my own letters, and then I'll wire."

She began mechanically to read and file her own mail—recipes, fashion notes, inquiries and requests—the same kind of thing that came every day. Suddenly she stared as she hurriedly tore open an envelope bearing Mr. Dunn's handwriting.

"What can he be writing to me for. I must have made some absurd blunder about a story, but I don't see how he'd know yet."

As she read the letter her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"I have often thought of telling you," said the last paragraph, "but I always felt that it would be unfair to let you know, for of course I know that you regard me simply as a business associate, and I know also that you would not want to work with an editor you knew wanted to marry you. So you leave the Star, and I'd be alone.

"Something, that last night when I came to say 'goodby,' gave me an idea perhaps you did care, after all. Anyway I must know, and if you don't I can go west to a paper that has made me an offer out there.

"That's what I came here to see about. It may seem strange—I've waited so long, but now I'm impatient. Please wire me—just a word or two, so that I may know."

"Dear, stupid, dignified John!" smiled Helen to herself after she had read the letter through again. "Jimmie," she called—"please, Jimmie, come here. Do you think that you could send away any one who comes to see me in the next hour? You see, I—well, you see, I just don't want to be bothered. And, oh, Jimmie, please bring me two telegraph blanks."

"Sure, Miss Bradley," said Jimmie, good nature from the tip of his snubby, freckled nose to the tips of his stubby boots.

Then Helen settled herself to the composition of two telegrams, and when in the course of three-quarters of an hour they were done she again called the faithful Jimmie.

"Here, Jimmie," she said. "I want these two telegrams sent right off. This one's to go to this man," and she handed him a slip of paper containing the name and address of the owner of the doubtful manuscript, "and this one's to Mr. Dunn." Then Helen put the doubtful manuscript in the pile labeled "Rejected."

The next day passed quickly, and in her excitement and happiness Helen's work piled up on her desk. When she tried to read proof she found herself absently counting the "j's" and "d's" instead of looking for missing words and misplaced letters. And she found it much easier to draw plans of visionary cottages surrounded by shadowy gardens than to dispose of the manuscript before her.

"I don't care," she thought as she heard the neighboring church bells chime out 5 o'clock. "I'll quiet down now and stay until 6 or so and finish everything up. Let me see—he must have got my telegram today, and tonight maybe he'll write, and I'll get his letter tomorrow, and then I can write again, and—oh!"

Helen stopped suddenly as the door opened. Breathless from running upstairs, mystification and uncertainty in his kind eyes, John Dunn burst into the room. Helen started impulsively toward him, but when she saw the look in his eyes she hesitated.

"Why—what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Helen—Miss Bradley," he said, "I came to see—I don't understand—your answer."

"Didn't you get my message—a telegram?" demanded Helen, as mystified in her turn as John.

John held a little slip of yellow paper out to her. "Cannot accept," it said. "Not enough human interest. Needs more personal appeal." Then Helen laughed as she gave the slip of paper in her hands to the still uncomprehending Sunday editor.

"Don't you see?" she said. "It's Jimmie. He sent you the wrong message. That's what you told me to say—it's for a man who sent in an article I didn't want. I'm afraid we'll have to take the consequences and patch up the story, for, you see, he's got your answer, and that says—'Accepted.' But, John"—Helen smiled up at him—"I shouldn't mind a little more personal appeal!"

The personal appeal was made then and there. Fortunately there was no one present to witness the fervor with which such an appeal should be made, so the fervor was forthcoming. John said afterward that he rolled off three or four columns of it, but his wife declares there wasn't more than a "stickful." Anyway the matter was settled satisfactorily to both parties, and they are now one happy couple.

England's Lion.

The British lion means so much to us all that it seems almost treason to suggest that he is after all not the terrible wild fowl (to quote Bottom) that foreigners think him, but, sad to say, this is so. For in the older armorial bearing of England our lion is a leopard. It was all the fault of the early heralds of France, from whom our arms seem to have been derived. According to them, the lions passant and gardant of the arms of the kings of England were either lions leoparded or lions maned. The omission of the mane, in rude tricking, would reduce them to leopards, and this our lions originally were. The Emperor Frederick, in choosing his presents to our Henry III., so construed, according to Mathew Paris, our royal shield, "In quo tres leopardi tranuentes figurantur"—that is, in which three leopards, stalking, are figured. Thus Henry seems to have had no reason to be annoyed when the emperor sent him the wrong emblematic beasts.—Pearson's Weekly

ATOP THE FREIGHT TRAIN.

Walking the Cars a Hair Raising Experience For a Novice.

There came over me as I sat in the caboose that evening a wild desire to ride with the engineer in the cab. Planning to slip ahead along the half mile or so of train at the first stop, I made known my desire to our conductor over that part of the run.

"They'll be glad to see you," he told me. "You won't have any trouble gettin' there. It's a mild evenin'." He swung open the window of the lookout and called to his rear brakeman, "Jimmie, run along with this here party." Jimmie pulled me through the window of the lookout before I clearly realized the entire plan.

It was a slippery path over the roofs of sixty cars to the big engine that was pulling us, and the wind that swept in from the shores of the ice-bound lake, along which the tracks ran for many miles, snapped sharply over those car roofs. Jimmie hung on to his lantern with one hand, to his convoy with the other. Long miles over those slippery car roofs had taught him to regard it as no very serious business.

"This ain't nothin'," was his assurance. "It sometimes gets nasty when we get down to zero an' a blizzard comes a-rippin' from off over the lake. Sometimes you have to get down an' crawl on all fours. It wouldn't be much fun to be swept off the tops of those cars."

There was no disputing that, nor that the three lengthwise planks at the gable of the car roofs were not wide promenades. You jump from one to another to cross from car to car, and a man has got to have something of a gymnastic training and some circus as well as railroad blood in his veins to do it many times without dropping into one of the hideous dark abysses between them.

A hand out of the dark slapped me in the face. "Drop," said Jimmie, and, fearing possibly that I might not obey, he pulled me flat down upon the car roof.

"That was a 'telltale,'" he explained, and before I could ask further we were in a short reach of a tunnel, and I understood. We were whirled through that tunnel like a package in a tube, and if we had raised our arms we could have touched the flying roof of the bore. The smoke lay heavy in the place. It filled our eyes and nostrils.

"Not real nice," said Jimmie cheerily. "But no danger in the holes, save now and then an icicle gets a crack at your nut. You see, there ain't much use in arguin' the matter after that 'telltale' strikes you."—Edward Hungerford in Harper's.

PARIS RAGPICKERS.

An Occupation That Is Passed Along From Father to Son.

The ragpickers of Paris are born to their work, the occupation being passed from father to son for generations. Each ragpicker family has its own district, which is inherited by the children and grandchildren.

In spite of all the progress made in modern and elegant Paris barrels of waste are piled up on the streets in front of many buildings on beautiful boulevards in the early morning hours, and it is the privilege and in fact the mission of the ragpickers to examine this refuse.

They have use for everything, and but little is left after they have passed, their thoroughness being one reason why the system is still allowed. Every scrap of paper has its market; rags are gathered for paper manufacturers; shoes go back to leather dealers.

Old sardine and preserved meat tins are used for making playthings, old bones produce gelatin and glue, lemons and orange peels are greatly sought after and sold at the rate of a cent a pound to perfume and sirup manufacturers, old metals are highly prized, cigar stubs go to tobacco factories, and even stale vegetables are carted away.

The quarters of the ragpickers of Paris are just outside the confines of the city—sections carefully avoided by most people who do not belong to the guild. Every member of the family, from the oldest to the three-year-old, takes part in the sorting of the spoils, and it often happens that members of a family die either from poisoning from stale food or from a cut from one of the tins.—Popular Mechanics.

The Judge Agreed.

It is recorded that Lord Mansfield, the famous English judge of the second half of the eighteenth century, listened impatiently to an argument of Sir Fletcher Norton upon a case involving certain manorial rights.

"My lord," said Norton, who was insufferably dictatorial, "I can instance the point in person. I have myself two little manors."

"We are well aware of that," responded Lord Mansfield, seizing his opportunity.

The Cough of Consumption

Your doctor will tell you that fresh air and good food are the real cures for consumption. But often the cough is very hard. Hence, we suggest that you ask your doctor about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It controls the tickling, quiets the cough.

We publish our formulas
Ayer's
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will cause an increased flow of bile, and produce a gentle laxative effect the day following. Formula on each box. Show it to your doctor. He will understand at a glance. Dose, one pill at bedtime.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

LIGHTNING A MYSTERY

This Phenomenon of Nature Is a Puzzle to Science.

THE THEORY OF THUNDER.

In a General Way It Is Understood; but, as a Matter of Fact, the Bolt From the Storm In Its Erratic Tendencies Defies the Investigator.

In a general way we understand the theory of thunderstorms. As a matter of fact, there is no phenomenon of nature, but excepting even earthquakes, of which we know so little.

Man-made lightning—that is, electricity of the highest power, which we can artificially produce—will act according to certain known laws. It will, for instance, travel along a conductor of metal.

But a flash of lightning will frequent leap from a well defined metal path and launch itself through the air or some adjacent object which is an infinitely poorer conductor.

This may be due to the almost inconceivable force of a flash of lightning, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. It is estimated that a flash of lightning a mile long represents a pressure of discharge equal to 3,000,000,000 volts.

As such a flash lasts only about the thousandth part of a second the energy dissipated by the discharge is equal to 300,000 horsepower. Put in other words, if we could find some means of saving and using lightning we should be the richer by a good round sum for every flash.

Lightning is, as we know, usually accompanied by a peal of thunder, which is louder the nearer the hearer is to the point of the discharge, but this is not an invariable rule. There are cases on record of most destructive lightning flashes which were unaccompanied by sound.

Such a phenomenon occurred at Bradford some years ago. What is described as "a silent thunderbolt" fell in a graveyard, destroying one monument and smashing to atoms nearly seventy glass cases containing wreaths and flowers.

In the same summer Swanscombe, in Kent, was terrified by a freak of lightning. All of a sudden "a great mass of blue fire" swept along the street, and next moment it was seen that the fine old parish church, built nearly 700 years ago, had been struck.

The building, with all its fine old carved oak, was soon a roaring furnace, and only a part of the chancel was saved.

Scientists are still hopelessly at sea as to the cause of that peculiar phenomenon known as globe lightning. At Coventry some years ago during a violent thunderstorm it passed along a street like a soap bubble built of blue fire and drifted into a shed, where it exploded, blowing the roof off the place.

At Rheims, in France, a similar fire ball came into a cobbler's shop through the open window. The solitary occupant of the place sat perfectly still, paralyzed with terror, while his fearful visitant hovered for several seconds overhead. Then it moved toward the fireplace and presently passed up the chimney.

Next moment there was an explosion like a shell bursting, and the upper part of the chimney came crashing down.

Not long ago Count G. Hamilton made a record of a similar freak of electricity. He was sitting at dinner at a house on Lake Wener, in Sweden, when just after a vivid flash of lightning a brilliant white ball appeared over the table and after hanging poised there for some seconds went off with with a loud bang.

Fortunately it did no harm to any one, although it was quite close to several people. Those who saw it suggested it was like a ball of cold lightning.

In November, 1902, Sydney, Australia, was visited by a terrific dust storm, in the midst of which a perfect rain of electric fire balls began to fall. These set fire to a number of houses, and a most appalling panic set in. A cry was raised that the end of the world was at hand, and people rushed out of their houses into the ink black, dust deep streets.

The most amazing and terrifying displays of the power of lightning are seen on mountains. In 1890 a party was on the top of a mountain in the Caucasus when a huge violet ball, surrounded by vivid rays, struck a rock near by and, exploding like a bomb, burst into atoms. One of the party was badly hurt.

Stilton Cheese.

The secret of making Stilton cheese was for some time confined to the family of the original inventors, who were under an engagement to sell all they could make to the famous Cooper Thornhill of Stilton. Being thus to be obtained of him alone, it received the appellation of Stilton cheese, but it would have been more appropriately named Wichcote cheese, being first made in that village, on the eastern side of Leicestershire, about thirty miles from Stilton.—London Standard.

Tailed Englishmen.

Natives of southern Arabia believe that Christians wear hats only to hide their horns. Formerly the continent of Europe clung to the conviction that the Englishman's nether garments concealed a tail. So late as the reign of Edward VI., according to Bale, "an Englyshman cannot travayle in another land by way of marchandyse or any other honest occupyinge, but it is most contumeliously thrown into his tethe that all Englyshmen have tails." The belief probably arose from the legend of the "Kentish Longtails." The people of either Canterbury or Strood (for the legend varies) mocked at Becket as he rode by on an ass and cut off the ass' tail. Wherefore they and their descendants were cursed with tails thenceforth. At least so said jesters of other countries, and the slander eventually reacted upon England in general. Another version substitutes St. Augustine and Dorsetshire.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21, 1910.

☞ Good for the lad James W. Marrinan! He is the son of James W. Marrinan, musician, of 50 Winn street, this city, 16 years old, and a hero. A few days ago this brave youth was awarded by the Carngie Hero Fund Commissioners a bronze medal and $2,000 for saving Neil E. Duffy, 4 years old, on June 13, last, from being run over by a Boston bound train near the Harrison avenue railroad bridge, this city, which the child was crossing, and became frightened at the rapidly approaching train. Young Marrinan had just time to rush across the bridge, sieze the child, and leap over the edge and down the embankment as the train dashed by. The Commission emphasizes the fact that the flying train was not more than 35 feet from young Marrinan when he made the leap with the child in one hand. James is now in College, and the $2,000 won't come amiss.

☞ At a meeting of the United Improvement Association held in Boston a few days ago it was voted to petition to present Legislature for the passage of an Act compelling the electriecation of all steam railroads entering the city of Boston. The following is the essence of the bill petitioned for:

Section 1. Each railroad company operating a railroad by steam power within the city of Boston shall change said motive power to electricity on all its lines within a radius of 10 miles of its Boston terminal. After the time limit specified in Section 3 for the completion of the work contemplated in this act, no steam locomotive shall be used on any such line within said limit.

☞ A telephone system has been installed in the Melrose Congregational Church, to be used by the deaf members of the congregation. The transmitter is so arranged that when the Pastor speaks in the pulpit the sound of his voice is carried to the different pews by wires. The system is the gift of Franklin P. Shumway in memory of his mother.—*Boston Transcript.*

Which was a generous and practical manner of honoring the memory of his mother. Mr. Shumway is the head of the Boston Advertising Agency of that name.

☞ It was unfortunate for Mr. James Storrow, Democrat, that his candidacy for Mayor of Boston was endorsed by the Good Government Association, commonly called "goo-goos," for no doubt exists in any intelligent Bostonian mind but that his defeat was due to their espousal of his cause. And Fitzgerald was fortunate in having their opposition to his election. The safest way always is to fight shy of those who set themselves up to be better than everybody else, in politics, religion or social life.

☞ Two more stars are likely to be added to "Old Glory" next July, for the House has passed the bill granting Statehood to Arizona and New Mexico, and the Senate are nearly solid for it. Representative Gillette of this State, who, many good men of Massachusetts think, has outlived his usefulness as a member of Congress, opposed the passage of the bill in the House, but his objections were paid but little attention to, and the measure went through with no opposition to speak of.

☞ The investigation of the Middlesex County officials at East Cambridge, about which considerable talk was made two or three weeks ago, seems to have fallen through, at least, nothing is now heard concerning it. Some person got an idea that the county's affairs and official incumbents needed an overhauling, to which end, it was said, a probe was being prepared, and might soon be put into operation. But it was probably an idle rumor on the start. At anyrate, the county officers were not worried over it.

☞ One of the foolish stories growing out of the Boston election was that U. S. Senator Cabot Lodge caused the defeat of Storrow, because he feared that if Storrow should win he would be the Democratic candidate for Governor at the end of his Mayoralty term, and, as such, sweep the board and seriously interfere with Lodge's chances for another election to the Upper branch of Congress.

☞ We had been looking for the Boston Back Bay Anti-Woman's Suffrage circular for 1910 several days, and last Saturday it got along as fresh as a daisy. Looking it over we found it to be the same old chesnut with the names of the same away up society women attached to it—the Dames of Governors and ex-Governors, and Wives of Legislators, and more of the same—and interesting beyond words to express.

☞ In the Journal of the House of the Massachusetts Legislature for Monday, Jan 17, is the following from Woburn's Representative:

"By Mr. Bean of Woburn, petition (with accompanying bill, House, No. 255) of Hugh D. Murray, Mayor, for legislation to authorize the City of Woburn to incur addition indebtedness for the purpose of replacing water mains. To the committee on Water Supply."

☞ If it was true, as stated, that not a single Boston newspaper advocated the election of John F. Fitzgerald for Mayor, but that all of them opposed him, the conclusion is inevitable that the political influence of the Boston press is extremely limited, for Fitzgerald won a big victory at the polls.

☞ Speaker Walker of the House of Representatives wants candidates for both bodies composing the Great and Caneral Court to be nominated in caucuses by direct plurality vote, instead of by convention, as is now the law. A day or two ago he filed a bill to that effect, which he hopes the present Legislature will enact.

☞ The competitive examination to select a candidate for the appointment of a Midshipman to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., from the 8th Congressional District of Massachusetts, will be held at the Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass., Saturday morning, January 29th, 1910, at 8 o'clock.

☞ The statement made last week by the largest shoe manufacturer in the United States to the effect that the present prices of footgear would soon be materially advanced, taken in connection with free hides, and the arguments used to secure them, makes interesting reading, just now.

☞ The Boston Elevated Railroad Company have raised the wages of their 5,000 employees 60 cents a week for each man, which was certainly doing the handsome thing by them. There had been no request for an increase by the employees.

☞ According to his return of campaign expenses to the Secretary of State, it cost James J. Storrow just $103,250 to run for Mayor of Boston this month. "Fool and his money" etc.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

John W. Johnson—Citation.
John W. Johnson—Citation.
John W. Johnson—Citation.
Jos. H. Buck—Sheriff's Sale.
John G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.

— The days have lengthened 31 minutes.

— Co. G are to be inspected by a U. S. officer at the Armory on Jan. 25.

— A long and heavy rainstorm cleared off between 2 and 3 o'clock Wednesday morning.

— At a meeting of the Woburn Grange last Monday evening the membership was increased by 10.

— All through the middle of the day Tuesday the temperature is this city was over 50 degrees above zero.

—Miss Bertha Tidd is to entertain the Sunny Circle of K D. at her home, 192 Salem street teis evening, at 7 30.

— Montvale has had its water supply again this week. That section of the city seems to fare hard, with busted mains.

— Candlemas, or Groundhog Day, Feb. 2; Lincoln Day, Feb. 12; St. Valentines Day, Feb. 14; Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

— The JOURNAL regrets its inability to publish "In Memoriam—Mrs. J. Mortimer Eaton" written by Ephraim Cutter, M. D, etc., until next week.

— The Moonlight Club were handsomely entertained by their President, Mr. Harry F. Parker, at his home in Church avenue court last Wednesday evening.

— Visitors were present at the installation of the officers of W. R. C 84 last week, from Cambridge, Hyde Park, Everett, Somerville, Reading, and W. R. C. 161.

— A. W. Whitcher has been appointed ticketseller for the Towanda Minstrel Show, to be given on Feb 2, Candlemas, and Whitcher's drugstore is the place to get them.

— The Woburn Woman's Club are to hold their annual "Guest Night" in Lyceum Hall this evening. Its chief features are to be a recital, orchestral music and retreshments

— One of the most artistic 1910 calendars that we have seen is the one just issued by the New England Monument Co. (J. J. Hern) of this city. It is handsome and historical.

— The Backus Historical Society of Boston held their annual meeting last Monday at which Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn, conducted the religious services.

— Librarian Evans is at present engaged in making improvements at the Public Library in the way of furniture and cataloging of books, which the employees and public will be likely to appreciate.

— Last Tuesday two smallpox cases were discovered in Stoneham traceable to the numerous Wakefield ones, none of which have proved fatal, and all now doing well. It has been of a mild type in Wakefield and Reading.

— Some reports have it that Frank C. Nichols has filled his Big Ice houses; others insist that the storm of Tuesday cut his harvesting short, and the houses remain unfilled. We prefer to wait and hear his story about it.

ELECTRICITY
NOW ONLY
11c

While the cost of food and clothing increases steadily, the cost of Electric Light and Power—modern necessities—steadily decreases.

Since 1906 Electricity Cost Has Dropped in Greater Boston
From 18 cents to 15 cents; from 15 cents to 12 cents; from 12 cents to 11 cents.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.
39 Boylston St. Boston

— Sleighing, skating and coasting are all fairly good just now and enjoyed.

— Mrs. Edna Foss, Treasurer of the Woman's Club for courtesies anent their Guest Night, for which she will please accept our thanks.

— The weather yesterday was pleasant and bland. Thermometers marked 40 and upwards in the middle of the day, which wasn't bad to take late in January.

— The First Parish officers, elected last Monday evening, are: Clerk, C Forrest Richardson; Parish Committee, William W. Crosby; Treasurer, Marcus H Cotton; Collector, A. H Holland; Auditor, A. Herbert Holland.

— Last week Div. 18, A O H, of Montvale, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: James Boyle, President; Owen J. McCall, Vice President; Thomas Montague, Sec.; Bernard J. Golden, Finan. Sec.; John Dwyer, Treas.

— The corporation of the Home for Aged Women, of which Mr. Charlie A. Jones, President of the Woburn F. C. S. Bank, is auditor and financial manager, are to hold their annual meeting in the Savings Bank at 2 30 P. M, Feb. 1.

— The Woburn City government have petitioned the Legislature for authority to borrow $100,000 over and above the present borrowing limit with which to put our water plant into better shape. An early supply of new mains seems to be imperative.

— Maude Hortense Littlefield is teaching larger violin and piano classes this winter than ever before, which shows that public appreciation of her merits as an instructor is growing. She is a great music teacher—no wise take about that—and is patronized accordingly.

— Mrs. Heber B. Clewley entertained Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A R, last Tuesday afternoon, at which pleasant gathering "Noted Deeds of Heroic Women" was read and highly enjoyed. Mrs. Clewley is a working member of the Chapter, and a model and popular entertainer.

— Rev. A. H. Herrick, for two years past shepherd of the M. E. church flock in this city, being one of the best of men, an able and devoted Minister of the Gospel and faithful Pastor, the Bishop is to be requested to assign him to a third year with the Woburn church, according to a vote unanimously passed at the Quarterly Meeting last week.

— The Parish meeting of the First Congregational church Monday evening was attended by 7 men, all of whom were officers the past year. Possibly, a remark made by one of the Committee 2 years ago, that "the retiring Committee usually selected the officers for the coming year," had something to do with other members of the Parish staying away.—X.

— These are the officers of the First church Junior Y. P. S. C. E for boys organized a few days ago: President, Willis Carter; Vice President, Fred Buel; Secretary, Roland Fraser; Treas, Eric Soles. At a meeting of the society yesterday, Mr. Harold Brightman of Harvard University, gave a very interesting talk on "The Life of David Livingstoue."

— Last Saturday the financial reports published in the Boston papers had these encouraging words for the numerous heavy Woburn manufacturers of patent leather, all of whom, we understand, are turning out dead loads of it, and making money: "patent leather continues to sell as rapidly as it can be produced. The sales have been phenominal so far, and in coming weeks should be even better."

— Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of 9 Arlington Road, and Miss Annie Skinner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner of Montvale avenue, are spending the remainder of the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dow at their home in Birmingham, Alabama, where Mr. Dow and his partners are engaged in a large manufacturing business. He is the son of Mrs Carrie Dow, and his wife is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner.

— At the annual meeting of the First Congregational church the other evening, Mr. C. Bertrand Strout was chosen Clerk. Mr. George F. Bean resigned the position of Superintendent of the Sunday School to take charge of the Men's Bible Class. The following ladies were elected Deaconesses: Mrs. Ellen W. Brooks and Mrs. Mary E. Plannett. The Auditors chosen were: A. Herbert Holland and Alexander Murray. The reports of the various Department heads were favorable.

— The employees of the Wakefield and Reading Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Company, numbering 115, will give a concert and ball in the Town Hall, Wakefield, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 2, the proceeds of which will go towards a fund for the protection of the men in case of sickness or accidents. Hern's Woburn Orchestra of eight pieces have been engaged for the occasion, and from present indications the boys will have the largest attendance of a similar affair for the season.

— Local and out of town sleighing parties are quite generally and successfully employed these beautiful moonlight evenings as a means of securing pleasure and happiness.

— Mr. Guy E Marion, son of Mr. E. P. Marion, the well known and prosperous marketgardner of this city, has accepted a position, as chemist, with Arthur D Little & Co Inc, Engineering Chemists of Boston, and is in charge of the information Department of the business of the firm. He is a graduate of Tufts College, and is considered one of Woburn's smartest young men.

— The following is a list of officers of the First Baptist S. S. who were elected at the annual meeting held last Sunday: Superintendent, G. W. West; Ass't Supt., W. M. Bulfinch; Sect and Treas., T. Y. Smith; Supt of Primary Dept., Miss Ella Whitman; Supt. Home Dept., Miss Clementine Stearns; Librarian, William DeLories; Ass't. Librarian, Chester Wood. According to the annual report read the school gained 33 members per Sunday during the whole year, and that the average attendance of late has been 250.

— While the income of the Choate Hospital is sufficient to cover the cost of conducting it at the present time, it is not sufficient to meet the expenses incurred by patients who are unable to pay their way at the institution, and therefore, the Trustees of the Charitable Society seek public aid to enable them to receive and provide for those who are destitute and cannot pay. To their call there ought to be a liberal response by our citizens, in order that the Hospital, as far as possible, may become a blessing to the poor, as well as others.

— The well known firm of Brown & Gifford have completed the harvesting of their ice for this season, 7,000 tons.—*Winchester Star.* Frank C Nichols, too, of Woburn has filled his large houses with an excellent quality of ice; so, things in that line are just more than lovely. The above named dealers, as well as the Boston Ice Company, obtain their yearly crop from Horn Pond, the Boston, perhaps, harvesting a portion of theirs on ponds elsewhere located. Horn Pond of Woburn is a bonanza for the ice merchants, and a favorite resort of boatmen and swimmers in the summertime.

— During the storm which began early Friday morning, Jan. 14, and ended the next forenoon, from 8 to 10 inches of light snow fell. The strong wind that prevailed piled it up in drifts in spots, but it did not interfere with the progress of teams, and neither the electric nor steam roads were seriously effected by the storm. Supt Myers of the B. and N. had his snowplows and men out early, and thus warded off trouble. Down on the Cape the storm was very severe, the wind blowing 70 miles an hour. At 8 o'clock Sunday morning the temperature was 50 above; and at noon it was 46—a rise of 26 degrees in 4 hours.

— At the annual meeting of the First Cohgregational church of Woburn last week the following officers were elected for the then ensuing year, as published in the weekly calendar of the church, which, also, said that the reports of the several Departments were in the highest degree satisfactory. Mr. George F Bean declined a reelection to the office of S. S. Superintendent to take charge of the Men's Bible class. The officers chosen were: Clerk, C. Bertrand Strout; Treasurer, Carl W. Jaquith; S. S. Supt, John R. Carter. Deacons, 4 years, J. William Fox, C. Forest Richardson; 3 years, William H. Curtis. Deaconesses, Mrs. Ellen W. Brooks, Mrs Mary E. Plannett. Auditors, Alexander Murray, A. Herbert Holland.

Woburn Visiting Nurse Association.

The Board of Management of the Woburn Visiting Nurse Association submits the following report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1909:—

The nurse made 230 visits in January, 278 in February, 256 in March, 267 in April, 165 in May, 141 in June, 134 in July, 196 in August, 165 in September, 108 in October, 147 in November, 149 in December, making a total of 2,231,—an increase of 969 calls over last year. Of these visits, 1,178 were medical, 508 obstetrical, and 550 surgical. Miss Larkin was employed from Jan 29 to Feb. 5, and Miss Greene from Feb. 12 to April 30 to assist Miss Fielding.

The amount received during the year from patients for the nurse's services was $504 95; the amount collected by the Finance Committee, $667 34. These sums in addition to the amount on hand Jan. 1, 1909, eliminating the expenses of the year, namely $1,109 82, leave a balance in the treasury of $1,788 83.

The Board of Management wishes to thank the people of Woburn for their generous support during the past year, and hope for a continuation of it in the future.

Respectfully submitted,
William F Davis, President;
Sadie H. Burdett, Vice President;
Ethel R. Dow, Secretery;
A. Herbert Holland, Treasurer.

Teacher—James, what is grammar?
James (alias Jimmie)—Grammar is the science which learns us how to speak correct.—Life.

Oliver F. Bryant.

In the death of Mr. OLIVER FRANCIS BRYANT at his home, No. 164 Salem street, at an early hour on Sunday morning, Jan. 16, 1910, this city lost one of its oldest, best and most highly esteemed citizens. He had been declining in health for about two years, gradually losing strength and vitality, but it was only recently that his condition was considered serious. He failed so rapidly at last that his son, Edward F. Bryant of Chicago, reached his bedside but a few hours before he peacefully passed away.

No resident of Woburn had more or better friends than Mr. Bryant, and he deserved them. By them his absence will be sincerely mourned, especially by First Church, which he loved, and of which he was an exemplary member and generous supporter many years.

Mr. Bryant was born in Stoneham Jan. 9, 1827. He was graduated from the Bridgewater Normal School in 1851 and then prepared for College at Groton Academy, and was graduated from Brown University in the Class of '54.

He taught in Wilmington, Mass., Wilmington, Del., Rockport, Canton and Dedham and in 1860 was made instructor at Chauncey Hall School, Boston, remaining there at the head of the Physics, Chemistry, Physical Geography and History until 1894, when he retired from active work. Ex Gov. Curtis Guild Jr. and Prof. Joseph Beal head of the Law Department at Harvard University were among those who came under his tutelage.

Mr. Bryant married Miss Minerva Richardson of Woburn in 1856. In 1866 Mr. and Mrs. Bryant came here to live and for 43 years their home has been at 164 Salem street. He joined the Congregational Church in Dedham, but transferred to the First Congregational Church, Woburn.

For 27 years he was Deacon and for 27 years Clerk of the Parish, resigning the latter position a week ago. In civic duty he was a loyal citizen, serving as Library Commissioner and Trustee, as a member of the School Committee for several terms and as Alderman in 1896.

He is survived by his wife and two sons, Edward F, a Bank President and manager of the Pullman interests at Chicago, and Oliver C, a leading builder and owner of real estate in Los Angeles, Calif. There are five grandchildren.

The funeral was held at the Bryant home at 2 30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, in charge of undertakers B. A and C. R Tripp, the religious services being conducted by Rev. Dr. Norton, of the Orthodox church. A hymn admired by Deacon Bryant was effectively sung by Mr. Marcus H. Cotton, a warm friend and admirer of the deceased. It was attended by large number of friends, relatives and neighbors, who expressed sorrow for their loss. The bearers were the four Senior Deacons of First Church: Fred J. Brown, John R Carter, Arthur B. Wyman, C. B Jaquith. The burial was in Woodbrook Cemetery.

Many beautiful flowers were contributed by friends, among them an elegant one from ex-Gov. Curtis Guild

News Of The World.

Few readers of The *Boston Journal* realize how many great news-gathering associations are called upon to supply the news for the daily edition. The *Journal* has gradually enlarged its facilities for collecting the news until its corps of correspondents cover the world.

The *Journal* has planned its Washington Bureau so as to have exclusive news from its correspondents. The Washington news and "Capitol Chat" will be a daily feature of The *Journal*.

The *Journal* has also contracted for the entire news service of the famous New York *Sun*. With this service will be included the *Sun's* articles on the financial and mining situations, and literaay articles which will prove of deep interest.

The *Journal* has the service of The Associated Press and its widely-scattered corps of correspondents, also the advantage of the other Munsey Newspapers, situated in Philadelphia Washington and Baltimore, each handling news from its own vicinity, and distributing to its sister newspapers.

Adding to all these an able local staff, greatly enlarged, competent to handle political, athletic, social and financial affairs in its own vicinity, has made The *Journal* a paper second to none; the great home paper of New England.

A Rare Musical Treat.

The Woburn Choral Society, which is composed of a large number of the best singers in this city, gave their first concert in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening, and delighted a large appreciative and enthusiastic audience. The following program was executed in the most artistic manner:

Chorus, And the Glory of the Lord — Handel
'Cello Solos
a Andante from A minor Concerto — Golterman
b Tarantelle — Fitzenhagen
Chorus, The Sea Hath Its Pearls — Pinsuti
Soprano Solo, Ah! Je Veux Vivre — Gounod
Chorus, By Babylon's Wave — Gounod
'Cello Solos
a Lurdin — Tallem
Pizzicato — Taubert
Chorus, Carnival Chorus, "The Pitiable Swain." — Jabowski
Soprano Solos
a Cradle Song — Brahms
b The Larks Now Leaves Its Watery Nest — Parker
Chorus, Daybreak — Faning
'Cello Solo, Reverie — Dunkler
Cantata, Barbara Frietchie — Jordan
Assisted by Mrs. Anna Hollis, Soprano
Mr. Leon Van Vliet 'Cello
J. W. Calderwood, Conductor
F. Percyval Lewis, Accompanist.

There were 80 fine singers in the chorus which was admirably managed by Conductor Calderwood; while Mrs. Anna E Hollis, soprano soloist; Mr. Leon Van Vliet, 'cellist; and Prof. F. P Lewis, accompanist; did excellent work and greatly enhanced the pleasure of the grand musical feast.

The Choral Society's next rehearsal is to be held on Jan. 27.

A Leading Part.

"My brother has a leading part in that drama."

"What part?"

"He leads a horse across the stage in the last act."

Some people are born foolish, some acquire foolishness and others thrust their foolishness upon us.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CLAWS OF BIRDS.

The Toes of Those That Perch and of Those That Run.

Let us note that the art of standing began with birds. Frogs sit, and, as far as I know, every reptile, be it lizard, crocodile, alligator or tortoise, lays its body on the ground when not actually carrying it. And these have each four fat legs. Contrast the flamingo, which, having only two, and those like willow wands, tucks up one of them and sleeps poised high on the other, like a tulip on its stem.

Note also that one toe has been altogether discarded by birds as superfluous. The germ or bud must be there, for the Dorking fowl has produced a fifth toe under some influence of the poultry yard, but no natural bird has more than four.

Except in swifts, which never perch, but cling to rocks and walls, one is turned backward, and by a cunning contrivance the act of bending the leg draws them all automatically together. So a hen closes its toes at every step it takes, as if it grasped something, and, of course, when it settles down on its roost they grasp that tight and hold it fast till morning.

But to birds that do not perch this mechanism is only an incumbrance, so many of them, like the plovers, abolish the hind toe entirely, and the prince of all two legged runners, the ostrich, has got rid of one of the front toes also, retaining only two.—London Strand Magazine.

He Didn't Complain.

Young Wife—This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense.

Friend—Doesn't your husband complain at all?

Young Wife—No, indeed. Why, last evening I couldn't find my gloves and had a long hunt for half a dozen other things, and yet when I was finally dressed and went downstairs to my husband there he was reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late.

Friend—Well, I declare! Where were you going?

Young Wife—To prayer meeting.

WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE
as a crow. When you're coughing and gasping When you've an oldfashioned deep seated cold, take Allen's Lung Balsam. Sold by all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Truth." Sunday School for the Children at 11.46 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

When You Put On Stockings
Of the heavier sort, do your shoes pinch and your feet swell and perspire? If you shake Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes, it will give you rest and comfort, and instant relief from any annoyance. Sold Everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

Married.

At Revere, Mass., Jan. 12, by Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, Mr. Perley B. White of Woburn and Miss Mary A. Lambert of Revere.

At Wakefield, Mass., Jan. 12, by Rev. John D. Colbert, Daniel H. Holland of Woburn and Katherine Sheehy of Wakefield.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city Jan. 16, Oliver F. Bryant, aged 82 years, 7 months, 7 days.
In this city Jan. 15, Joseph W. Streb, aged 82 years, 1 month.
In this city Jan. 15, Helen M. Nichols, aged 65 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of William H. McLaughlin late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Katherine McLaughlin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Braden, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary McNeil, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Marcia W. McElhiney, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Andrew Y. McElhiney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

STANDARD SILVER PLATED SET Full Leather Case, Satin Lined $2.50



McLaughlin & Dennison
DISTRIBUTORS,
WOBURN, MASS.

THE HERBRAND CO.,
New York: St. James Bldg. C. A. LEWIS, Mgr.
FREMONT, OHIO
London: 32, 33, 34 Featherston St City Road, E. C.
Chicago: Hartford Bldg.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.
H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, January 3d, A. D. 1910.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the nineteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwelling house, No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Frank H. Sargent of Dunstable in the County of Middlesex had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the third day of January 1910, at eight o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., the time the same was taken on execution in and to the following described parcels of real estate, to wit:—A certain piece or parcel of land containing one piece, be the same more or less, together with the buildings thereon, situated in the Northwesterly part of Dunstable in the County of Middlesex, on the westerly side of the road leading from Dunstable Centre to Hollis, N. H., the record or legal title standing in the name of Ethel M. Sargent, wife of Frank H. Sargent, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at a stone set in the ground by the northerly side of the road leading from Dunstable Centre to the house now or formerly of Sherman J. Swallow, said stone being directly in front of the house now or formerly occupied in part by Charles L. Chaney of said Dunstable, thence northerly by land now or formerly of said Charles L. Chaney, and through the centre of said house, thence westerly about seven feet; thence northerly about twenty-three feet by land now or formerly of said Chaney to a stone bound; thence westerly by land now or formerly of said Chaney about one hundred and forty-five feet to a stone bound at easterly side of Nashua, Acton & Boston Railroad; thence northerly by said Railroad about two hundred and nineteen (219) feet to the road leading from Dunstable Centre to Hollis, N. H.; thence southeasterly by said road about three hundred and thirty-seven feet to the road leading from Dunstable Centre to the house of Sherman J. Swallow; thence westerly by said road to bound first mentioned.

Also, one other parcel of land situated in said Dunstable, upon the westerly side of above described Railroad, and containing ten acres, more or less, the record or legal title standing in the name of Ethel M. Sargent, wife of Frank H. Sargent, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stone bound at land now or formerly of James E. Weston, thence southwesterly by said land of James E. Weston, about forty-six rods and twenty links to a stone bound at land now or formerly of Harry S. Swallow; thence southeasterly by said land of Harry S. Swallow, about thirty four rods to road leading from Dunstable Centre to house of Sherman J. Swallow; thence easterly by said road about thirty-eight rods to above described railroad; thence northerly by said railroad about twenty seven rods and fifteen links to Hollis Road; thence northwesterly by said road about fourteen rods and twenty links to bound first mentioned. Being the same premises conveyed to Frank H. Sargent by Caroline W. Chaney by deed dated December 4th, 1907, recorded in Book 293, Page 46, Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds.

Also, a certain lot of land situated in said Dunstable, containing thirty-one acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now, or formerly, of Pleasant street 1931 50-99 feet; Southerly by land, now or formerly of Charles W. Wright about 139.2 feet; Westerly by said Lincoln Street about 60 feet; Northerly by land, now or formerly, of Reuel W. Pierce about 158 feet; Containing 8,810 feet, more or less; Being lot eight (8) on Plan of House Lots made by G. F. Hawthorne for Heirs of John H. Wright, May 1873.

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Our Glasses are well made; they look well; wear well, and have style.

Prices are Satisfactory.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
318 Boylston St.
75 Summer St. and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge
Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Ronald S. McCormack of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Mary Lavigne of said Woburn, dated October 25, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, libro 2235, folio 228, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Monday, the seventh day of February, 1910, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for a breach of conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:

A certain lot of land situated in the southerly part of said Woburn and bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at a stake at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of the grantee and in the northerly side line of a private street thirty feet wide, from thence the line runs northerly by land of the grantee one hundred eleven and 2-10 feet to land of Michael Murphy; thence turning the line runs northerly still by said land of Murphy forty-eight and 3-10 feet to land of Timothy Connors; thence turning the line runs westerly by said land of Connors forty-seven and 9-10 feet to a stake at land now or formerly of the grantee; thence turning the line runs southerly by last named land one hundred seventeen and 6-10 feet to said private street; thence easterly by and with said private street ninety feet to the point of beginning. Containing 9,247 square feet. Being the same premises described in a deed to the grantor from the grantee, dated August 19, 1891, and with the rights of way therein set forth. $100 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

IDA M. LARSON
and present holder of said mortgage.

January 14, 1910.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, December 4th, A. D. 1909.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of January, 1910, at nine o'clock, A. M. at my office in my dwelling-house, No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Mary A. Kendall of Stoneham in the County of Middlesex, had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution,) on the seventh day of May, 1908, at eight o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., the time the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described parcel of real estate, to wit:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon situated on the easterly side of Lincoln Street in Stoneham, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now, or formerly, of Pleasant street 1931 50-99 feet; Southerly by land, now or formerly of Charles W. Wright about 139.2 feet; Westerly by said Lincoln Street about 60 feet; Northerly by land, now or formerly, of Reuel W. Pierce about 158 feet; Containing 8,810 feet, more or less; Being lot eight (8) on Plan of House Lots made by G. F. Hawthorne for Heirs of John H. Wright, May 1873.

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles Brown of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated May 11th, 1905 recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 3162, Folio 188, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1910,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Montvale Road in said Woburn, containing about forty-nine hundred (4900) square feet, and being lots numbered seven (7) and eight (8) shown on Plan A of the Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 3, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Montvale Road, there measuring seventy (70) feet; easterly by lot numbered nine (9) on said plan, there measuring seventy (70) feet; northerly by land of owner unknown, there measuring seventy (70) feet; Westerly by lot numbered six (6) on said plan, there measuring seventy (70) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to said Charles Brown by Jacob W. Wilbur by deed dated January 9th, 1890, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1975, Page 514.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding tax titles, unpaid taxes and assessments, if any, thereon. One Hundred Dollars ($100.00) will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within

California ASPARAGUS

1 lb Round Cans 15c.

Asparagus Tips, square cans 25c.

Tall Asparagus 30c.

These are the lowest prices ever quoted on

California Asparagus.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER, 379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"

by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy is our advice.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone. 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Get Your Printing Done At This Office



Harry C. Browne as Mr. Alladin in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Tremont Theatre, Boston.



E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe at Shubert Theatre, Boston.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The greatest dramatic success Boston has ever known is the verdict in regard to "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" which is now in its third week at the Tremont Theatre. Crowded houses have been in evidence at every performance and the advance sale is very large. Kate Douglas Wiggin's little heroine, as portrayed by Edith Taliaferro, has proved an irresistable attraction and not only the thousands who have read the book, but other thousands are anxious to see the dramatic version of what is the most popular novel of the decade.

THE BOSTON.

The Boston Theatre attraction for the week beginning the 24th instant is "The Girl from Rector's," a play which created a sensation in New York and played continuously for seven months at one theatre. It carried off all honors as the season's most diverting entertainment and delighted thousands with its comical situations, its humorous episodes, its interesting characters and its fascinating story. The splendid cast, of course, had a great deal to do with the phenomenal success of the piece. The same players will be seen at the Boston Theatre.

KEITH'S

— It is a long time since there has been anything in vaudeville, not excepting even the remarkable engagement of Denman Thompson, that has aroused such interest as Loie Fuller's "Ballet of Light" now being presented at Keith's theatre. Nothing has more clearly demonstrated the strides made in vaudeville than the fact that this mammoth production, which has been one of the sensations of the grand opera seasons at both the Metropolitan opera house in New York and the Boston opera house, could be given with the full effects as a part of one of Mr. Keith's vaudeville shows.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Shakespeare has proved so great a favorite at the Castle Square that Mr. Craig is to give his third production this season from the works of the great poet and dramatist. His first was "Hamlet," and its reception was cordial beyond all possible expectations, and the same is true of "The Taming of the Shrew." For next week he has selected "Othello," and that great tragedy will be played with all possible scenic splendor and with a cast that will give it the best of interpretations "Othello" is in many ways the most human of all Shakespeare's plays.

THE COLUMBIA.

In presenting Williams' Imperials to his patrons at the Columbia Theatre Monday afternoon and evening, Manager Farren is confident that he is offering an entertainment that has not been surpassed at his popular house this season; one that will mightily please everybody in search of a light, merry show, feminine lovliness in abundance, spectacular beauty in the way of scenery and costuming, novelties of all sorts, witty lines and comical episodes; in short a swift, constantly interesting show from rise to fall of curtain.

Method.

Method goes far to prevent trouble in business, for it makes the task easy, hinders confusion, saves abundance of time and instructs those that have business depending what to do and what to hope.

Blissful Ignorance.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Mr. Black?" asked a little boy. "My sister Louisa is to be engaged to your brother. Even your brother hasn't been told yet."

An Order Could Be Filled.

Customer (in Boston restaurant)—Waiter, have you any fried eels? Waiter—We have eels, sir, and they are susceptible of being fried.

WINCHESTER.

Basketball retains its popularity here this winter in a wonderful manner.

Another plan for abolishing the railroad grade crossing. It looks well on paper, and may work.

Wonder what scheme John H. Carter has in mind for the Legislature to consider this winter—more trains, cheaper fares, or what?

I suppose the next case on the dock et will be St. Valentine's Day. Extra bowling contests and things will be in order. Where's the Judge?

I should say that a considerable majority are in favor of a law, or rule, prohibiting the occupation of street cars by intoxicated persons.

Young Tuck of the H. S. was chosen for the Boston *Journal's* "Schoolboy Athlete Series" the other day, and had his picture published in that paper.

Is it, or is it not, about time to begin preparations for our annual or March, meeting? Are our Town Meeting orators getting their speeches ready for the occasion?

The Fortnightly, the choicest female club in our town, have installed a cooking class in the High School building with Miss Phylis Swasey as the teacher. Among other useful arts, the pupils are taught how to set a table.

The Ladies Guild have elected the following officers lately: President, Mrs. Anthony Kelley; Mrs. Minnie Ely, V. P.; Sec., Mrs. William Sache; Treasurer, Mrs. A P. Weeks. The annual meeting, held with Mrs. Billings, was a pleasant one.

Mr. A. William Rooney has resigned the office of Assistant Postmaster, and published his reasons for so doing in our village paper. Before rendering a verdict on the matter it will be well enough to wait and hear what Postmaster Richardson has to say concerning it. From his own statements it appears that Rooney was a perpetual faultfinder.

Take a hint, do your own mixing. Rough on Rats, being all poison, one 15c box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice. Its the unbeatable exterminator. Don't die in the house. Beware of imitations, substitutes and catch-penny, ready-for-use devices.

The Releaser.

If he hadn't been a dreadful bore and the hour wasn't so late it is quite possible the lovely girl would have refrained from the exercise of a strategic scheme, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Hark!" she whispered as he paused in the midst of a long winded description of his camping outfit.

"What is it?" he whispered in return.

She smiled reassuringly.

"It's only papa. He must be oiling the releaser."

"And what is the releaser?"

"It's one of papa's ingenious schemes. Every night, at exactly 11 o'clock, he pulls up a brass chain that releases our brindle bull pup from his annex adjoining the kitchen; that's all."

And she laughed merrily. The caller glanced at the clock on the mantel. It indicated 10:57.

"I find I must go," he said in a slightly hurried manner. "And good night."

Punishment For Perjury.

Perjury is a crime more severely punished in Germany than in any other country in the world. Even an apparently trivial misstatement under oath carries a sentence of ten years in prison. Excepting murder, there are few crimes that carry as heavy a penalty as perjury. The German theory is that the entire system of jurisprudence rests on the respect for an oath administered under the forms of law and that this must be strictly guarded in order to secure the punishment of other crimes and insure justice in civil cases. Germany stands at one extreme and the United States at the other. Fewer people are punished in the United States for false swearing in the witness box than in any other country.—London Telegraph.

THE "REGENT."

A Diamond That Restored the Fortune of the House of Pitt.

Men have never collected great crystals for personal adornment. Even that "fribble in lace and spangles," the rival of Beau Brummel and afterward George IV. of England—even he sought them simply for some Perdita he was pursuing.

Louis XIV., le grand monarque, purchased twenty-five large diamonds, mostly for La Valliere, Montespan, Fontanges, Maintenon. Among them was the wondrous "Pitt." A slave in India found it. Having found it, his heart shouted for liberty. Cutting the calf of his leg in order to hide the diamond within the slit, he limped to the coast. To an English ship captain he offered it for passage to any country where men were free.

The captain, quite casually and with nice humor, took the gem and threw the slave into the sea.

The guerdon of such jesting release from servitude was sold to a dealer for $5,000 and through him reached Sir Robert Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, for $102,000, who shipped it home to England to be faceted.

A Scotch financier, John Law, then doing business in France, negotiated for a fee of $25,000 the sale of the diamond to the regent (afterward Louis XIV.) at $775,000.

It is pleasant to remember that thereby the fortunes of the house of Pitt were restored and that the seller's son, William Pitt, and his grandson, the Earl of Chatham, were assisted to high place and service by opportunities made possible through the profit on the diamond for which a poor slave, seeking freedom, was thrown into the sea. —Everybody's.

Getting Away From Land.

The question has been asked, Is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northwestward into the north Pacific a spot is reached where there is no land, not even an islet, for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka southeastward ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian islands and to the south the outlying members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand and still be as far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance might be reached, for the southern Pacific between the Horn and New Zealand covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

How Every Man Should Vote.

"Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!" exclaimed a little man on an outbound trolley car.

"What's that?" asked a big man, turning around in his seat and looking back.

"Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!" repeated the little man.

"Did I understand you aright?" asked the big man, rising from his seat and coming back to the rear of the car where the little man was seated.

The little man looked the big man over, but he was game and said once more, "Anybody who doesn't vote my way is a darned fool!"

"Hold on a minute said the big man, who seemed on the point of starting something. "First tell me which way you are going to vote."

A foxy gleam shot into the eyes of the little man, and he piped as dauntlessly as ever, "I'm going to vote any way I darned please!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Trapping Baboons.

Hagenbeck in his book says that baboons are caught in traps made much like the huts of savages. Food is put into the huts, and once the baboons go inside a trapdoor closes behind them. Outside baboons make a great to do and urge the prisoners to escape. When the trappers come the captured baboons are terror stricken and try to force their heads through the walls of the huts. One baboon was caught three times in the same trap, and several when turned loose got back into the same trap a second time. When the baboons are carried away all their comrades thereabout climb into trees and scream out to the prisoners, who answer in sad, mournful voices. On one occasion some big Arabian baboons were trapped, when 2,000 or 3,000 baboons hurled themselves upon the trappers who had hard work to save themselves with firearms and clubs. As the trappers were forced back the victorious baboons tore up the trap and turned loose the captured baboons.

Ink at $100 a Pound.

"The best India ink—it should really be called China ink—never leaves China," said a missionary. "It costs $100 a pound, and the scribes use it in writing the correspondence of the royal family and the mandarins. India ink is made of the oil of poisonous seeds of the sesamum or colza tree. Varnish and pork fat are added to the oil, and then, by means of combustion, all is changed to lampblack. The lampblack paste mixed with glue is beaten for days on an anvil, and musk is gradually mixed in to give perfume and the purest gold leaf to give a rich luster. Finally the ink is dried in molds for about a month. What makes the best India ink so costly is its purity and, above all, the long time given to its combustion and subsequent beating. If you saw its beauty you wouldn't think it dear at $100 a pound."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Voting In Spain.

Voting in Spain is held to be a duty to the community, not merely a privilege of the individual, and neglect of civic obligations carries its own penalty. Male adults of legal age and under seventy, with the exception of priests, notaries and judges, are required to vote in municipal elections. Failure to cast a ballot is punishable by having one's name published as censure for neglect, by having taxes increased 2 per cent, by suffering a deduction of 1 per cent in salary if employed in the public service and for the second offense the loss of right to hold elective or appointive office.

His Landscapes.

A nouveau riche recently attended a picture sale. A friend who had noticed him at the sale asked afterward, "Did you pick up anything at that picture sale, Jorkins?" and the other responded: "Oh, yes; a couple of landscapes. One of 'em was a basket of fruit and the other a storm at sea."

Got the Train Stopped.

When the late Robert Bonner purchased Maud S. he sent her to Charter Oak park to be trained. One day a friend of Mr. Bonner left New York to visit him at the park, but found that the train did not stop at that station. The conductor was polite, but said that he could not go against orders. At New Haven a halt was made, and Mr. Bonner's friend tried to bribe the engineer with a ten dollar bill, but in vain. He was then told that Charles P. Clark, the president of the road, was on the train, and he went to him.

"Why don't you see the conductor?" asked Mr. Clark.

"I have, but he will not disobey orders."

"Why not then go forward and bribe the engineer?"

"I tried bribery at New Haven, but it would not work."

The absence of evasion was the best policy. Mr. Clark not only gave orders to have the train stopped at Charter Oak, but promised some day to see Maud S. He had witnessed the attempt at bribery, and the frank confession of the offense seemed to please him.

Preparing For a Journey.

Jerome K. Jerome recalled with reverence a habit of his methodical uncle, who, before packing for a journey, always "made a list." This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips:

Take a piece of paper and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well; put it down, together with a change. You get up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.

This is the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

Chicago the Danger Line.

"Speaking of fishballs," remarked an ardent New England admirer of that form of food who was eating in a Dearborn street restaurant the other day, "I will tell you a sad, sad truth about them.

"If you order them in Boston they are practically all fish. Yes, sir—solid, bona fide fish. Move west a bit—to Albany, say. What happens? The amount of fish in each fishball has dwindled. Proceed to Buffalo. A certain self assertiveness begins to be apparent with the fish. On to Cleveland! Fishballs there are half potato, half fish, with the accent on potato. On to Chicago! There potato has the upper hand!"

He groaned.

"How is it in the far west?"

He leaned forward.

"I've never dared travel farther west than Chicago!" he whispered hoarsely. —Chicago Tribune.

Golf In the Old Days.

Centuries back golf was a pastime of the royal family, though then usually played in Scotland. The Stuart family was very fond of the game, and the first English club was established at Blackheath in 1608 by James I. His eldest son, Henry, frequently played and on one occasion nearly struck by accident his tutor with a club, whereupon he coolly remarked, "Had I done so I had but paid my debts." Charles I. was playing golf when he received the news of the Irish rebellion. James, duke of York, afterward James II., was another ardent player. Golf is frequently mentioned in ancient Scottish records and in the fifteenth century was prohibited because it interfered with the practice of archery. Strutt considered it the most ancient game at ball requiring a bat.—London Standard.

Vegetable Chat.

"I see that some college professor has been saying that he believes that vegetables can see and hear while growing in the garden."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; not only that, but he believes that ages hence they will be able to converse with one another."

"Oh, that's old!"

"What's old?"

"Vegetables conversing. I've often heard 'Jack and the Beans-talk!'"

Maid Worth Having.

The Mistress (entering the kitchen)—Jane, didn't I hear a dish break a minute ago. The Maid—I hope you did, mem. It made noise enough. If you hadn't heard it I should have thought you were getting deaf, and that, you know, would be awful.—Boston Transcript.

Cause and Effect.

The Earl of Ennui (dreamily)—Wisht I just had er million and ten years ahead of me. Baron Beating It—Well, you grab the million and you'll get the ten years all right, all right.—Puck.

Then What?

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband doesn't care for money. Mrs. Doyle—That adds to the mystery as to the motive for his marriage.—New York Press.

Sure Thing.

Bill—When all the fools are dead I don't want to be alive. Jill—Well, don't worry; you won't be.—Yonkers Statesman.

Real Good Steak.

"We can't eat this steak; it's not good!" complained a young man who was spending his honeymoon in a Scottish village.

"Ye're surely jokin', sir," said the landlord of the inn. "It maun indeed be guid. It's a bit o' the minister's auld coo!"

Higher.

"But our ideals!"

"What of them?"

"Are they higher than they were a generation ago?"

"Sure. Everything is higher now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Blunder.

"How did you enjoy the musicale?"

"Oh, I applauded at the wrong time, as usual; thought the orchestra tuning up was a classical number."—Kansas City Journal.

Easily Timed.

Read—Have you ever timed your automobile? Greene—Oh, yes! It stood perfectly still for forty-eight minutes on the road today.

ABSOLUTE ZERO.

The Freezing Point of Helium Gas Is Just Above It.

Although familiar to scientists, it is not generally known that the true zero of heat has been determined. By this absolute zero is meant a temperature which cannot get any colder, which means that no heat whatever exists or can exist at that point. This point is only about 450 degrees below the zero of our ordinary Fahrenheit thermometers or 273 degrees below the zero centigrade. To realize what it signifies a few words must be placed here defining heat itself.

Heat is caused simply by the thousands of little molecules in any body or thing vibrating very fast and thus sending out waves into the ether. When these waves strike any matter they cause that matter to become hot, as we say. Now, the faster these molecules vibrate the more heat is given out and the hotter is the body itself. The slower the molecules the colder the body. So, if a condition could be reached where the molecules did not vibrate at all, why, there could be no heat, and therefore the body would be absolutely cold. This condition of affairs is reached at the above mentioned number of degrees below our ordinary scales. It is needless to say, however, that this absolute zero of heat has never been attained on this earth, the closest ever reached by man being one degree above it. This is 272 below zero centigrade and is the freezing point of helium gas, which a German professor claims to have frozen at that temperature.

From this theory of heat a peculiar view is obtained of our bodies and articles of matter. We would find, if we had a microscope to see small enough, that every bit of matter at any temperature that we can now get is a seething mass of moving molecules and vibrating particles. One proof of this is when a metal expands on becoming warmer. If we weigh it we find that a hot body weighs no more than the same body cold, yet it gets larger, both longer and broader. To do this it must be composed of moving particles that on becoming excited get farther apart. Another proof is that liquids and gases have been forced through every solid that exists almost. Thus water has been forced through lead, sulphur d[illegible] through iron, etc. The computed [illegible] of these molecules is rather interesting. It is claimed that if a drop of water represented the earth the number of molecules in the drop would be about equal to the number of grains of sand in the earth.—Exchange.

Changing Her Mind.

By an unwritten law it is held to be the privilege of woman to change her mind, a license of which she rarely fails to avail herself. The German proverb has it that "women are variable as April weather." According to an old English adage, "A woman's mind the winter winds change oft." In Spain it is much the same: "Women, wind and fortune soon change, and she can laugh and cry both in a wind." The old Latin poet Catullus was of opinion that "what a woman says to her ardent lover ought to be written on the winds or on running water." Even the gallant Sir Philip Sidney wrote:

He water plows and soweth in the sand
And hopes the flickering wind with net to hold
Who hath his hopes laid on a woman's hand.

—Kansas City Star.

A High Day.

"Yassah, I suttingly would do dat job for yo', colonel, and proud o' de chance to extinguish muhse'f. Would horraw right in on it dis minute, sah, if 'twuzn't for one thing," said a certain lopsided colored citizen who was so unafraid of manual labor that he would often fall asleep in its presence, "and dat is, sah, dat I never likes to stigmatize muhse'f by working on a hollerday."

"Why, this is not a holiday," returned the would be employer.

"Yassah! 'Tis wid me, if you'll dars 'skuse me, sah. It's de university o' de day muh oldest boy was done sent to de penitenchy."—Puck.

Wild Animals In New York City.

It is a remarkable fact that there are always more wild animals about than any but the expert has an idea of. For example, there are within twenty miles of New York city fully fifty different kinds—not counting birds, reptiles or fishes—one-quarter of which at least are abundant, or more particularly within the limits of Greater New York there are at least a dozen species of wild beasts, half of which are quite common.—Country Life In America.

Getting Used to 'Em.

"I just have heard of the arrival of the third child in the Jones family," remarked the woman. "The announcement of the firstborn was made by beautifully engraved cards tied with tiny white ribbon, the second was by telegraph, and this third one, though a much wished for boy, was made merely by a postal card."—New York Press.

She Could Talk.

Cynicus—That girl never says much, does she? Sillicus—Why, she talks all the time. Cynicus—That doesn't alter my contention.—Philadelphia Record.

Doubted the Statistics.

"How did Harkins act when he heard he had triplets in his family?"

"He could hardly believe his own census."—Boston Transcript.

Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves and always a temptation to others.—Cotton.

A Thrilling Sport.

At Waikiki, the home of surfboating for pleasure, there is no dangerous reef, but in the south Pacific often the reef is two miles from shore and is exposed at low tide. The waves form almost on the edge of the reef and drop down upon the hard coral perpendicularly, covering the reef for the time being with about two feet of rushing water. The canoe that must jump this reef places itself before a wave, every one paddles for dear life, and if the boat does not touch coral, but is held suspended until a cushion of water rushes onward to receive it, the jump is successfully negotiated, the reef is crossed, and there is but a two mile paddle across the quiet lagoon to the sandy beach. If the bow of the canoe does touch the coral on the down leap there is a shattering of the dugout, and its occupants are sent flying in every direction. One might laugh at this at Waikiki, where there are no sharks, but not in the south seas.—Recreation.

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Opulence.

They numbered four. They absolutely exuded prosperity. The things which they ordered were such as to fill with envy the breast of the man at the next table engaged in consuming the most modest dish disclosed by the bill of fare.

The four were conversing—languid, plutocratic conversation. After awhile it turned to the question of money. Evidently they wanted to do something. How much money had they? One of the four took out his pocketbook and counted up a roll of bills.

"Oh, I have a hundred and forty," he said carelessly.

The second and third members of the party went through their pockets.

"I have two hundred and fifteen," remarked one.

"And I have three hundred," said the other.

The fourth waved his hand grandly.

"Never mind, you fellows," he said. "I'll lend you all you want."

Tenderly waiters bore the man at the next table out into the cold air. He will recover.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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John Winslow's Surrender

How a Young Man Saved a Fortune and Got the Girl.

By HELOISE BRAYTON

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John Winslow, head of the house of Winslow & Co., one of the largest and wealthiest engineering firms in America, while sitting at his desk in his private office was handed a telegram, which he read eagerly, and his eye sparkled with joy. He had been bidding against the Eureka Bridge company for the building of a large section of a western railroad, and the message was an announcement that his bid had been accepted. He expected through this contract to double his fortune.

His first thought was to communicate the good news to the person he loved best—the only one he loved in the world. Mr. Winslow was a widower with one child, a daughter.

"Kennedy!" called Mr. Winslow, tossing the telegram on his desk.

A young man responded to the call to find his employer scratching a note. When finished Mr. Winslow handed it to him, telling him to send it to his daughter at once. Kennedy went outside and looked for an office boy to carry the note. Not finding one, he put on his hat and went with it himself. His ring was answered by a maid, who told him when he said he had a note for Miss Winslow that he would find her in the drawing room. She was practicing at her harp.

A pretty girl sitting at a harp is an attractive sight. Ned Kennedy was at an age to be affected by such a sight and possibly magnified its beauty. At any rate, he saw the vision of his life. Years have passed since then, but to this day he treasures it in his heart—the heart that in a twinkling passed to the girl at the instrument.

And she? Before her stood a youngster a few years her senior, with a bright, honest face, a pair of ruddy boyish cheeks and a smile that seemed to her entrancing. He was holding out a note to her. She arose, took the note, recognized her father's writing, opened it and read his announcement that he had secured the contract on which he had spent most of his time for the better part of a year.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "But pardon me. Won't you be seated?"

"No, thank you. I must get right back to the office."

"Did papa tell you he'd got the contract?"

"Oh, no; he doesn't tell me things. I'm only his employee. But I'm very much pleased to hear that he has succeeded. I've done a lot of figuring for him on that contract."

"Are you an engineer?"

"Yes. I was graduated last year in the scientific school. Your father applied for one of our class, and I was assigned to him."

The young man looked happy, and the girl looked happy and tried to think of some more pleasant things that her father had said about him. Though he declined to be seated, he asked her if she would not play just one piece on her harp, and she did, or, rather, she sang "Annie Laurie," accompanying herself on her instrument. Any one who has heard that song accompanied by a harp knows of the depth of feeling there is in it. From that moment to Ned Kennedy "Annie Laurie" was none other than Elsie Winslow.

When the engineer got back to the office he discovered that he had been with the young lady an hour, thinking he had been with her ten minutes, and his chief was impatiently awaiting him. Mr. Winslow asked him where he had been so long, and he replied that he had carried the note himself since none of the boys was at hand. Then he threw out a danger signal in a blush, but his employer failed to understand it.

Three months was the time specified for the beginning of the contract work. During this period Winslow & Co. spent a fortune in materials and other preparation. While this was going on Ned Kennedy and Elsie Winslow were making all sorts of excuses to meet, and within six weeks a mutual confession had been made and the lovers were in terror lest Elsie's father should discover the extent to which matters had gone, for Elsie knew that she would not be permitted to marry any one, especially a poor young engineer earning $25 a week.

Such cases always run the same course. The lovers think they are enduring no end of excruciating torture, but they are not. When love tortures end prosaic marriage begins, and as husband and wife the couple take infinite pleasure in reading of other couples' love tortures. The denouement came in time. Ned Kennedy sent a note to his ladylove, not knowing that her father was at home. Mr. Winslow received it and took it to his daughter. This time the danger signal was interpreted. Then Elsie threw herself into her father's arms and confessed all.

No one likes to be deceived. The father should have realized that stolen fruit is the sweetest and had compassion. Instead he blamed his employee for what he termed dishonorable conduct and blamed his daughter for keeping from him such an important matter. She tried to excuse herself on the ground that she was afraid to tell. She really thought this was true. It was not. She did not tell of her love because she took pleasure in it, indulged clandestinely.

Mr. Winslow was so irritated with Kennedy that he paid him his salary and discharged him. He supposed his action to be based on the young man winning his daughter's love without permission. He forgot that he had won the girl's mother in the same way. The true reason was that he was irritated because he had been stupidly ignorant of what was going on.

The day when a commencement on the contract must be made drew near. One morning Mr. Winslow while perfecting his plans to make sure of the smallest details had all his formula spread out before him on a table. The weather was cold and blustery, and a fire of logs blazed on a hearth near which he had drawn his table for warmth. Opening the door to leave the room for a moment, he met a brisk current of air. When he returned his papers had disappeared from the table. Terrified, he looked about for them on the floor. Then in the fireplace he noticed several bits of half burned paper. Taking one of them out, he found it to be a part of his formula. Everything had been burned.

In one week he must begin work or forfeit his contract. If it was forfeited he would lose not only the splendid profit he had expected, but thousands upon thousands that he had expended in preparation would be almost a total loss—a loss that would bankrupt him. There was but one thing to do—he must reconstruct his plans. There was no time to make new ones. The old ones must be set down from memory. He was no longer young. Indeed, he had reached an age where memory is grown defective. He hurried a message to the telegraph office asking for an extension of time. No reply came till the next day, when he was wired that it would be impossible to grant his application.

When Elsie saw her father come in at the front door that evening she thought he was some broken down old man she had never seen before. Taking him in her arms, she supported him to the library, where he sank into a chair, while she knelt beside him with her arms about his neck. She knew what had happened to his papers and inferred that his application for an extension had been refused.

"Father," she said, "I've something to tell you. Listen. I wrote Ned Kennedy of this misfortune. This after noon I received a reply, which said:

"'I can reconstruct the formula.'"

It seemed to Elsie that an electric shock had been infused into her father's frame. With a bound he sprang from his chair.

"Can he?" he exclaimed.

There was no room for wounded pride, no words of regret at being obliged to humble himself by asking a favor of the man he had discharged from his service.

"Where is he? Can you get him now?"

Elsie sprang away to a telephone, in a few minutes was in communication with her lover, and in twenty minutes more he was with them.

"Elsie says"— began her father.

"I *know* it," interrupted Elsie, rubbing her hands gleefully.

"I have a good deal of the work I did," said Kennedy, "in my room, where I worked nights, odds and ends of figuring. These will assist my memory, and I am sure I can recall the whole formula."

Mr. Winslow stood looking at the young man in a dazed way for a few moments, then caught him in his arms and hugged him.

"You can! You can! I know you can! That memory of yours! It's wonderful! When can you begin?"

"I'll go to my room and begin at once."

"No, no; not there. Bring any figuring you may have here. Stay right here till the work is finished."

Ned was followed to the door by Elsie, where several minutes were lost in a clinging embrace, prolonged in the knowledge that from that time forward they had the upper hand. Then the lover ran all the way to his room, snatched up a roll of papers he had collected with this very purpose in view and ran all the way back. He found Elsie and her father about to sit down to dinner and joined them. Mr. Winslow was absorbed in the matter of the formula. He said nothing, except to interrupt Ned and Elsie occasionally, who kept up a constant gabble, the old man asking if Ned thought he could supply this detail and that detail, and Ned always assured him that he could, though with regard to some of them he was not altogether certain.

After dinner Ned was given a desk in the library, with plenty of stationary. Mr. Winslow insisted on helping him, but Ned declared that he could get on better alone. So at 9 o'clock Elsie insisted on her father going to bed to recuperate from the strain he had been under and carried him off upstairs. As soon as she had tucked him in bed she went down to her lover.

There are youthful idiosyncrasies, one of which was illustrated by the young couple. One would suppose that they would both appreciate the necessity of Ned at once getting at a work of such vital importance to all concerned. What did they do? Sat in the same chair in each other's arms till 2 o'clock in the morning. And what did they say? Let those who have spent hours under the same circumstances tell—if they can remember. At 2 a. m. Elsie went to bed, and Ned worked till breakfast was announced.

Nevertheless within two or three days the formula was reconstructed. Ned married Elsie and is now at the head of the Winslow company.

SLOW DEATH.

Disease Usually Takes a Long Time to Kill, Says a Scientist.

Few indeed are the men and women of full age, say twenty-five, who have not yet contracted the malady that will kill them, according to that distinguished scientist and physician Dr. Felix Regnault. Normally, as contemporary investigators are beginning to find out, it takes twenty years for a fatal malady to kill a patient. It may take thirty years. The popular impression is that a man may die suddenly or that he may require only a year to die in or six months. To be sure, a man may be killed or a child may die in a few months at the age of one year. But, ordinarily speaking, all deaths are very slow, indeed, and about 95 per cent of civilized adults are now stricken with fatal diseases. They do not know it. They may not suffer from them. In due time they will have their cases diagnosed as cancer or tuberculosis or diabetes, or what not. But so inveterate are current misconceptions of the nature of death that the origin of the fatal malady—in time—will be miscalculated by from ten to thirty years.

In the case of human beings death, barring accident, is nearly always caused by some specific malady. This malady is as likely as not to be cured—what is called cured. The cure, however, no matter how skillful the treatment or how slight the disease, has left a weakness behind it in some particular organ of the body. One of the organs is, if not prematurely worn out, at least so worn that its resisting powers are greatly diminished. All of us in this way when we have reached a certain age possess an organ that is much older than the rest of the physique. One day we shall die because of this organ. Even if we live to be very old, indeed, we shall not die of old age, but of weakness of the lungs or of the kidneys or of the liver or of the brain.—Current Literature.

After Their Quarrel.

Mabel—Of course you speak to Lena when you pass her? Helen—Indeed, I do not. Why, I don't even notice what she has on.—Puck.

A BIT OF DIPLOMACY

An English Official Who Outwitted a French Admiral.

HOW PERIM ISLAND WAS WON

The Interesting Story That Is Told by a White House on the Foreshore of the Arabian Coast at the Southern Entrance to the Red Sea.

On the foreshore of the Arabian coast in the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, at the southern entrance to the Red sea, stands a large white house concerning which the travelers to the far east may hear a curious story. In the middle of the nineteenth century, when M. de Lesseps after many difficulties had successfully floated the Suez Canal company, the governor of the British port of Aden, about 100 miles distant, was surprised one morning by the visit of a French squadron of very unusual size for that part of the orient, which, having encountered a terrific storm off Sokotra, had put in for repairs.

In the mind of the governor curiosity was at once aroused as to the destination of so large a command, a curiosity which increased as he found it impossible to extract any further information from the French admiral or his officers beyond the statement that they were upon an ordinary cruise, an explanation which the former was not the least inclined to believe.

Firm in the belief, therefore, that some political move of great importance was afloat, if not afoot, the governor, in order first of all to gain time, gave orders to go very tortoise-like on the repairs and then set to work to take the Frenchmen off their guard by giving a succession of such entertainments as both his slender means and the awful barrenness of the place would afford.

But, though at the end of two weeks the French and British officers had got upon the best of terms, the immediate destination of the French squadron remained as much of a mystery to the governor of Aden as before, and in spite of all possible delay the repairs were nearly completed.

Now, it happened that the wife of the governor possessed an Irish maid, who had been receiving attentions from one of the French petty officers—attentions which the girl did not regard seriously. It occurred to the governor that by such means something might be learned of his unexpected visitor's plans, and a private conversation between the governor's wife and her maid resulted in another between the latter and her French admirer, by which it was discovered that Perim island was the objective point.

At this information the governor opened his eyes wide indeed, for, if the Suez canal were cut through, Perim, as commanding the southern entrance to the Red sea, in the middle of the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, would be a place of great strategic importance, over which, without doubt it was the intention of the French admiral to hoist the tricolor.

Secretly giving orders, therefore, for a gunboat to immediately embark a detachment of soldiers and steal away in the night for Perim island, the governor then announced a farewell banquet and ball for the day but one following, a final act of courtesy with which the French admiral would willingly have dispensed, for he was anxious to sail, but which he could not well refuse on account of the use he had made of the British supplies and machinery at Aden.

So the dinner and party in due course came off, the governor being in high spirits, because in the meantime he had received the news of the occupation of Perim, which under the circumstances would surely be followed by the longed for promotion, and the French admiral was equally happy, for he hoped on the morrow to add the same important little speck of land to the dominion of his own country, thereby covering his breast with the stars and himself with maritime glory.

Next day, after an interchange of cordial farewells, the French squadron sailed away to an apparently unknown destination, until, when clear of the land, the course was laid full speed direct for Perim island.

Then what were the dismay and disappointment of the French admiral and his officers when, on coming in sight of their destination, they beheld the British flag flying and a company of soldiers drawn up to give them a proper salute. It is said the French admiral was so mortified at being thus outwitted that he first flung his cocked hat overboard and then followed it himself into the sea.

Be this as it may, as Perim was clearly already occupied by the British, the only counter move which the French could make was to take possession of a strip of the foreshore on the opposite Arabian coast, where they built the fortified white house in question, but as the place was entirely at the mercy of the guns on Perim island it was shortly abandoned, to remain to this day as a monument of a French admiral's undoing.—Exchange.

In Honor of Minerva.

The most notable festival at Athens was in honor of Minerva. All classes of citizens on this particular day marched in procession. The oldest went first, then the young men, then the children, the young women, the matrons and the people of the lower orders. The most prominent object in the parade was a ship propelled by hidden machinery and bearing at its masthead the sacred banner of the goddess.

The Wonderful Camel.

When the nature of the work performed by the camel is considered it is perhaps its very somnolent organization which best fits it for that work and which gives color to the accusations of laziness and stupidity made against it. It can live on a diet as appetizing as "a green umbrella," to use Sir Samuel Baker's words. Barren, leafless twigs, dried shrubs and the tough, paperlike substances of the dome palm form the chief courses in the menu prepared by nature for this denizen of the desert. The marvelous arrangement for the retaining of a supply of water sufficient to last for many days makes the camel's powers of endurance phenomenal. The ordinary freight camel is expected to carry a load of from 500 to 1,000 pounds across the desert at the rate of twenty-five miles a day and to keep it up for three days without a fresh supply of water. Some will cover fifty miles a day for five days without water, and the swifter species will carry their riders 100 miles a day.—London Spare Moments.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Brevity on a Tombstone—Douglas Jerrold's Suggestion.

Among the 1,300 epitaphs collected by Ernest R. Suffling in "Epitaphia" are many quaint and curious specimens. Grimaldi off the stage was said to be a sufferer from melancholia. It will be remembered that, going to a physician on one occasion, he described his case, when the worthy doctor briskly told him to "shake off the feeling. Go and see Grimaldi, and if he does not cure you your case is indeed hopeless." "Alas," said the poor sufferer, "I am Grimaldi." His epitaph reads "Here Am I."

A prize of £100 is said to have been offered by one Thorpe, who was desirous of being perpetuated but briefly on his tombstone. One competitor sent in "Here Lies Thorpe's Corpse." This was certainly brief enough, but finally it was cut to "Thorpe's Corpse."

Many of our readers know the Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight story. They were dining together on one occasion when the conversation turned upon epitaphs. Knight half in jest suggested that Jerrold should write his (Knight's) epitaph. The subject dropped at the time; but, walking home together in the evening, they came to a spot where each had to take a separate road. Jerrold, extending his hand to his friend, remarked, "I've thought of a capital epitaph for you." "What is it?" said his friend, much interested. "Oh, very brief and very simple, 'Good Night!'"

There are many curious epitaphs on wives. Here's one from Ulverston, Lancashire:

Here lies my wife,
Here lies she,
Hallelujah!
Hallelujee!

An inscription placed over the grave of a missionary who was accidentally shot in India read thus:

Here lies the Rev. A. B.,
For many years missionary in B. district.
He was accidentally shot by his native servant.
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

At Chelmsford, Essex, on a stone to the memory of "Mary Blewitt of the Swan" it is stated that she "was the wife of nine husbands successively, but the ninth outlived her." It is added, "The Text to Her Funeral Sermon Was, 'Last of All, the Woman Died Also.'"—Westminster Gazette.

A VERY QUEER BIRD.

The One Young Mark Twain Sprung Upon the Scientists.

Mark Twain's father was an ornithologist. He had several friends who were also enthusiasts on the subject of birds. Whenever any one of them discovered a rara avis it was the custom to have a consultation. Mark had been a witness of several of these bird inquests and had noted the delight the old men took in discussing a new found specimen. One day it occurred to him to provide the Hannibal ornithologists with a real circus in the form of a bird. He killed a crow and also a barnyard rooster. Plucking out the tail feathers of both the crow and the rooster, he substituted the rooster's tail feathers for those of the crow, producing a unique effect. When he had the specimen nicely prepared he went to his father and, handing it to him, said:

"Here, father, is a very curious bird I shot. I thought you would be interested in it."

The old gentleman gazed upon the specimen with astonishment. That evening the ornithologists of Hannibal were assembled in Mr. Clemens' parlor. The rare specimen was put before them. The discussion was long and learned. The opinions expressed were various. One thought the bird was an offshoot of the bird of paradise family; others had equally ridiculous notions as to its ancestry. But there was one who refused to be swerved by the peculiarity of the bird's tail from the judgment that it was of the crow family.

"Why, just look here," he said, lifting the bird by its tail feathers. He got no further. The feathers came out. There was a quick closing of a door. Mr. Clemens started to leave the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please excuse me a few moments. I will see Samuel first and explain later."

The Commons.

The "second chamber," or "commons," or "popular assembly," or "house of representatives," as it is variously termed, takes us back to the battle between the Patricians and Plebs in republican Rome. In the language of a very high authority on the subject, "The first real anticipation of a second (popular) chamber, armed with a veto on the proposals of a separate authority and representing a different interest (the interest of the body of the people as opposed to the interest of the hitherto dominant aristocracy), occurs in the Roman tribunate." When the Roman Plebs got their tribunes the very beginning of the modern machinery of the commons or house of representatives was established.—New York American.

Tommy's Defense.

Mamma—Tommy, you've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn, and your face is scratched. Why can't you do like your little sister? She never fights. Small Tommy—Well, mamma, it's better to have a good square fight and get all the mad out of you than to carry it in you for months like girls do.—Chicago News.

More's the Pity.

Patience—It takes two to make a quarrel, you know. Patrice—And yet I have known quarrels to occur when two persons have been made one.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Salesman.

Young man, I had decided upon your immediate discharge. One big redeeming trait of your character as just now revealed restrains me. Your loyalty is all that saves you. Stick up for your house every time. A salesman's five cardinal points are loyalty, enthusiasm, hard work, persistence and tact. You have much of the first four and none of the last. Smooth yourself down. You talked to the lumber company man at the wrong time. When he said he was too busy you should have smiled and got out. You can only sell to a man when he is in the right mood.—Bookkeeper.

The Alternative.

A tramp went into a farmhouse recently, and, seeing no one but an old woman, he said in very fierce tones, "Give me a drink of milk or else"—

But a man came behind him suddenly and, catching him by the neck, said, "Else what?"

"Else water," said the tramp humbly.—London Tatler.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—First Quarter, For Jan. 23, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. v, 1-16. Memory Verses, 2-9—Golden Text, Matt. v, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This so called "Sermon on the Mount" in which we are to have six consecutive lessons, might be entitled "The Laws of the Kingdom" and is followed in chapters vii and ix by some features of the kingdom in the way of various healings, for when the kingdom comes "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick" (Isa. xxxiii, 24). The first four chapters of this gospel might be entitled the genealogy of the King, the birth of the King, the herald of the King and the victory of the King over the god of this world. The precepts of these chapters shall be fully lived out in the kingdom when it is set up on this earth and should be manifest now in those who by His precious blood have become joint heirs with the King. Although the multitudes were near Him, it is evident from verses 1 and 2 that He spoke these words to His disciples and not to the multitude. Compare Luke vi, 20, but do not confuse these two sermons. In the one He went up into a mountain and sat down and taught, but in the other He came down from a mountain and stood in the plain. The two discourses are in many respects the same as to the teaching, but they were spoken at different times, under different circumstances, and yet in both cases to His disciples. What folly for an unsaved person to say, "The Sermon on the Mount is my religion; the Golden Rule is my motto." If the Ten Commandments written on tables of stone with the finger of God are a ministration of death (II Cor. iii, 7, 9), what about these same commands as explained by our Lord in this discourse, in which He says that a sinful look is as much the breaking of the command as a sinful act? The law was not given till the people were redeemed by blood from the land of bondage, and God never sets His law before an unsaved person but to condemn him, that as a lost one he may receive Jesus Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x, 4). Such only are the truly "blessed" according to Ps. xxxii, 1, 2; Rom. iv, 6-8. Then we have seven characteristics of these blessed or happy people which correspond with the seven petitions in the prayer of chapter vi, 9-13. The prayer begins "Our Father," and only redeemed people can say truly these words. All others come under the head of John viii, 44. Only the poor in spirit can say from the heart, "Hallowed be Thy name," for others prefer to exalt their own name. We pray, "Thy kingdom come," but we mourn because of the curse which rests on all the earth till the kingdom comes. The meek who desire in no sense their own will can truly long for the time when His will shall be done on earth as in heaven. Then shall the mourners be comforted, as they inherit the earth, which shall then have become the kingdom of heaven. Daily bread is made sure to all who hunger and thirst after righteousness (Matt. vi, 33), and they shall be satisfied with the fatness of His house in all things, both temporal and spiritual. Having been forgiven much, they freely forgive others and have become merciful indeed. Having seen something of God and desiring to see more of Him and to know Him better, they fear all temptation to evil and earnestly desire to be kept pure in heart. Knowing that the evil one is the great peace breaker, they pray to be delivered from him that they may enjoy the peace of God and carry His peace everywhere they go. Rejoicing in the kingdom and power and glory which are His, and theirs, too, as the children of God, they expect to be treated as He was—persecuted, reviled, spoken against falsely, things laid to their charge that they know not, but by His grace they count themselves happy to be privileged to suffer for His sake and rejoice that when His glory shall be revealed they shall be glad with exceeding joy (I Pet. iv, 13).

The church as the salt of the earth preserves it from the judgments which will surely come upon it (when the church has been taken away) to prepare it for the kingdom, but the professing church has well nigh lost its savor and seems like Rev. iii, 16. Who can tell how many cities, towns and families are preserved from calamity for the sake of the godly who are therein? May we be godly enough to make the devil hate us, the truly godly whom the Lord sets apart for Himself (II Tim. iii, 12; Ps. iv, 3). Note that salt had to be offered with every offering (Lev. ii, 13), and see our Lord's words concerning salt in Mark ix, 49, 50. We can only be salt in any sense as Christ dwelleth in us.

Christ is the light of the world (John viii, 12; ix, 5; xii, 46), and we can only be light to any one as we behold Him and reflect His light, and herein the moon, a faithful witness in heaven, is a good illustration. The light must first shine in our hearts, and it is the entrance of His word that giveth light (II Cor. iv, 6; Ps. cxix, 130). Then the light must shine in the house or home, then before men more generally and then into all the world that God may be glorified. The believer who does not shine can only be a painted light, an imitation, to whom the Lord will some day say, "I never knew you." See chapter vii, 21-23.

The Pilot Fish.

A little fish about which many interesting fancies cluster is the pilot fish. Aelian tells us that pilot fishes were supposed to be kindly disposed toward sailors and therefore liked to approach ships, which they continued with and guided until they reached land. They were deemed sacred to Neptune, the god of the ocean, who protected them from designed injury; consequently a man who had ventured to eat one soon afterward lost his son by drowning. Apollo was said to have changed a fisherman named Pompilus, who had crossed him in his loves, into a pilot fish and condemned him for all eternity to the task of gratuitous pilotage. He is also said to be a pilot of sharks and is said to warn the latter away from baited hooks and other dangers and lead them to food. There really does exist a strange bond of friendship between the huge shark and this little member of the mackerel family, which are often to be seen traveling together, although the pilot fish's supposed care to warn its companion of impending danger and to provide food for it is a fallacy pure and simple.

SAFES IN BIG HOTELS.

Valuables Kept In Them by Guests For Years at a Time.

A woman walked up to the counter of a fashionable hotel and asked for a package of valuables which was in the safe.

"If I had not wanted one particular thing I suppose I should have left the package where it was for another three years," she said to the clerk.

"Yes," said the clerk in answer to a question after the woman left, "that packet had really been in our safe for three years. Why, we have all sorts of valuable papers, jewelry and even money that are intrusted to our keeping for years at a time. People seem to prefer a hotel safe to a safety deposit vault. One reason perhaps is that it costs nothing. Another is that the standard of hotel clerks has improved.

"It is astonishing the amount of jewelry that people keep in hotel safes. Of course the owners have originally stopped in the hotel, but they go away, leaving their valuables, and I have known such persons to be gone as much as two years and never make an inquiry about their property in that time.

"To show you how much confidence people have in hotels and their employees I might mention that the other day a man came in here and put four $1,000 bills in an envelope, wrote his name on the latter and asked me to put it in the safe. Not long ago another man actually did the same thing with seven $10,000 bills."

The clerks of several other hotels talked in a similar strain without any outside suggestion.

"I'll bet I have handled more than a million dollars' worth of jewelry today," said one. "Look here," and he opened the safe and piled six or eight big jewelry cases on the counter, but hurriedly put them back. "In one of those I know there is over $200,000 worth, and what I showed you was only a few of what the safe contains."—New York Sun.

A RESTRAINING HAND.

Its Action Followed by a Voice That Warned.

"Patrick H. McCarren once told me of a funny incident that happened in Rome," said a Brooklyn lawyer. "McCarren said that on his first visit to Rome, after he had seen the Coliseum and the Forum, he visited the Ara Coeli church, on the left of the Capitoline hill. He climbed the grand stairway leading to the church, the finest open air stairway in the world. He pushed back the heavy leather curtain, and, entering, he found a service in progress. So he put his hat on the marble floor at his side and took a seat.

"After ten minutes or so he decided he would go and reached down for his hat. But a restraining hand was laid on his, and he desisted. He knew, of course, that some churches don't like people to leave in the midst of a service.

"Ten or fifteen minutes more passed. The service still continued. Senator McCarren got impatient and again reached for his hat. But again the unseen hand restrained him from the rear.

"A little later, however, the senator quite lost patience. This was, he told himself, an important service, of course. Nevertheless he did not propose to miss his luncheon, and it would harm no one if he slipped out quietly.

"So a third time he reached for his hat, and the invisible hand a third time detained him. He persevered, however. The silent hand pushed, and his silent hand pushed against it. But just as he was conquering in the struggle a voice said in good American:

"'Cheese it, boss; that's my hat you're taking.'"—Exchange.

An English Election Trick.

Corruption at elections in England took many curious forms in olden days, but there have been few more ingenious plans for securing the election of the desired candidate than that practiced at Seaford in 1790. It was doubtful which way the polling would go unless a receiving officer could be found willing to pass some twenty-six persons who still wanted seventeen days to complete the six months' residence required by law. Accordingly it was arranged that the candidate should insist on all the six oaths demanded by statute being administered to each voter individually, and this, together with the time spent in dealing with every frivolous objection raised by counsel, made it impossible to poll more than four votes a day, so that the twenty-six where duly qualified by the time their turn came to vote.

The Tramp's Reason.

The late Joseph Dorsey of San Jose, the famous detective whose best feat was the capture of Canon Bernard after a chase from Alaska to Cape Horn, used to impute his success to his knowledge of men.

"A detective," he would say, "should know the habits of every class. Then no disguise can deceive him. All men, even the most unmethodical, have their habits. Even the tramp has his.

"'You great big lazy loafer,' I said to a tramp one December day, 'you ought to be in jail!'

"'Yes, Algie,' the tramp replied as he pretended to fix a monocle in his eye. 'Yes; I know it's the correct thing for our set at this season, Algie; but, deuce take it, it's such a mild winter, don't you know.'"—Kansas City Star.

An Indirect Hit.

A patient who was suffering from a scalp wound was recently admitted to a hospital. "How did this happen?" asked the resident surgeon.

"The wife hit me on the head with a stone," was the answer.

"It's the first time I ever heard of a woman hitting anything she aimed at," the doctor observed jokingly.

"Oh, she didn't aim it at me! She was throwing the stone at our neighbor's fowls, and I was standing behind her!"—London Graphic.

What a Change!

"He used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel before our marriage," said the little woman, with sad reflections.

"And does he do so now?" asked the bosom friend.

"No; he takes a drink."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Govern Yourself.

He who is his own monarch contentedly sways the scepter over himself, not envying the glory to the crowned heads of the earth.—Sir Thomas Browne.

How to Do It.

If you value your friendships, don't borrow money, don't lend money, don't advise others how to invest their money.—Albany Journal.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p. m. until 9.55 p. m) 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p. m., 10.25 p. m. to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p. m. until 9.32 p. m. SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p. m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p. m., then 11.32 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p. m. until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p. m. RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p. m. until 10.22 p. m., then 11.00 p. m.) SUNDAYS—6.52 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p. m.

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

in the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed. You wont have to shiver while the work is being done. The fire can be lighted in the new plant the same day that it is put out in the old one.

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Woburn, Mass.

Deceiving the Widow.

A healthy looking woman dressed in deep mourning stepped on to the platform scales and requested the grocer's clerk to ascertain her weight. He looked and said, "One hundred and forty pounds."

"You made a mistake of twelve pounds in that woman's weight," said another man who had also watched the scales. "She weighed 152 pounds instead of 140."

"I know that," said the clerk, "but she never would have forgiven me if I had told her so. That woman's husband died about six weeks ago. She has gained seven pounds in that time, but to keep her in good humor with herself I had to make her think she had lost five. I don't know why it is, but anybody who has suffered bereavement seems to consider it a disgrace to take on flesh. That woman has been weighed three times since her husband died. She would be shocked if she knew she had gained right along. Fortunately she is too nearsighted to read the scales herself, so it is easy to make her think she is wasting away."—New York Press.

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VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 11

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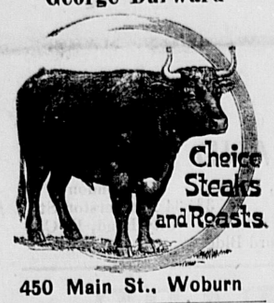
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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.4 a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.00 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.00, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 8.00 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
381	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
712	Beggs & Cobb and C. P. Crane's Factory (Tri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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How They Get 'Em.

The sad looking man climbed into the bootblack's chair to have his shoes shined.

"And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked, by way of making conversation.

"No, sir," replied the lad. "My father is a farmer."

"Ah, a farmer!" cried the sad looking man as a spasm almost akin to joy spread over his features. As he reached into his pocket for a notebook and pencil he began to mumble a sort of gibberish. It sounded like this:

"Farmer, hey? Farmer—hay. Son, bootblack. Son shines. Ah! I have it. Your father evidently believes in making hay while the son shines."

Perhaps it is needless to explain that instead of being a mild lunatic the sad looking man was one of those professional humorists who write funny pieces for the papers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

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Delivered Promptly.

The Bishop's Experiment

A Story of a Lost Pin.

By KATE Y. DUNNE.

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"But, my dear, you are all wrong!" exclaimed the bishop's wife, looking reproachfully over the coffee urn, which had hidden her piquant face from her husband's adoring glance. "I wasn't careless. It was the washerwoman. If you must blame somebody, James, blame her. Of course I didn't mean to leave a pearl pin—and especially one you had given me—in my laundry bag."

That afternoon as he was walking briskly down Main street to make a parish visit in the distance he saw Aline's blue hat and shining hair. His heart had a habit of beating faster at the sight of her slender, dainty figure, and that afternoon she looked even more attractive than usual to him among a crowd of commonplace women. He hurried to catch up with her, but she, too, was walking fast and had turned into Pierce's department store before he was near enough to join her.

He went in, too, and secured a vantage point some feet away, where he waited until he should have a chance to slip into a space next to her.

As he waited he noticed her gold bag laid on the counter beside her muff, out of her direct line of vision. Still the old habit! An idea flashed into the bishop's mind. Object lessons often accomplish what all the lectures in the world fail to do.

Quietly and quickly he laid an arm on the counter, swept it along the glass unnoticed by the mob of women surging toward the bargain Mecca ahead. He was not seen. His hand touched the bag, closed over it, drew it to him, dropped it safely into his pocket.

Was he pickpocket or bishop?

He certainly felt like the former. Never had he felt so abject, so criminally miserable, as when he pushed his way out of that shop, for to carry out his objective lesson necessitated giving up that anticipated companionship on his walk. So he went on out and down town alone, wondering why the police did not take him by the arm, why no one pointed the finger of scorn, while that wretched gold thing was glittering so brightly in his pocket.

His parochial visit was not pleasant; his walk was not pleasant; nothing was pleasant. He was obliged to eat a solitary lunch, as Aline had rounded out her shopping expedition by lunching at her mother's. Even the telephone bell did not ring, as he half expected it might. Nothing happened, and he and that bag seemed to be the only occupants of that quiet house. Aline reached home just in time to dress for dinner. Then he had a visitor, who detained him until the last moment, so he had no chance for a sight of Aline until he found her at the table.

He had pictured her distrait, worried, had planned it all—what she should say and he should answer and what the result would be—but the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley, and he was disappointed. Aline was simply radiant, hesitating, having put on the blue dress he was so fond of and looking just as she had looked in those days when she had first lured him from sermons and from services by the magic of her charm.

She had seen old friends by chance, had lunched with a group of favorite aunts and cousins who had made much of her and had found just the desired bit of lace at that sale. The day had been a success from start to finish.

"You didn't lose your purse, did you?" The bishop felt impelled finally to jump into the ditch of his own digging. Aline looked her astonishment.

"Lose my purse!" she said. "Why, no, of course, I didn't! What a funny question, James! Just because I lost that pin—or, rather, it lost itself—you needn't think I am going to lose everything else I own."

"Are you sure you have your purse?" The bishop was obviously perplexed at her answer.

"Jimmie," she said, "I am going to send for an alienist. You certainly have softening of the brain. My purse is up in my bureau drawer at this very moment."

The bishop was growing excited. "Go and look for it," he interrupted. "I know it is not there."

Aline was staring at him with marked wonder in her blue eyes. "Jimmie, listen!" she said, emphasizing her words by tapping the table with the end of a spoon. "My purse is in my drawer, where I put it when I came home unless you have stolen it."

"Perhaps I have." The bishop's face was a study in crimson, and he spoke in a loud, dictatorial way. "Go and get it."

Aline's eyes filled with tears. She had never heard her husband speak in that way before. She was hurt and a little frightened, though she would not show it.

"Certainly," she said in a very dignified tone, sweeping out of the room, leaving the bishop as bewildered as he was excited. He was beginning to feel badly that she was about to be so shocked, but surely there was never a more glaring example of her carelessness than this. To think that she had brought her bag home with her when all the time—

Flying footsteps, flashing eyes, a gold bag flung into his lap! "There, Jimmie—crazy, crazy boy!" exclaimed a triumphant voice. "Now will you be good?"

The very bag—the very—cobwebs filled the bishop's brain for a moment. "I—I—don't see," he stammered. "Wait a minute, will you?" Then he in his turn fled upstairs and went to his bureau drawer. The very bag! It took him some time to get his bearings, to summon up courage to go down to that lighted room and to the reproachful glances of those blue eyes. But the bishop was a good sport, although the brilliancy of his sermons was sometimes open to criticism. Down to the dining room he bravely walked and laid the bag beside its duplicate. Aline looked and looked and looked again. Then her haughtiness was that of a tragedy queen:

"James, explain! Did you think you had my bag? And where did you get it?"

The bishop was silent. He was absentmindedly comparing the duplicates. Aline's had her monogram on the framework; the other had only initials, "M. M. B." He repeated it over and over to himself, as if it were a favorite refrain. Then he knew that his day of judgment had come.

"I stole it!"

"Where, James?"

"I saw you on Main street this morning"—his tone was of the yet unshriven monk—"I followed you into Pierce's to ask you to walk down to the Grants with me, I saw your bag lying on the counter beside your muff, and I—took it."

"What for?"

"Why, just to—to"—the bishop was growing extremely nervous under the steady gaze of those questioning blue eyes—"why, my dear, to—hang it all, Aline! Haven't you any imagination? Can't you imagine why?"

"Certainly not—and I don't propose to try! The idea of a bishop stealing his wife's purse, even trying to give her a moment's fright for any reason at all, is something for which there can be no possible explanation and which I don't even care to think about. But I do say this—I think when a bishop stoops to those dreadful things it is time for his wife to leave him!"

High tragedy was written all over the little lady's face as she folded her arms, arched her eyebrows and looked sternly at her writhing husband. Then a sudden change of expression swept over her mobile face. "James," she said, "did you really and truly do it for the good of your poor black sheep? Did you steal your wife's purse to save her soul?"

Silence.

"James!"

Still silence while the bishop twirled a lock of hair furiously between his thumb and forefinger.

"James, answer me."

The bishop turned appealing eyes to hers—so hard, so cold—and as their eyes met something happened. Laughter such as possesses the spirits of elfland overcame the dignified bishop and his wife. Words were impossible. Anger was a thing of the past. Explanations needed not to be made. Peals of laughter met and mingled across the table. Aline was the first to recover sufficiently to speak.

"Let's see whose it is," she said. And the bishop handed it to her, while wiping his eyes with the other.

"M. M. B. H'm!" muttered Aline. Then, opening the bag, she held aloft a visiting card. "James," she shrieked, "it is mother's!"

His mother-in-law's! The bishop was speechless—this time with horror. Aline was an only child, her mother ever on the watch lest he should let the winds of life blow too strongly on her child. He never could face her after a situation like this. She was always severe on his clerical ideas. And now this!

"What can I do?" His tone was that of a suppliant, and Aline thoroughly enjoyed his misery.

"Do?" she said. "There are several things you can do, and you will have to do one of them quickly, or mother will be here asking my advice about what she can do to recover it. Father gave it to her on their last anniversary, and she will be frantic at having lost it. By the way, I don't see why you didn't see her in the shop."

"Neither do I. Now tell me what to do."

Aline held up her plump hand and counted off fingers as she spoke: "Way No. 1, messenger boy sent to leave it at her door, with no explanation, note or card—spirit too cowardly for a bishop to resort to; way No. 2, send at once to Pierce's, saying you found it—falsehood unworthy of your ideals; way No. 3, take it to her yourself and own up to your methods of improving her child's character."

Silence. The bishop looked downcast, Aline roguish.

"Well, James," she said at last, "what have you decided to do? Mercy, there's the telephone! Oh, my dear, suppose it's mother!"

It was. Muffling the transmitter, Aline whispered in a flush of excitement:

"Dearest, if I save your life now will you stop trying to save my soul any more?"

The bishop's answer was unintelligible, but understood. Still Aline did not show her hand.

"And, dearest, if I do you must let me choose the text for your special sermon next Sunday. Yes? Now listen while I show you what can be done with a complicated situation."

Saved—not by grace, but by Aline—a very meek bishop took his place in the pulpit the following Sunday and announced as his text "The way of the transgressor is hard."

The Sybarites.

The Sybarites were the inhabitants of the ancient city of Sybaris, in southern Italy, founded 720 B. C. They were so greatly addicted to voluptuousness and self indulgence that their name became a byword among the peoples of antiquity. The word "sybarite" is used at the present day to denote a person devoted to luxury and pleasure.

Sometimes There Isn't.

Flubbe—I'm going into the manufacture of something there ought to be money in.

Dubbe—What are you going to manufacture?

Flubbe—Pocketbooks and purses.—London Telegraph.

Why He Couldn't Work.

The Lady—My 'usband, sir, 'as sent me to say 'e won't be able to come and do the little job you arst 'im to. 'E's promised to go round the town with the unemployed.—London M. A. P.

THE WRECK MASTER.

He Does Some Tall Hustling When the Line Is Blocked.

When a wreck blocks the line the wreck master is the biggest man on the railroad. Even the president, if by unhappy chance he happens to be there, steps aside and keeps silent after the wreck train halts with a jerk of grinding brakes and hissing air before the indescribable confusion of shattered wood and twisted steel which clutter the tracks. The wreck master's feet are on the ground before the shrieking wheels have ceased turning. There follow at his heels a half score of men, all experts, but of less degree than their leader.

He shouts an order that seems as unintelligible as a drillmaster's command, then another and another. There is instant action. At one end of the train a locomotive begins to creep cautiously away with the coaches that have stayed on the rails. An express car up toward the forward end of the passenger train is tilted tremblingly on its trucks. It is loaded with bales of silk perhaps or with other costly merchandise. The wreckers do not stop to inquire. To them it is simply an obstruction that has to be removed immediately. There is a heaving chorus, and it plunges down the embankment. A hundred yards away a loaded freight car in the opposite train is hanging over the edge. Fifty crowbars give it a tip that sends it down to the foot of the hill. As it lands there is a crash of discordant, tortured strings, an inharmonious outburst as though half a hundred cats had landed simultaneously on half a hundred keyboards. "Pianos," remarks one of the panting workmen to another standing at his shoulder. They do not pause even to grin. An instant later they are heaving away at something else.—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Harper's Weekly.

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

It Would Be a Mighty Task to Duplicate It Today.

What man has done, we are told, man can do. But to erect today a great fortification comparable to the Great wall of China would be a heavy tax on both the resources and the resolution of Europe. A score or two of warships are all very well, but the cost of labor and the will involved in building fleets can hardly be compared to those devoted to the building of that great barrier about two centuries before the coming of Christ, when Rome was struggling with Hannibal.

Two thousand five hundred and fifty miles, including spurs, arms and loops, is the length ascribed to it by Dr. W. E. Geil, the only white man, we believe, who has traveled the whole length of it. It has been said that the Great wall is the only object of man's handiwork which could be discerned from the moon, and one calculation has it that if the material of the wall were disposed about the globe at the equator there would be a wall girdle eight feet high and three feet thick around the earth.

One can believe that to this day the name of the Emperor Chin is cursed all along the wall by the posterity of the wretches who were forced to the gigantic task of building it. In the days of its greatest importance, when it was still holding back the Tartar hordes, it is believed to have had on its line 25,000 towers, each capable of holding 100 men, and 15,000 watchtowers. Even today there remains 20,000 towers and 10,000 watchtowers, with some 2,000 miles of wall that could, with moderate repairing, be made into a formidable military work.—London News.

Giants and Dwarfs.

In the seventeenth century all the abnormally large and small folks of Austria were assembled in Vienna in response to a whim of the empress. As circumstances required that all should be housed in one building, there was a fear that the imposing proportions of the giants would terrify the dwarfs. But the dwarfs teased and tormented the giants so that these overgrown mortals complained with tears in their eyes, and as a consequence sentinels had to be placed to protect the giants from their pygmy persecutors, for the smallest men had the biggest brains and the longest tongues.

Corrupted His Style.

"The late Richard Watson Gilder," said a New York poet, "always opposed the reading of light literature. A poet, he said, could not read such literature without corrupting his literary style.

"He once told me that the poet in this respect was like Brown's parrot.

"Brown bought a parrot for $20 from a pet stock dealer and a week or two later returned to the shop and insisted that the bird be taken back.

"'What's the matter with it?' the dealer asked.

"'W-w-why,' said Brown, 'the durned c-c-critter st-stutters.'"

When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's — Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

The little book in each package gives the formula of our new Hair Vigor, tells why each ingredient is used, and explains many other interesting things. After reading you will know why this new hair preparation does its work so well.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AGITATION

How It Was Viewed by Mr. Gladstone, "the Great Commoner"

This year, which marks the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Gladstone, sees a curious revival of the agitation for Woman Suffrage.

Mr. Gladstone, as well as Herbert Spencer and John Bright, had once advocated the extension of suffrage to women. These three notable men later reversed their views and opposed this revolutionary change. Mr. Gladstone's opinion is as pertinent today as when it was written. He wrote to Samuel Smith, M. P., as follows:

"There has never within my knowledge been a case in which the franchise has been extended to a large body of persons generally indifferent about receiving it. But here, in addition to a wide-spread indifference, there is on the part of women who have considered the matter for themselves, the most positive objection and strong disapprobation. Is it not clear to every unbiased person, that before forcing on them what they conceive to be a fundamental change in their whole social function, at least it should be ascertained that the womanly mind of the country is in overwhelming proportion, and with deliberate purpose, set upon securing it?... I think it impossible to deny that there have been and are women individually fit for any public office, however masculine its character; just as there are persons under the age of twenty-one better fitted than many of those beyond it for the discharge of the duties of full citizenship. In neither case does the argument derived from exceptional instances seem to justify the abolition of the general rule. I for one am not prepared to say which of the two sexes has the higher and which has the lower province. But I recognize the subtle and profound character of the difference between them, and I must again, and again, deliberate before aiding in the issue of what seems an invitation by public authority to the one to renounce as far as possible its own office, in order to resume that of the other... As this is not a party question, or a class question, so neither is it a sex question. I have no fear lest the woman should encroach upon the power of the man. The fear I have is, lest we should invite her unwilling to trespass upon the delicacy, the purity, the refinement, the elevation of her own nature, which are the present sources of its power... My disposition is to do all for her which is free from danger and reproach, but to take no step in advance until I am convinced of its safety. The stake is enormous. The affirmation pleas are to my mind not clear, and, even if I thought them clearer, I should deny that they were pressing.

Very Faithfully Yours,
W. E GLADSTONE."

POINTS FROM COLORADO

Interesting Facts Gleaned From Book Written by Helen Sumner

Helen L. Sumner, Ph. D., who was sent to Colorado by the Collegiate Equal Suffrage League of New York State, to inquire into the workings of equal suffrage in that state, gives some very interesting facts in her book. We find that in spite of the fact that women have voted in Colorado for sixteen years that, "Colorado is not advanced as many of the Eastern states in the matter of legal protection for women and children in industry."

The great cry of the Suffragists is that when their reform is established the difference in wages received by men and women shall disappear. In spite of the sixteen years of women's vote in Colorado Miss Sumner reaches the conclusion that "the probability is, as a Denver employer put it, that 'suffrage has nothing to do with the wages of either men or women.'" As to public employments, although there are more women in such employments than formerly, Miss Sumner concludes that "taking public employment as a whole, women receive considerable lower remuneration than men."

If the possession of the ballot by women were to affect women's wages in any form of employment, such effect might naturally be expected in the pay of school teachers. In Colorado, if anywhere, it might be thought, would be realized the ideal of "equal pay for equal work," which figures so prominently in suffrage arguments. But Miss Sumner not only concedes that "as teachers, also, women receive lower salaries than men"; but she adds what, from the suffragist point of view is the most depressing conclusion, "the difference in the salaries of men and women teachers in Colorado, instead of being unusually small, is unusually large."

Mrs. O'Connor's Epigram

As if to defend the rough-house tactics of the suffragettes, Mrs. "Tay Pay" O'Connor coins a fierce and faulty epigram: "This is a vulgar age, but it is better to be a vulgar and successful women than an unsuccessful lady." It is decidedly worse, though, to be both vulgar and unsuccessful.—Nashville American.

Boomerang For Suffrage

The English suffragettes, all testimony agrees, have set back female suffrage in England by years. From a hopeful cause it has become a change many men think of with grave anxiety.—Philadelphia Press.

Calmness.

Remember on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle—that this is not a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.—Marcus Aurelius.

His Own Sphere.

"You a doctor! Why, nobody in his senses would employ you!"

"Perhaps not, but I'm going to be a doctor to lunatics!"

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JAN. 28, 1910.

☞ The great dam that changes Charles River west of the old Craigie Bridge from a salt water river to a fresh water lake is completed, and the first streetcar ran over it from East Cambridge to Boston at 1 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 25, 1910, to the music of bells, factory whistles, and shouts of the people. The motorman was from Maine, and the conductor from Ireland. The triumphant passage of the car was witnessed with intense interest by Hon. Joshua B. Holden, a member of the Commission from its organization; Chief and Division Engineers, the contractors who built the Dam, distinguished citizens, and hundreds of enthusiastic spectators. The act of creating the Charles River Basin Commission was passed by the Legislature in 1903; a Board was appointed by the Governor composed of three prominent Boston gentlemen; the structure began early in 1905, and has been continued without interruption to the present time. The Commission expires on July 1, 1910, the great undertaking having been successfully carried out.

☞ That a good healthy veto message from Mayor Murray will, in due time, put a stop to the purpose of the Woburn City Council to investigate and reform. the business of the Postoffice Department at Washington hardly admits of a doubt. He, being a practical man, will take the ground that the Council have on hand all the city work they can cleverly handle, and, therefore, have no moral right to embark in a crusade against the P. O. Department, nor spend their time on schemes for U. S. Postal reforms, as indicated by the resolution they unanimously adopted at a session of the Board last week. To be sure the Constitution of the U. S. is silent as to the powers and privileges of the Woburn City Council, and, possibly, they may have a legal right to go into the Postal Reform business on the ground that "silence gives consent," but it is perfectly safe to conclude that Mayor Murray will never countenance any such project.

☞ It seems that the purchase of the Woburn and Wilmington land for a rifle range by the city of Boston under Mayor Hart's administration in 1901 is to be further probed by the Board of Alderman of the Hub. Last Monday Chairman F. J. Brand of the Board introduced the following order, which is to be duly considered, and properly acted on:

Ordered. That all evidence, stenographic reports, and findings of the committee on public lands pertaining to the investigation of the so-called rifle range in Woburn and Wilmington, be placed in the hands of the District Attorney for further investigation, and for the prosecution of the persons who participated in the fraud on the city of Boston, in selling to it a comparatively worthless piece of land, situated in Wilmington, for the sum of $25,000.

☞ In order to be in style and up-to-date, so to speak, the citizens of Boston, or some of them, at least, have organized several "No Meat" clubs. These antimeat people, East and West, do not seem to realize that by totally abstaining from beef steaks, roast pork, mutton chops, and such like other good eating, they are playing into the hands of the great Meat Trust, which is accountable, almost solely, for the high price of provisions, but such is, nevertheless, the case.

The Law Department of the Federal Government has already instituted legal proceedings in the U. S. Courts at Chicago against the Beef Trust, and to such action the country will have to look for relief from exorbitant prices of meat, instead of boycots.

☞ In its report of the annual meeting of the Concord Cattle Owners Association, which was held Jan. 21, 1910, the Boston *Globe* informs us that the speaker of the day was Ex-Representative Fred F. Walker of Burlington, who spoke on general farming, milk production, and legislation relative to these two important industries of our Commonwealth. Representative Walker, although a young man, is probably one of the most intelligent and best equipped agriculturists and dairymen in Middlesex county, and, as such his counsel is often sought by Granges and Societies. He is, likewise, an entertaining speaker.

☞ Last week Congressman Samuel W. McCall of this District was elected Chairman of the Ballinger – Pinchott Investigating Committee by the National House of Representatives, but asked to be excused on the score of his interests in Western mines and mining operations. This shows that Representative McCall, notwithstanding his alleged political vagaries, stands at the head, and is a power in National legislation.

☞ The city of Woburn must shortly replace its worn and defective mains in its water system, at an estimated cost for reconstruction of from $300,000 to $350,000. It is proposed to replace the old cement lined water pipes with new cast iron pipes. In every city and town, where cement pipes have been in use, they are being replaced as rapidly as possible with pipes of cast iron. In Winchester the cement pipe more than made good in the number of years of service. Now that it is worn out it is being replaced with cast iron.—*Winchester Star.*

Woburn's present Administration, which is showing evidence right along of being a real municipal working force, have already taken steps to tackle the big job of relaying the watermains, and in due time the entire system in the city will be renewed. Mayor Murray, the City Council, and the B. P. W. are working together harmoniously to this end.

☞ Washington correspondents of Boston newspapers informed the country early this week that Congressman Butler Ames of Lowell, Representative from the 5th Massachusetts District, is out for Cabot Lodge's seat in the U. S. Senate. He has not formally announced his candidacy, but his blowers and strikers have done so, and are now engaged in laying plans and doing skirmish work in behalf of the Lowell statesman. The election comes off in 1911.

☞ At the 66th annual meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society held in their rooms, Boston, last Wednesday, Mr. William R. Cutter, Librarian Emeritus of the Woburn Public Library, was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Society—a wise and judicious choice, for Mr. Cutter is one of the best known Genealogists in New England. He had previously been elected Recording Secretary of the Society.

☞ At a meeting held last Wednesday the Boston Chamber of Commeree filled the vacancies existing in the Executive Committee. Mr. Elwyn G. Preston is a member of the Board of Directors, having been elected at the time of the reorganization of the Chamber, two or three years ago.

☞ If current reports can be depended on, the Mayor has, quite properly, appointed Arthur E. Gage, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Assessors. Mr. Gage has been a member of the Board several years, served the city faithfully and intelligently, and will make a good Chairman.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

James E. Odlin—Citation.
John W. Johnson—Citation.
John W. Johnson—Citation.

— Towanda Minstrel Show Feb 2.

— The Council held a special meeting last evening to draw jurors.

— Co. G was officially inspected by a U. S. A. officer last Tuesday evening.

— Burbank W. R. C., 84, are having some delightful whist parties this winter.

— Walter E. Brauer of Co. G has been promoted to the office of Sergeant Major of the 5th Regiment.

— The Dr. March Baraca Class are to enjoy their first annual banquet next Monday evening, Jan. 31.

— Financial reports say the Boston leather market is doing better this week than for some time past.

— The School Board tell the Mayor that they must have $68,542.89 to carry on the schools this year.

— The Maternal Association are to hold their annual meeting in First church parlor at 3 P. M. today.

— Mr. and Mrs. William Beggs are to spend the balance of the winter auto touring in Southern California.

— The pulpit of Trinity church will be occupied by Arch-Deacon Samuel S. Babcock of Boston next Sunday.

— The Choral Society have decided to give their next concert some time in April, at which the main piece is to be "Joan of Arc."

— The Alpha Club of Burlington gave a fine supper and entertainment yesterday evening. They attracted a large and jolly attendance.

— There was another disagreeable storm of rain, with a slight sprinkling of snow, last Tuesday, which continued well into Wednesday morning.

— The McGovern young ladies, Nellie and sister, entertained the Holly Club at their home, 17 Church avenue, last Monday evening.

— Rev. William H. Osmond, Rector of Trinity church in this city, is visiting in Baltimore, Md., from which city he came to the Woburn church.

— The Fortnightly Whist Club are to hold a session with Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Freneh at their home, 7 West street, on Saturday evening, Jan. 29.

— The High School Orchestra, a notable body of performers, are to give their annual festival on Feb. 4, for which preparations are now being made.

— The South End Social Club are to give their annual Show some time in the forepart of April. Joseph McGann has been chosen General Director of it.

— Mr. C. A. Nichols opened at his carpetcleaning works, 7 Buel Place, last Monday, Jan. 24, a sale of second-hand carpets, rugs and mats of which he has a great variety.

— The days have increased in length just 45 minutes, which is more noticeable at the close than at the beginning of the day.

— If it hadn't been for Francis Tracy quite likely Thomas Dulong would have been drowned in Horn Pond last Tuesday. Tracy saved the lad.

— Since last Sunday evening comet gazing has not paid satisfactory dividends on account of the presence of clouds close around the western horizon just after sundown each day.

— There has been some more breaking and mending of watermains in town this week. The burstings keep Supt. Spencer and his men hopping at a pretty lively pace night and day.

— In pursuance to Mayor Murray's Inaugural recommendation, the city Almshouse is now to get the repairs and improvements necessary to make it decently habitable. Good enough!

— Mr. Thomas Moore, Commander of Post 33, G. A. R., is recovering from a severe illness in good shape. He is medically attended by Dr. Thomas Caulfield of Church avenue.

— The rain that set in at 7 o'clock last Friday evening and continued to pour steadily for 24 hours carried off nearly all of the snow and compelled a general change from runners to wheels.

— The second entertainment in the course of three is to be given at the First church on Thursday evening Feb. 3, by the C. E. of that church. The first one was good, and well attended.

— Mr. Frank Dixon was thrown from a scaffold 20 feet to the ground at the Merrimac Chemical Works last week and had one rib, a hip, and jaw broken. He had a narrow escape from fatal injuries.

— It was thoughtful and kind of Curtis Guild, Jr., ex-Governor of Massachusetts, to send flowers to the funeral of his old teacher at the Chauncy Hall School, Boston, Mr. Oliver F. Bryant, last week.

— The Woburn Degreasing Co are adding new machinery and increasing the capacity of their Works, which, when the improvements and enlargements are completed, will be the largest in New England.

— The annual report of Dr. James N. Stewart, City Inspector of Meats, Provisions and Cattle, makes mighty interesting reading, as the late lamented Horace Greely, of the N. Y *Tribune*, used to say.

— The City Council have ordered Mayor Bond's portrait to be taken, framed and hung among the other pictures of past Executives in the Council Chamber. This collection of Mayoralty portraits is the pride of Woburn.

— Woburn Post 161, G. A. R. and Women's Relief Corps 161, held a joint installation of officers at their headquarters in Savings Bank block last Tuesday evening. At the close of the ceremonies a social season and refreshments were enjoyed.

— Ex-Representative J. B. Lewis of Reading gave an interesting and instructive address on "A Visit to Missions, Reformatories and Prisons" in the North Congregational church last Sunday evening. He is a highly entertaining speaker.

— Mr. Edward F. Bryant returned to his home at Pullman, Illinois, last Tuesday. The funeral of his father, Mr. Oliver F. Bryant, took place last week. Edward F. has been a prominent figure in Chicago and Pullman banking circles many years.

— One of the thickest and heaviest fogs of the present winter prevailed last Monday and the following night. In Boston it interfered seriously with running of the railroad trains during the day, but did not reach this city until 7 o'clock Monday evening.

— Last Saturday noon Leslie Reddy of Walnut Hill, 13 years old, accidentally shot himself in one of his hands so severely that he was taken to a Boston hospital. It was feared that amputation of the hand would be necessary. He lost only two fingers.

— Miss Goodwin, a sister of Mrs. John F Peterson of 19 Beacon street, is playing an engagement at a Chicago theatre. The Goodwin Sisters are natives of Gardner, Maine, but the actress had been a resident of Woburn, with Mrs. Peterson, some time before going on to the stage.

— Mrs. Owen, widow of the late L. Herbert Owen, who, for 15 years immediately preceeding his greatly lamented passing away, was the able and highly prized Master of the Woburn High School, came up from her home at Waterville, Maine, and visited friends and former neighbors here last week.

— The old and famous Amphion Club of Melrose are to give a concert under the auspices of the Womans Club in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Feb 11. It will be a musical entertainment worth patronizing. The Club gave a splendid concert in this city a few years ago, which everybody attended.

— At 6 o'clock last Wednesday evening the sky just above the western horizon was cloudless and the atmosphere clear, which condition afforded cometgazers the best opportunity they have had yet to get a good look at "Alpha, 1910," the new comet, and it was improved by many people in this city.

— The Wakefield officials hope and believe they have got the upperhands of the smallpox in that town, but haven't slackened their hold on measures to prevent it from going any farther. There have been no deaths in Wakefield or Reading from the disease, which has been of a mild and quite harmless type, but a cause of fear, all the same

— The Womans Club Guest Night last Friday evening was an immense success socially, and in every other respect. A great rainstorm was in active operation at the opening hour, and yet the attendance was more than respectable in numbers, while the literary, musical and gastronomical good things presented by the ladies were partaken of with keen relish by the guests. The address of welcome by the President of the Club, Mrs. Alice Bond Winn, was neat, interesting and entertaining.

— On the score of weather yesterday was a nasty one.

— The Ladies Charitable Society Alliance Branch of the Unitarian Church will meet Thursday afternoon, Feb. 3, at 4 o'clock. Rev. George Hale Reed of Belmont will read a paper on the religion of Robert Louis Stevenson. Supper will be served at 6 30, followed by an entertainment by the Sunshine Club.

— The annual Doctors Ball given in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday night for the benefit of the Nurse Department of Choate Hospital, was great in every sense of the word. It was high class, stylish, big as to attendance, and immensely enjoyable. When it comes to helping the new Hospital our people shell out fine.

— Neither Manager Linnell of the Linnell market, nor George Durward of his, is worried over the meat boycot now agitating the country. They expect to sell meat all the time. Meats at these markets are selling today only a shade higher than a dozen years ago. Sirloin steaks were then 30 cents a pound, and they are only about 32 now.

— Woburn folks need have no fears concerning a possible Meat Famine so long as they can go to Fred Stanley's Boston Branch and get all the canned salmon and other fish, vegetables, fruits, corn—all of the very best quality, and at prices that defy successful competition. Yes: Fred can feed the multitude and have a plenty of good food left.

— Barring a few severe storms and gales which wrought unusual havoc among the shipping along the N. E. coast and left many wrecks in their wake, the present winter has been what is commonly called an "open" one, so far. There has been scarcely any zero weather hereabouts, no deep snows, or floods—but, on the whole, a pretty comfortable sort of a winter.

— Last Saturday afternoon Hugh de Payens Commandery, Knights Templars, of Melrose, of which numerous Woburn men are members, gave the finest kind of an entertainment to the children living in neighboring towns and cities, which was attended by 125 little ones from Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield and Melrose, who were delightfully treated and had the time of their lives.

— Water Registrar Walsh is an excellent gentleman and a fine city official, but he manages to stir up trouble for Woburn people twice a year with those water bills, and a brief glance at him as he sat at his desk the other day raised a suspicion in the JOURNAL'S mind that he is seriously considering another raid on the pocketbooks of this patiently suffering community at an early date.

— As is their invariable rule, the St. C. T. A. Society are to give their annual Minstrel Show on St Patrick's Day evening, March 17, which is also Evacuation Day, the date in 1776 when the cannon on Dorchester Heights which General Washington had sent over from Cambridge the night before, compelled the British soldiers and sailors to skedaddle from Boston and sail away, with great haste, for Halifax on "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

— Next Weenesday, Feb. 2, is Candlemas, or Groundhog Day, when, according to an ancient saying, the farmer should have "half his wood and half his hay." At high noon on that day the groundhog, or woodchuck, awakens from his hybernating, comes forth from his hole, and if on reaching the outside world he sees his shadow on the ground, or snow, the backbone of winter is not broken, and he returns to his warm nest to sleep another 6 weeks; but, if he fails to see his shadow the belt of the winter is over, and the groundhog acts accordingly. The JOURNAL reader is hereby privileged to believe as much or little of this as he pleases.

— The officers of Charles Bowers Camp, 76, S. of V., were installed on Wednesday evening, Jan 26. Burbank Corps 84 and 161, Post 161 and 33 and Spanish War Veterans were guests of the Camp on that occasion.

— The following are the recently installed officers of Hope Rebekah Lodge 39, I O O. F., of this city: Noble Grand, Mrs. Hattie Northrup; Vice Grand, Mrs. Mae Davis; Past Grand, J. Louise DeLoriea; Chaplain, Miss Margaret Anderson; Rec. Sec. Mrs Ada Kendall; Fin. Sec., Mrs S. Jennie Perham; Treas., Mrs. Lillie M. Trull; R. S. N. G., Mrs. H. H. LeBarron; L. S. N. G., Mrs. George Turner; R. S. V. G., Mrs. Annie Gurney; L. S. V. G., Mrs. Mary Tarr; O. G., Esbon Northrub; I. G., Mrs. Omie Horne; Warden, Mrs Sarah Davey; Conductor, Mary Richardson.

Allen's Lung Balsam

is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 bottles.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

Bribery Was Rampant In the Old Time Campaigns.

Even now parliamentary elections are not altogether free from corruption. Worcester was for a time disfranchised after the last general election on account of the irregularities found to have been prevalent, and other constituencies had a rough time before they were secure of their respective members.

But the old time elections were altogether different. The popularity of the reform bill, which purposed the abolition of bribery, was by no means universal. In the Times of May 10, 1831, there is a story of a London police constable who asked his inspector for leave to go into the country to vote for an anti-reform candidate. He explained that he would get £10 and his expenses for his vote, but complained that it was not then as in former times, when he had had as much as £40 and never less than £25. "And if that reform bill passes it will be a sad loss to me and my brother freemen," he added.

King George III. had his own methods as an election agent. On the eve of an election at Windsor in which Admiral Keppel was the Whig candidate the king strolled into a silk mercer's shop in the town and called out: "The queen wants a gown wants a gown! No Keppel! No Keppel!"—London Answers.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

The barefoot dancing craze has taken possession of Boston as nothing has done in years, and as usual Keith's is proving to be the centre of attraction. Loie Fuller, the originator of this type of dancing and herself the most famous dancer in the world today, brought her troupe to this country as part of the Metropolitan and Boston grand opera seasons and it was a master stroke on the part of Mr. Keith to secure this great attraction and present it at popular prices.

THE BOSTON.

As the engagement of Paul M. Potter's merry farce "The Girl From Rector's at the Boston Theatre, is strictly limited to two weeks the Wednesday and Saturday and six evening performances of the week beginning the 31st instant, will be the only chances to see this much talked of and wonderfully successful play. So phenominal has been its vogue that there are now four companies playing "The Girl From Rector's" on as many circuits in the United States and Canada. It has well been called a scream from start to finish. Cohan and Harris minstrels come to the Boston Theatre for only one week beginning Feb. 7.

THE TREMONT.

That "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is the one big genuine success of the year is now assured, the play, which is now in its fourth week at the Tremont Theatre, has attracted thousands of people who seldom enter a theatre, it is equally interesting to young and old, rich or poor, Catholic, Protestant or Jew; Rebecca appeals equally to all, she preaches no sermon; but she takes you back to your childhood and brings up memories of happier days when all the world was young. The play has been described a rural play; but this is erroneous, that is in the ordinary acceptance of the word as applied to the drama. The scene of Rebecca while laid in a small country town in Maine might just as well be anywhere else, the scene acts as a background in which is mirrored the life of a young girl, just such a girl as we have all known at some time during our lives.

CASTLE SQUARE.

There will be a week of laughter at the Castle Square. "Are you a Mason?" which was one of the hits of last season, is to be revived on Monday It is a farce of the liveliest and most wholesome sort, and there is no rest from merriment in it from beginning to end. Its hero, a young married man named Frank Perry, pretends to become a Mason to please his wife, and out of this little bit of humbug on his part arises the humor of the play and its situations. "Are you a Mason?" was originally a German play, and it has been made into English by Leo Ditrichstein, the well known actor and dramatist.

In Memoriam:

MRS J. MORTIMER EATON, NORTH WOBURN, MASS. A MEDICAL TRIBUTE

It is good to speak good of a good patient and good nurse. Mrs. Martha Eaton, who lately died at eighty, was such an one. Also, a joy and glory of her physicians, as she was attentive, bright, careful, faithful, good, hopeful, intelligent, modest, not wordy, obedient, quiet, reliable, thoughtful, true and willing These traits made her physicians do their very best for her; and He who heals all our diseases cooperated with them.

At thirty five she showed marked evidence of incurable disease. Thirty-five years later no such evidence was found Mrs. Eaton has thus taught a lesson to patients and doctors, which, if truly learned, would help when help is thought impossible, and give hope to physicians where conventionally they would have no hope

As a nurse Mrs. Eaton added to the above qualities devotion, efficiency, kindness, lightheartedness, promptness silent demeanor, usefulness, zeal Thus she was a splended woman, and reacted on the profession, as, also, shown by what happened to her devoted husband in very hot July weather while carrying her out to ride. He was thrown from the carriage and fractured and opened an ankle joint, while she was unhurt. She was chief nurse In forty days Mr. Eaton rose from his bed and unassisted, walked on crutches through the room, across the hall, into another room opposite and back. Had she been a poor nurse, it is safe to presume that this most unusual event never would have occurred.

Mrs. Eaton was a type of the mothers who nobly serve their family, home and country, and who are the delight and confidence of those whose profession it is to heal the sick amid distresses. They may not say much about it, but they treasure these nurses in their minds just the same—, even as Mrs. Eaton's memory is now a precious medical treasure that cannot be stolen from her surviving physician's possession, to say the least.

EPHRAIM CUTTER, M. D.
West Falmouth, Mass., Jan. 6, 1910.

Another Electric Labor Saver.

No automobile owner who has electric light in his garage need endure the trouble and annoyance of having to draw the water from the automobile radiator during cold weather to prevent its freezing.

The electric heating pad, which is now rapidly displacing the old fashioned hot water bottle for household use, can be effectively used in keeping the automobile radiator warm Each pad has a long cord and plug which can be attached to a convenient lamp socket and the degree of heat fixed at high, medium or low. The pad will maintain that temperature as long as desired. These pads cannot get too hot nor catch fire, because of a thermostat which cuts off the flow of current when the given temperature is reached. A pad requires at its highest temperature only the amount of current used to light one 20-candle-power carbon lamp. Its use will save endless annoyance and much expense, if the radiator should happen to freeze through neglect.

Just Like a Woman.

A Boston physician was describing a week's drive that he took last fall through some of the most picturesque districts of New England.

"I saw much that was memorable and heard much that was worth remembering on this quiet, bucolic excursion.

"I remember an elderly justice of the peace in a beautiful New Hampshire village near Lake Sunapee. I stayed there all night with this fine, keen old man. He amused me and impressed me with his mordant humor.

"During the evening the question of the unreasonableness of womankind came up for discussion. 'Ah,' said the old justice, 'woman is unreasonable, very unreasonable indeed. In fact, there is no living creature so unreasonable as woman. I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize—both.'

"'Very well, Henry,' she said with a tired air of submission to an unpleasant condition, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut my hair.'"—Boston Post

Don't Get All Run Down,

Weak and miserable. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, headache, pains in the back, and feel tired all over and want a pleasant herb cure, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. As a regulator it has no equal. All Druggists, 25c. Ask *to-day.* Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Love." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 23, Elizabeth M. Pendergrass, aged 39 years, 11 months, 29 days.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of William H. McLaughlin late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Kathrine McLaughlin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Braden, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary McNeil, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Joseph W. Streb, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Philip W. Streb and Amelia S. Ray, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Phirilla Walton, late of Webster in the State, deceased.

WHEREAS, Almon F. Burbank the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourteenth day of February, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Samuel E. Sawyer, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles H. Sawyer of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

STANDARD SILVER PLATED SET
Full Leather Case, Satin Lined $2.50



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HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.
Telephone connection.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, January 3d, A. D. 1910.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the nineteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwelling house, No. 55 Montvale Avenue, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Frank H. Sargent of Dunstable in the County of Middlesex had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the third day of January 1910, at eight o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., the time the same was taken on execution in and to the following described parcel of real estate, to wit:—A certain piece or parcel of land containing one acre, be the same more or less, together with the buildings thereon, situated in the Northwesterly part of Dunstable in the County of Middlesex, on the westerly side of the road leading from Dunstable Centre to Hollis, N. H., the record or legal title standing in the name of Ethel M. Sargent, wife of Frank H. Sargent, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at a stone set in the ground by the northerly side of the road leading from Dunstable Centre to the house now or formerly of Sherman J. Swallow, said stone being directly in front of the house now or formerly occupied in part by Charles L. Chaney of said Dunstable, thence northerly by land now or formerly of said Charles L. Chaney, said through the centre of said house; thence westerly about seven feet; thence northerly about twenty-three feet by land now or formerly of said Chaney to a stone bound; thence turning the line thence northerly said Chaney about one hundred and forty-five feet to a stone bound at easterly side of Nashua, Acton & Boston Railroad; thence northerly by said Railroad about two hundred and nineteen (219) feet to the road leading from Dunstable Centre to Hollis, N. H.; thence southeasterly by said road about three hundred and thirty-seven feet to the road leading from Dunstable Centre to the house of Sherman J. Swallow; thence westerly by said road to bound first mentioned.

Also, one other parcel of land situated in said Dunstable, upon the westerly side of above described Railroad, and containing ten acres, more or less, the record or legal title standing in the name of Ethel M. Sargent, wife of Frank H. Sargent, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stone bound at land now or formerly of James E. Weston, thence southwesterly by said land of James E. Weston, about forty-six rods and twenty links to a stone bound at land now or formerly of Harry S. Swallow; thence southeasterly by said land of Harry S. Swallow, about thirty four rods to road leading from Dunstable Centre to the house of Sherman J. Swallow; thence easterly by said road about thirty-eight rods to above described railroad; thence northerly by said railroad about twenty seven rods and fifteen links to Hollis Road; thence northwesterly by said road about fourteen rods and twenty links to bound first mentioned. Being the same premises conveyed to Frank H. Sargent by Carrie W. Chaney by deed dated December 4th, 1907, recorded in Book 293, Page 46, Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds.

Also, a certain lot of land situated in said Dunstable, containing thirty-one acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point by the northerly side of Pleasant street and by the westerly side of Salmon Brook; thence the line runs westerly by said Pleasant street about sixty five rods to the Nashua, Acton & Boston Railroad; thence the line runs northerly about eight feet to a stone bound at the end of the wall at land now or formerly of one Parkhurst; thence the line runs northeasterly by the stone wall as it now stands, and by land now or formerly of said Parkhurst about fifteen rods to a pitch pine tree; thence the line runs northerly and northeasterly by land now or formerly of said Parkhurst about thirty-four rods to a stone wall at land now or formerly of one Chaney; thence the line runs northeasterly, southeasterly and easterly by said land of Chaney and by a stone wall, wooden fence, brook and ditch to Salmon Brook; thence the line runs southerly to Salmon Brook to the point of beginning.

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Ronald S. McCormack of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Mary Lavigne of said Woburn, dated October 25, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, libro 2235, folio 228, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Monday, the seventh day of February, 1910, at three o'clock in the afternoon, for a breach of conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:

A certain lot of land situated in the southerly part of said Woburn and bounded as follows, namely: Beginning at a stake at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of the grantee and in the northerly side line of a private street thirty feet wide, from thence the line runs northerly by land of the grantee one hundred eleven and 2-10 feet to land of Michael Murphy; thence turning the line runs westerly by said land of Murphy forty-one and 75-100 feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs northerly still by said land of Murphy forty-eight and 3-10 feet to land of Timothy Connors; thence turning the line runs westerly by said land of Connors forty-seven and 6-10 feet to a stake at land now or formerly of the grantee; thence turning the line runs southerly by last named land one hundred seventeen and 8-10 feet to said private street; thence easterly by and with said private street ninety feet to the point of beginning. Containing 10,527 square feet. Being the same premises described in a deed to the grantor from the grantee, dated August 19, 1901, and with the rights of way therein set forth. $100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

IDA M. LARSON, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

January 14, 1910.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Marcia W. McElhiney, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Andrew Y. McElhiney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles Brown of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated May 11th, 1905 recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 3102, Folio 158, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1910.

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and thereby described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the bu

California ASPARAGUS

1 lb Round Cans 15c.

Asparagus Tips, square cans 25c.

Tall Asparagus 30c.

These are the lowest prices ever quoted on

California Asparagus.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have **14,080** square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road **FOR SALE.** Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 5.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

WINCHESTER.

The Church of the Epiphany will have their annual supper on the evening of Groundhog Day, Feb. 2.

The Fortnightly are going to hold a special meeting on Feb. 7 to talk about revising the constitution of the Society.

Calumet Club are to give "The Rose of India" in Town Hall on the evening of Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday.

Merchandizing, and all other kinds of trade, are very dull in this village this winter. We are all hoping for better times.

The death of Town Clerk and Tax Collector John G. Hovey last week was a sorrowful blow to his many friends in this town and Boston. He was a square man and sterling citizen.

Present appearances indicate a great scramble for the town offices at the next March meeting. Already several candidates have been announced, and "still there's more to follow." Carter, of course, is one of them.

I have been looking of late for the names of some of socialistic political reformers among those who have organized a crusade against the present exorbitant cost of living, and the Meat Trust, in particular, but have not discovered any. However, there is time enough left for them to pitch in, and, sooner or later, some of them will doubtless be heard from—our good friend Carter, for instance.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Baptist church elected the following officers last week: Mrs. Arthur W. Smith, President; Mrs. Ida W. Peters, Vice President; Mrs. Samuel W. Smith, Secretary; Mrs. George A Weld, Treasurer; Mrs. Wallace P Palmer, Missionary Literature; Mrs George Bigley, Collector. Missionary receipts, $122.72. Foreign, $50 84; Home, $71 88. Current expense receipts, $35 81.

CAUTION IN THE MINT.

They Almost Strain the Air to Save Particles of Gold.

It has been aptly said that no miser guards his treasure more religiously than Uncle Sam watches over the precious metals that pass through his mints. Then, too, the precautions against waste are almost innumerable.

Every evening in each of the mints of the United States the floors of the melting rooms are swept cleaner than a New England housewife's kitchen. The dust is carefully put aside, and about once in two months the soot scraped from every flue is transferred to the same precious dust heap. This is then burned, and from its ashes the government derives no inconsiderable income. The earthenware crucibles used in melting are employed no more than three times. They are crushed beneath heavy rollers, and in their porous sides are found flakes of the precious metal.

In the melting room when the casters raise their ladles from the melting pots a shower of sparks fly from the molten surface of the metal. For the most part they are bits of incandescent carbon, but clinging to the carbon is often a minute particle of metal. Lest such particles should escape, the ashes and clinkers below the furnaces are gathered up at night. This debris is ground into powder by means of a steam crusher and then is sold to a smelter, like ordinary ore, at a price warranted by the assayer.

The ladles that stir the precious metal, the big iron rods, the strainers and the dippers, all are tested in a most curious fashion. After considerable use they become covered with a thin layer of oxidized silver, closely resembling a brown rust. The implements are then laid in baths of a solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away the iron and steel and leaves the silver untouched.

Gradually the ladle, or whatever the implement is, will disappear, and in its place remains a hollow silver counterpart of the original, delicate as spung glass. These fragile casts reproduce the ladle with perfect accuracy in all its details, although their surfaces are perforated with innumerable little holes. Scarcely have they been molded, however, before they are cast into a crucible to become in time dollars, quarters and dimes.

In one corner of the melting room there is a large tank into which newly cast silver bars are dropped and left to cool. Infinitesimal flakes of silver scale off and rise to the surface of the water, which acquires the metallic luster of a stagnant pool. Here is silver that must not be lost, so beneath the pipe through which the tank is emptied is banked a thick layer of mud. As the water filters through it the mud retains the precious residuum. Four times a year this mud is removed, and each experiment discloses the fact that some $50 has been saved.—Baltimore American.

His Text.

The three-year-old son of a Methodist minister was with his mother at a gathering of ladies. At the proper time he was given a cooky. He ate it in short order and asked for another. The hostess said:

"I'll give you another if you will sing for us."

"Can't sing," was his reply, "but I know something I can say."

"That will do all right," the lady answered, expecting to hear "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," or some other nursery classic.

But the little fellow drew himself up in real Sunday school fashion and said his piece:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

The lady gave him the cooky, and the whole company seemed to be very cheerful about it.—Harper's Magazine.

A Water Telescope.

Norwegian fishermen use a water telescope to ascertain the position of the herring shoals. This is the way to make the water telescope:

Procure a tube made of tin and funnel shaped about three and a half feet long and ten inches in diameter at the largest end. It should be wide enough at the top to take in the observer's eyes, and the inside should be painted black. At the bottom, or wide end, a clear, thick piece of glass must be inserted, with a little lead in the form of a ring to weight the tube. When the instrument is immersed in clear water it is astonishing how many fathoms down the observer can see.

Hamlin's Soliloquy.

Hamlin (standing before the tattooed man in the museum)—Heavens, how that fellow must suffer if he ever gets the jimjams!—Smart Set.

Through a Big Telescope.

The first look through a great telescope is disappointing, but the novice soons sees that the flat appearance which the heavens present to the naked eye is replaced by a curious concavity; the moon and stars seem to be hung in space rather than spread out on a flat surface. For a moment one feels at the telescope like a child watching the swift moving balls kept in the air by a juggler and expecting to see one of those great, bright bodies fall. Then comes the thought, What keeps them there, apparently suspended in space with absolutely nothing to hold them firm? The explanation of the learned astronomer causes the brain of the layman to whirl, and he sees himself, perhaps for the first time, as a child gathering pebbles on the great shores of the sea of knowledge or as "an infant in the night, an infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry."—National Magazine.

The New Hen.

Of the late Atherton Blight, one of the founders of fashionable Newport, a Philadelphian said:

"Mr. Blight was amused by the antics of the militant suffragettes. At a luncheon at the Bellevue he once sat next to a lady with suffragette notions. Plovers' eggs, hard boiled, formed one course, and the lady called Mr. Blight's attention to the high cost of plovers' eggs that year.

"'Even though,' she said, 'they have to be shipped from England, I don't see why their price should have nearly doubled, do you?'

"'Well—er—not exactly,' murmured Mr. Blight, 'though they do say the hen plovers have taken to acting very oddly of late—strutting around, and growing topknots and spurs, and even trying to learn to crow.'"—Exchange.

Court Dress of Laureate.

Tennyson's court dress when he received the laureateship did not cost him much, for it was the same court dress worn by Wordsworth, who in turn had it from the old poet Rogers, and it is still in the Wordsworth family. It is a wonder how Tennyson and Wordsworth got into it, for Rogers was a little fellow. Tennyson had no passion for courts, and so he went in second hand to save cost.—New York Press.

Hot Air Rates.

Benham—I wish you wouldn't use the telephone so much for out of town calls.

Mrs. Benham—I like to talk to mother.

Benham—That's what I object to; I'm tired of paying gas bills.—New York Press.

A Careless Man.

Father—Why have you quarreled with Harry? Daughter—Because he proposed to me last night. Father—Well, there was no harm in that, was there? Daughter—But I had accepted him the night before.—Illustrated Bits.

Law and the Queen.

The quaintness of many provisions of British law is curiously illustrated in the status of the queen of England. So far as her majesty's private business is concerned, she is not regarded by the laws and customs of England as a married woman at all. She is the only woman in Great Britain who does not come within the scope of the married woman's property act. The idea in all this is that affairs of state consume all the time of the king, and therefore no responsibility for the queen's private business rests upon him. If the queen contracted debts in her husband's name he would not be responsible for them, as any other husband in the United Kingdom would. The king cannot be sued for debt, but the queen can be. Should the king die, some authorities hold that the queen could not marry again, in case she wished to, without the license of the king's successor.—New York Tribune.

Dog Law In Constantinople.

"When one of the street dogs of Constantinople gets too old to be of use to the band the captain dog decides that he is to die," says Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Weekly. "A day comes when the captain issues an edict that he is no longer to have food. From that day until his death not a morsel passes his lips. With longing eyes he looks at the others eating, but he makes no attempt to join them. Now and again a bit of something falls his way. The temptation is too strong—he reaches toward the morsel. The captain, who overlooks nothing, gives a low growl. The dying creature shrinks back without a murmur. He knows the law. Perhaps he, too, was once a captain. The minister's wife told me that she had tried to feed one of those dying dogs, but that even when food was placed in front of him he would only look pleadingly at the captain and refuse to touch it."

Temples of Siam.

Once a year all the Buddhist temples in Siam are visited by the king or his deputies, bearing the phra kathin (yellow robes), in conformity with an ancient custom by which the priests were made to seek their apparel for the ensuing year. During the lifetime of Buddha monks and priests were sent out to beg for old castoff garments, which were afterward dyed yellow and patched together to form the required robes. This ancient mendicant custom gradually gave place to the present one of making the garments from a new cloth of a bright canary yellow, provided by joint contributions of king, princes, nobles and commoners. When the king goes in the royal throne barge to present the robes in person he does so with great pomp and ceremony. The priestly garments, folded in bundles, are carried to the door of the temple to await the appearance of his majesty and his suit. The king on arriving takes a priestly robe and places it on a decorated altar. The chief priest then lays his hands on the garment and chants an acknowledgment.—Wide World Magazine.

Cool Presence of Mind.

Debtor (to shopgirl)—It's an outrage for your employer to have you present this bill here at the railroad station in the presence of all these people! Tell him I'll attend to the matter as soon as I get home. And now give me a kiss, so the people will think that you are a relative and have come to bid me goodby!—Fliegende Blatter.

A Risky Study.

"Why have you dropped your popular astronomy?" asked the visitor.

"'Cause I got too many lickings,' confided Tommy. "The other night I told pa that Mars' face was ever changing, and ma heard me and thought I meant her face. Next thing I didn't get any supper and got a licking besides."—Chicago News.

VERBAL MISHAPS.

Dickens Once Made Two Bad Breaks the Same Evening.

Charles Dickens once wrote to a friend: "I have distinguished myself in two respects lately. I took a young lady, unknown, down to dinner and talked to her about the bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. Later I expatiated to the member for Marylebone, thinking him to be an Irish member, on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and the Marylebone representative."

Two such mishaps in one evening were enough to reduce the most brilliant talker to the condition of the three inside passengers of a London bound coach who beguiled the tedium of the journey from Southampton by discussing the demerits of William Cobbett until one of the party went so far as to assert that the object of their denunciation was a domestic tyrant, given to beating his wife.

Much to his dismay the solitary woman passenger, who had hitherto sat a silent listener, remarked:

"Pardon me, sir. A kinder husband and father never breathed. And I ought to know, for I am William Cobbett's wife."

Mr. Giles of Virginia and Judge Duval of Maryland, members of congress during Washington's administration, boarded at the house of a Mrs. Gibbon, whose daughters were well on in years and remarkable for talkativeness.

When Jefferson became president Duval was comptroller of the treasury and Giles a senator. Meeting one day in Washington, they fell to chatting over old times, and the senator asked the comptroller if he knew what had become of "that cackling old maid, Jenny Gibbon."

"She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the unexpected reply.

Giles did not attempt to mend matters, as a certain Mr. Tuberville unwisely did. Happening to observe to a fellow guest that the lady who had sat at his right hand at dinner was the ugliest woman he had ever beheld, the person addressed expressed his regret that he should think his wife so ill looking.

"I have made a mistake," said the horrified Tuberville. "I meant the lady who sat on my left."

"Well, sir, she is my sister."

This brought the frank avowal, "It can't be helped, sir, then, for if what you say be true I confess I never saw such an ugly family in the course of my life."—Youth's Companion.

Why He Cried.

The sympathetic neighbor asked: "Is your little brother ill this morning, Johnnie? I heard him crying in the most heartrending manner."

"No; not exactly," Johnnie explained, "but Willie pulled down a jug of molasses on himself in the pantry, and mother has been trying to comb his hair."—Exchange.

Livingstone.

Of Dr. Livingstone it was said by Stanley that the missionary lived for years among the most cruel and ignorant savages in the world, but he never fired a shot in anger, never "clubbed or clouted or banned or blasted." His manner was that of a "cool, wise old man who felt offended and looked grave."

Circumstances Reversed.

Unkempt Smith—Mister, would youse kindly help a poor man as is all in, down and out? Jocular Citizen—Why, certainly. Just climb the fire escape on that skyscraper across the street and walk in on the top floor. Then you will be all out, up and in.—Judge's Library.

It's Good Point.

"But," asked the long haired young man, "is there nothing at all about poetry that you like?"

"Yes," replied Crabbe. "Whenever I see a poem it makes me feel good to realize that there's no law to compel me to read it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

No grip is so hard to shake off as that of early convictions.—Maurice Thompson.

Spanish Surnames.

In addition to three or four Christian names the Spanish child bears the combined family names of his father and mother. When the surnames are doubled or connected by the y, meaning "and," the first is the more important one and the only one that may be taken alone, for it is in the father's name, while the last is in the name of the mother. In Spain they know no "senior" and "junior." Father and son may bear the same Christian name, but each takes his own mother's name as a distinction, the father being, for instance, Pedro Diaz y Castillo and the son Pedro Diaz y Blanco.

O'Connell's Big Head.

Thackeray was six feet two inches in height, and Sir H. W. Lucy says the great novelist wore a seven and five-eighth inch hat, beating Dickens and John Bright by a full half inch. Mr. Gladstone's hat was of seven and three-eighth inch measurement—the same as Macaulay's—while Beaconsfield needed a full seven inch. The hat of Daniel O'Connell, however, would have beaten them all, measuring eight and one-half inches by ten inches.

No Consolation.

First Golfer (who is beating the curate all hollow)—Never mind, Sanders. You wait till you are saying the burial service over my grave. Sanders—But, my good man, even then it will be your hole!—London Opinion.

Hard Hit.

Lord Fitzfoodle, casting himself on his knees before Araminta, gave utterance to the following: "Oh, that I could snatch a pine from some primeval forest! I would sharpen the end with my penknife, dip it in the molten crater of Vesuvius and write upon the azure wall of heaven in letters of living fire, 'Araminta, I love thee!'"

Theory and Practice.

"Dinglebat has original ideas about family government. He says every home should be a little republic, where universal toleration prevails and every one has a voice in the government."

"Yes; his family is managed on that plan. But he and Mrs. Dinglebat have the same old wrangle every day as to who shall be president."

The Foolish Man.

"I see," said the landlady, "that a man in Ohio has got himself into trouble by marrying two women."

"Huh!" growled the bachelor boarder. "Just as though one wife couldn't make trouble enough!"—Chicago News.

SPECULATING ON MARGIN.

American and English Ways of Doing It Are Very Different.

In America a speculator's capital (with an exception to be noted below) is necessarily at least the size of his margin in his broker's hands, though it is to be feared that in only too many instances it is just this and nothing more.

On the London Stock Exchange another method prevails which, says Moody's Magazine, it is probable has done more in the long ago past to give stock speculation its bad name than all the episodes of an unsavory nature which have ever occurred on American exchanges. In London after the inevitable introduction to a broker the new customer gives his order, but makes no deposit at all.

The broker is supposed to learn something of his new client's means and how far he should be allowed to commit himself. Twice a month the English have what they call their settlement days. A customer long of a stock whose commitment has gone somewhat against him is then required to pay the differences, as they are called, between his purchase price and the current quotation.

He must also pay a charge called a contango for holding the settlement over into the next fortnightly period if he does not wish to close the commitment. As a consequence of this way of doing business a speculator may be trading on a few points margin in reality or, in fact, on no margin at all. He may be utterly penniless without the broker knowing it.

That this method works out with fewer losses in England than it would do here is due to the fact that the social and economic strata to which an Englishman belongs are much easier to determine than the corresponding facts among us, and also that an introduction means more there than here, as the introducer is regarded as to a certain extent responsible morally for the business deportment of his friend.

It is worth while observing (and this is the exception referred to above) that in certain instances the methods pursued in American stock exchange houses are the same as those obtaining in London. Little as the fact is known, it is not an unfrequent custom for very wealthy speculators to have no fixed margin or even no margin at all with their brokers.

If a man of this sort loses on a commitment he sends his broker a check for the loss. If he wins his brokers remit to him for his gains. The broker dislikes to offend a very powerful client by troubling him for funds, and hence takes risks with his account which he would not dream of taking with the account of smaller men. Instances of this sort sometimes become public in cases where the broker is forced into bankruptcy, whether owing to this cause or not.

Could Do For Herself.

She was a very delightful but a very aged lady—over ninety—and her friends and relatives and even chance acquaintances, drawn by her exquisite personality, all did her homage and, as the saying is, "waited on her hand and foot."

She accepted it all very graciously, but with some inward rebellion, for to a very old and close mouthed friend she once said, with a quaint pucker of lips and brows:

"I am reminded sometimes of the old lines:

"Twa were blowin' at her nose,
And three were bucklin' at her shoon."
—Youth's Companion.

A Word For the Tightwad.

In France they have an expressive phrase, "liquid money." It means that part of the family income which is used for the necessities and luxuries of life. It is quite apart from and kept apart from the more serious, substantial part of the income, which is the saved part. In America the entire income is "liquid, and the man who attempts to make part of it solid is called a "tightwad." A "tightwad" is really a man who creates a principal—a capital, in other words—and he is the living example of what every private business must be and of how the country's resources should be handled.—Argonaut.

A SMALL WORD.

It Has Only Two Letters, Yet It Is Not Easy to Define.

To define one word in the English language one modern dictionary takes eighteen columns of small type. And this solitary word upon which the dictionary bestows such a wealth of elucidation is one that hardly anybody except a dictionary maker can define at all. The ordinary educated, English speaking person's knowledge of it could be expressed in about half a single line.

This fecund word is "of." If you were asked to define it—unless you are a dictionary maker or of an allied trade—probably you would have to reply: "Of? Why, of just means of." You might add defensively, "I always comprehend perfectly what it means when I see or hear it and can use it correctly in speech, so what do I want to define it for anyway?"

But if you were a child your actual mastery of "of" would stand you in no stead whatever. You would be set to digging out and memorizing the things the dictionary had to say about it, or the driest and least informing of them, as, for instance, that in some cases it is such a kind of preposition and in other cases some other kind and that prepositions have such and such properties when they don't have some other, every bit of which you would absolutely and mercifully forget at the first possible moment. Look over a child's grammar or "language" lesson, with its ghastly array of useless bones.—Saturday Evening Post.

Persian Prayer Rugs.

About 200 years ago small embroidered rugs were largely made in Persia, chiefly at Ispahan. These were prayer rugs, and on each of them near one end was a small embroidered mark to show where the bit of sacred earth from Mecca was to be placed. In obedience to a law of the Koran, that the head must be bowed to the ground in prayer, this was touched by the forehead when the prostration was made, and so the letter of the law was carried out. The custom still prevails. The Persian women who weave the finest prayer rugs seldom weave any other kind of rug.

What He Wished to Know.

"Here's an article in this magazine entitled 'How to Meet Trouble,'" said Mrs. Wedderly. "Shall I read it to you?"

"No, thank you," replied his wife's husband. "How to dodge trouble is the brand of information I'm looking for."—Chicago News.

She Was the Ghost.

"A certain lady and her family," says Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff in his "Diary," "hired a place in Scotland which was haunted by the ghost of a woman who was to be seen constantly at night wandering through the rooms and passages. When the family arrived the lady was much struck with the place and said, 'I must have been here before, for I know this place so well, only there ought to be two rooms here, and there is only one.'

"The agent replied that within a few weeks the owner had caused a partition to be taken down and made the two rooms into one. Still the lady was puzzled at her knowledge of the place till she remembered that it was a house she used to go to in her dreams.

"Well, some time passed, and the agent was up at the house again, when the lady complained that one part of the contract had not been fulfilled. They had hired a house and a ghost for the summer, and no ghost had she seen. The agent replied: 'Of course not, because you are the ghost. We recognized you the moment we saw you.'"

Why They Were Selected.

It has been recorded that General Henry Knox in 1783 was the "greatest" of eleven distinguished officers of the army, weighing 280 pounds. Noah Brooks in his book entitled "Henry Knox" gives the following incident relating to the general's full habit:

With a Captain Sargent he was selected to present the hard case of the starving and naked men at Valley Forge to the attention of a committee of congress. One of the congressmen, wishing to show his wit and sarcasm, said that he had never seen a fatter man than General Knox nor a better dressed man than his associate. Knox managed to keep his temper and remained silent, but his subordinate retorted, "The corps out of respect to congress and themselves have sent as their representatives the only man who had an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body and the only other man who possessed a complete suit of clothes."

Wanted a Pattern.

A ragged Irishman was charged in a London court a short time ago with tendering a counterfeit shilling in payment for a penny loaf.

Though forlorn in aspect, he was not destitute of that shrewdness which is characteristic of his countrymen. He stated that he was sent for the loaf by a person at a public house close by, who gave him the coin to pay for it, and that on discovering it was not good he bought the coin for three halfpence.

The Magistrate—How came you to buy the shilling after you had discovered it was a bad one?

The prisoner, with much apparent gravity, replied:

"Sure, then, your honor, I bought it so that if I should happen to have a bad one offered to me I might know it by looking at the one I had with me!"

There was a burst of laughter, and the rogue was dismissed with a caution.

When the President Lost His Hat.

The Crystal palace exhibition opened at New York July 15, 1853, was the first affair of this kind in the country for which foreign exhibits were solicited. The "big show" began with a procession, in which President Franklin Pierce, mounted, was a conspicuous feature. The hero of the day rode a mettlesome steed, and while proceeding up Wall street the presidential headgear, a new silk hat of the prevalent style, was incontinently tumbled to the pavement. Another horse recklessly stepped upon the unfortunate tile, crushing it out of the semblance to itself, besmearing it with mud—real Wall street mud. What was left of the misshapen and bedaubed hat was worn by the president, to the great amusement of the spectators, until a substitute could be secured.

The Opal.

In judging an opal color is of the greatest importance. Red fire or red in combination with yellow, blue and green is the best. Blue by itself is quite valueless, and the green opal is not of great value unless the color is very vivid and the pattern very good. The color must be true—that is to say, it must not run in streaks or patches, alternating with a colorless or inferior quality. Pattern is an important factor, the several varieties being known as "pin fire" when the grain is very small, "harlequin" when the color is in small squares, the more regular the better, and the "flash fire," or "flash opal," when the color shows as a single flash or in very large pattern. Harlequin is the most common and is also popularly considered the most beautiful. When the squares of color are regular and show as distinct minute checks of red, yellow, blue and green it is considered magnificent. Some stones show better on edge than on top.—Exchange.

Kept Them Dancing.

A Washington official, speaking of blunders in the diplomatic service, told of a mistake committed by an American in Afghanistan. He said:

"This American entertained the shahzada for three days, giving him a very handsome suit of rooms in his house. The morning of the shahzada's arrival the American host visited him in his apartment and was amazed to see the royal guest and his entire staff hopping about the floor in the oddest way. They conversed politely and gravely; but, instead of walking, they hopped, taking great leaps of eight or nine feet. The host ventured to ask the reason of this hopping. The shahzada politely replied:

"'You see, this carpet is green, with pink roses here and there. Green is a sacred color with us, so we are obliged to hop from rose to rose. It is good exercise, but rather fatiguing, I confess.'"

A Lively Office.

In his recollections in Blackwood's Magazine Sir Robert Anderson tells an amusing story of the days when he was employed at the home office. On his arrival one morning at the office he found a note from Sir James Fergusson's private secretary—his intimates called him "Creeper"—announcing that at 3 o'clock precisely an old hat, lately the property of the chief clerk, would be kicked off from the end of the corridor and requesting the favor of Sir Robert's presence. When Big Ben struck 3, Sir Robert heard Creeper's cheery voice ring out, "All on side; play!" They all turned out and the game began. On emerging from an unusually hot scrimmage Sir Robert became conscious of the presence of a stranger at his side, a timid little Frenchman, who meekly inquired, "Is ziss ze office for ze naturalization?" Sir Robert adds, "It was!"

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Posthaste.

He kicked off his wet boots, slid his tired feet into a pair of carpet slippers, lit his pipe, sat down in the easy chair with a sigh of relief and declared that twenty thousand wild horses couldn't make him stir from the house till morning.

"Henry," remarked the lady with the knitting needles, "you posted that letter I gave you this morning, I suppose?"

"I did, my love," he answered unblushingly.

"I asked ma to postpone her visit for awhile," his wife went on. You see"—

Henry did see. His wife saw too. What she saw was the tired man jump from his chair, kick off his slippers, put on his boots and skip out into the street as if rain was the very thing he liked wading through.

And when, five minutes later, Henry came back with a tale that he'd just been to see how the thermometer outside the postoffice stood she smiled.—London Scraps.

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His Grandma Wife

How a Man to Save a Fortune Was Obliged to Wed His Grandmother.

By BRADFORD C. ALMY

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I was in Switzerland and about to climb the Jungfrau when a bundle of letters and newspapers were handed me. While waiting for my guides I tore open the wrapper of the papers and, scanning one of the journals, noticed a marked item stating that my grandfather, Sherman Wellesley, aged eighty-five, had married and died the same day.

In a twinkling I was deposed from a position of heir expectant to a great fortune to—I did not know what. My grandfather had bitterly opposed my propensity to travel and especially to climb mountains. I was his only descendant, and he had long endeavored to induce me to settle down to the care of the millions which he had willed me. He lived in constant terror lest I should make a slip on one of my climbs, go several thousand feet down over a precipice and the fortune that had been accumulating during his life time would go a-begging. In other words, it must be left to charity.

His intention in marrying was plain to me. He could not have an heir (other than myself), but he could have a wife. He had doubtless lost all patience with me and at the last moment married some woman who would supply my place as an heir.

I hesitated what to do, but, looking up at the glittering top of the white mountain, forgot for the time all about the fortune I had lost, and, my guides being ready, I started on what proved my last ascent. On returning to my starting point, Interlaken, I left for home. As soon as I landed I wrote my new grandmother asking for information as to her husband's disposition of the property. By return mail I received this reply:

Your grandfather, being taken suddenly ill, concluded to destroy the will leaving you his sole heir, not having confidence that you would settle down and attend to the property. Having but an hour or two to live, there was no time to make a detailed will. His brain, always quick to work, solved the problem in this wise: Having great confidence in me, he married me on his deathbed and signed a will comprised in a few words leaving me all his property. He, however, exacted a promise from me that if you desired to marry me I would take you for a husband.

Phew! Marry my grandmother!

Well, all depended upon what kind of a woman she was. A hope sprang up in my breast that she might be of a suitable age for me and passably good looking. I wrote her that I would run up for a conference and politely assured her that if she was not favorably impressed with me I would release her from the verbal condition by declining to marry her. This, I flattered myself, was a very foxy way of putting it, my real object being to decline to take a wife with a fortune if I didn't like her.

I was doomed to a terrible disappointment. I found my grandmother a veritable grandmother. She was sixty-five years old, fat, bald and not a tooth in her head that was her own. I cursed myself for a fool to have declined to comply with my grandfather's wishes during his life, for now that the blow had fallen I realized my folly. It was evident that to save the fortune I must marry an old woman, and even then she would own the property till her death, and I should have to ask her for every penny I spent.

Having taken sufficient time to make up my mind what course to pursue, I sounded her as to whether I could marry her, take an allowance and spend my time anywhere but with her. She said she would think it over, and I had hope. But the next day I was informed that such a course would not be carrying out her late husband's wishes. He had desired that I should take care of the property.

The medium through whom I received this answer was Agnes Dorchester, my grandmother's secretary, a young woman not quite my age. Indeed, I was obliged to transact everything through this girl, and it was not long before I saw plainly that Mrs. Wellesley was completely under her thumb. This added to my chagrin. Another had stepped in between me and the fortune I had been brought up to expect would be mine, and I was not even at liberty to deal directly with that person.

Having discovered where the power lay, there was nothing for me to do but endeavor to gain such points as I wished to make through its possessor. I invited Miss Dorchester to a conference, in which I played my best card in an attempt to induce her to persuade her mistress to fulfill her promise, allow me a stated income and permit me to live abroad.

"Mrs. Wellesley," she said in reply to this proposition, "would not have been intrusted with this matter were it not that she was to be implicitly trusted with carrying it out. Your grandfather's object was to make a man of one who was wasting his talents in globe trotting."

While I was disappointed, I was impressed. Even this girl, whom I had begun by disliking, saw that I was not worthy to be trusted with a fortune—a fortune of which she herself held the real management.

I spent some time at my grandmother's endeavoring to bring her to some terms. She declined all my proposals, adhering to her late husband's intentions. She would fulfill her promise and would not consent to any subterfuge to get around it. A month passed, and I was about to give it all up and go away when Mrs. Wellesley herself came to me with a proposition.

"I sympathize with you heartily," she said, "in being obliged to give up a fortune or take with it an old woman like myself. I will tell you what I will do. I am as attached to Miss Dorchester as if she were my daughter. She is of suitable age for you and a woman of rare good sense. I can safely trust her to carry out your grandfather's intentions toward you. If she will have you and you will have her I will make a will leaving my property to you both jointly, giving her meanwhile control of the income."

"But I don't know that I like Miss Dorchester," I exclaimed, taken aback at this offer. Then after a pause, "Will she consent to the plan?"

"That is for you to find out."

I had no hope that Miss Dorchester would marry me simply to gain a fortune, and in any event I should have to live with her and carry out my grandfather's wishes. But anything rather than beggary. I went to the young lady, told her of Mrs. Wellesley's proposition and asked her to be my wife.

What did she do but toss her nose in the air and decline to have anything to do with such a proposition.

I left her furious. She would rather give up a fortune than be my wife. I spent the next twenty-four hours in inventing imaginary ways of torturing her. The upstart!

We all know that a woman scorned becomes a fury. There is no such adage about a man, but there should be, "A man scorned is soon conquered." I resolved that I would make Miss Dorchester love me, then toss her aside as a wax doll.

In a few weeks I had softened her so far as to receive a proposition from her.

"I cannot bear," she said, "to stand between you and a fortune. I feel that it will be impossible for Mrs. Wellesley to carry out your grandfather's intentions toward you. I will agree to her proposition to marry you provided you will promise to go away and not trouble me."

I had secured terms that in the beginning I would have considered very acceptable. But what did I consider them now? An insult.

"Are you aware," I said, the color rising to my cheek and a spark glittering in my eye, "that you are by no means flattering?"

"But I supposed what you wish is to go abroad and break your neck climbing mountains."

"Oh!" I exclaimed ironically. "In that case you would not be troubled with me further."

"And death would release you from living with a wife you had married for convenience."

In this retort I fancied I could detect something womanly—something of pain. I was surprised. I went to her and laid my hand on her arm. I was not repulsed.

"I think," I said, "that you could carry out my grandfather's wishes At any rate, try. I will do all I can to help you."

"To retain your fortune," she said, pouting.

"And become a loving husband."

* * * * * * *

The evening before the wedding, when I was a hundred miles from my intended bride, I was thrown into a wild state by the receipt of the following telegram:

You must marry your grandmother, after all, or lose your fortune. AGNES.

What new complication could have arisen? Why could not those lawyers be certain of anything? I had become violently in love with Miss Dorchester and would not in any event give her up. I replied:

Grandmother be hanged! I will marry you tomorrow.

I could not get a train till early the next day, but after a sleepless night at 5 a. m. was steaming toward my bride that was to be. On my arrival I hesitated whether to go at once to see her and discover the meaning of her telegram, but there was little time, and my mind was made up as to the marriage, so I dressed for the wedding before setting out. I dashed up to the house in a carriage, alighted and hurried up the steps. Agnes was standing in a front window in bridal array, her face radiant with happiness. Rushing into the room where she was, I caught her in my arms.

"What's the matter?" I asked, breathless.

"You're going to marry your grandmother."

"No, I'm not. I'm going to marry you."

"I'm your grandmother." Her eyes were dancing a hornpipe.

Then I saw it all. My grandfather had married her instead of the old woman. She had been playing a game with me. My grandfather in the presence of death had hit upon the expedient of marrying the girl who had been supplying my place by devoting herself to him. This would make her inheritance stronger in law, though he left a will in her favor telling her that it was his wish that she should marry me and make a man of me.

But she had no mind to make a business transaction of the matter. She had therefore put an old woman forward to personate her as the widow while she stood in the background. The old woman had nothing else to do with the matter except to receive a handsome salary. I had been completely duped, but had become so impressed with the ability and good sense of my real grandmother that the moment I was piqued I was hopelessly in love.

A Fish That Gives Paint.

The well known brown pigment called sepia is obtained from a ten armed octopus found principally in the Mediterranean and more especially at the head of the Adriatic sea, where it is caught by the natives for food.

The sepia is contained in a bag and is really the black fluid of which we have all read as being discharged by the creature to cover its escape. Some naturalists say that the fluid is brownish, which becomes more credible when we know that this is the source of sepia. The pigment is really a powder which dissolves in water. Its strength may be estimated by the fact that it will color 1,000 times its own bulk. When the octopus has been killed the sack or bag is removed and dried to prevent putrefaction. The sepia is treated with ammonia or caustic soda, washed and dried. It is one of the most durable of paints, except when fully exposed to the fierce rays of the sun, and an even surface can be obtained with it more easily than with most paints. Sepia has been obtained from a fossil cuttlefish thousands of years old and found to be quite good for paint.

The Change From Black to Red.

"See that little woman who just went out?" remarked a Fourth avenue milliner to a customer. "Noticed that red hat, did you? Well, as a milliner and a person whose business it is to study the different characteristics of women I have watched her for two years. It has been a kind of study of the 'evolutions of a widow.'

"Two years ago she came to me, recently bereaved, and had me make her a hat or deepest black. She was broken hearted and declared she would never again take an interest in the pretty things that women like to wear. A year ago she came again.

"'Don't you think I might have the least bit of white in my new hat?' she asked.

"'Yes,' I said; 'I think you might,' and the hat was made. Three months later she came for another hat, and she stood for a little touch of lavender. Next she had a big white plume, and last week I made her that red hat. It just shows what time will do in lifting up a heart bowed down."—Louisville Times.

A MARK TWAIN STORY

Showing What May Be Achieved by Nerve and Reiteration.

A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE.

Going to Prove That Repetition Will Work Wonders if a Man Has Only the Necessary Amount of Cheek to Stand Up and Keep on Talking.

Mark Twain once told a reporter that if a man says the same thing often enough people will begin to listen to him.

"Now," said the great humorist, "there was that story about Hank Monk. That was the oldest, stalest, driest, deadest bit of alleged humor that any man ever heard. It had been circulated around Nevada and California until there wasn't a man left who would even listen to it. I had heard it so many times that I knew it by heart. It told how Hank Monk got Horace Greeley over the Glenbrook grade to Placerville.

"I was about to deliver my second lecture at Platt's hall in San Francisco—the second one I had ever delivered. It occurred to me that I might begin that lecture with the worst story I had ever heard and by telling it often enough start the lecture with a big laugh. I took that story and memorized it so that it would not vary in the telling, and I made it just as pointless and just as dull and just as dry as I could.

"When it came time for me to talk I stood up and with a few introductory remarks began that story. If I remember it went something like this:

"'Horace Greeley once went over the Glennbrook grade to Placerville. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip and started off at an awful pace. The stage bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off Horace's coat and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage, and then he yelled to Hank Monk and begged him to go easier—said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he had been awhile ago. But Hank Monk said, "Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time!" And he did, too—what was left of him.'

"Now, that was all there was to the story. It was bad enough to begin with, but I made it worse in the telling. I droned it out in a flat, monotonous tone, without a gesture to mar its depressing effect. The people received it in dead silence. I had insulted every man in the audience—I had 'graveled' them with a story that was not only stale and pointless, but one which they had heard at least a thousand times. I waited a few seconds for the laughter, and then I began to hem and haw and shift my feet. I tried to appear just as embarrassed as I could, and after floundering about helplessly for a few sentences I cheered up a little and said that I would tell a funny anecdote which might be new to them. It began:

"'Horace Greeley went over the Glennbrook grade to Placerville'—

"I told it in exactly the same miserable, pointless way that I had told it before, and when I got through I waited a longer time for the applause, but there wasn't any applause. I could see that several men in the house were growing quite indignant. They had paid money to hear a humorous lecture. I took a long breath and plunged in a third time, more embarrassed and flustered and worried than ever, and by and by I worked around again to the time when Horace Greeley went over Glennbrook grade to Placerville.

"This time some of the smarter ones began to laugh, and this encouraged me so much that I thanked them and started right in to tell the story over again, never varying the delivery so much as a pause to take breath. The fourth time fetched 'em, and at the end of the story they stood up and whooped and yelled and cheered for some time.

"You see, I thought that if a man had sand enough to stand up before an audience and tell the oldest, stalest and most uninteresting story in the world he could make people laugh if he had the nerve to tell the story often enough. The rest of my lecture went very well. They were willing to laugh at my anecdotes the first time I told them. Maybe they were afraid I would tell them a second time.

"I felt so sure that I had discovered a new phase in human character that I tried the same thing in New York years afterward. There was an authors' reading bee one afternoon, and most of the authors read selections from their works. I sat on the platform beside James Russell Lowell. He asked me what I was going to read. I said that I wasn't going to read anything. I intended to tell an anecdote.

"'Is it a funny one?' he asked.

"I said it would be if I lasted long enough.

"I started out without any preamble, and I told the Hank Monk anecdote. There was an awful silence at the end. I took a drink of water, mopped my forehead and told the story again. Same effect. Young man, I told that story five times before I landed 'em. When I sat down at last Mr. Lowell whispered to me:

"'You have cost me dear. I have been sitting here and wasting sympathy on you.'

"That's the point, young man. Repetition will do anything if a man has the sand to stand up and keep on talking."—New York American.

No Chance For the Truth.

"Be truthful," said the teacher.

"Always?" asked the boy.

"Always," answered the teacher.

"Never tell a lie?"

"Never."

"Not even a white lie?"

"Not even a white lie."

"Huh," ejaculated the lad scornfully, "it's a mighty good thing for you you ain't a boy with my dad for a father!"

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"Because," replied the boy, "if you was my dad's little boy, and you'd heard what he said about Aunt Eliza comin' to visit us with her children, and Aunt Eliza had asked you if you weren't all glad to see her, and you'd told the truth, like I did, you'd think there was a place where your trousers was mighty thin after dad had finished with you."

He went back to his desk, and as he sat down with great care there was an expression on his face that showed the great lesson of truth had been, at least in a measure, lost on him.—London Tit-Bits.

AN IMPOSTOR'S TRICK.

The Cheerful Liar That Made a Fool of the Grand Monarch.

Louis XIV. was taken in once in a most humiliating way and by an impostor whose only art was lying. In 1667, just after he had returned from one of his most dazzling military successes against the Dutch, Louis le Grand received word that an embassy from Persia had just landed at Marseilles en route to the French court to bring salutations and presents from the shah. Pleased that his fame should actually have run around the world, he sent word that all the towns on the way from Marseilles to Paris should fete the ambassador.

As a result the journey to Paris was a march of triumph. Children sang and flowers were strewn along the way. Arrived at Paris, several regiments of the Swiss guard met the shah's representative and escorted him to a magnificent suit in the old palace of the Tuileries. Louis sent no less a person than the Duc de Richelieu to welcome the potentate and invite him out to Versailles to a special reception in the hall of mirrors.

The ambassador presented himself as Riza Bey of the Persian court and after showing his credentials advanced to kiss the hand of Louis le Grand and give him the shah's congratualtions on his recent victories. A caravan of presents from his imperial sovereign were on their way and would arrive in Paris in a few days, said the ambassador.

Festivals followed at Versailles. The bey received magnificent presents from Louis and royal entertainment. He lounged gracefully on divans at the French court and smoked in Persian languor. He gave the grand monarque a few fragments of opal and turquoise, saying that they came from a Persian district bordering on the Caspian sea. The woods there were full of them, he explained, and he offered to divide with France—had planted the French flag there already, as it were!

At last the day came for the formal presentation of the shah's gifts, and on that morning early Riza Bey melted into space. He was never seen or heard of again. He had, as some one said, "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were." The gems that he had left were worth, if anything, about 15 cents apiece, being glass.—New York Tribune.

THE JURY DISAGREED.

A Fine Point In Equity That Never Was Decided.

An old time story of the fine points of law and equity which arose in carrying out an amicable contract is told in the Philadelphia Record. There were four brothers who had inherited a storage warehouse from their father. He had divided the property equally among them.

Among the appurtenances was a cat—a fine animal, excellent for mousing. This, too, was divided, the eldest brother owning the right front quarter, the second brother the left front quarter and the younger brothers the two hind quarters.

Now, unfortunately, the cat in one of its nocturnal prowls injured the right front paw, and the eldest brother attended to that portion of his property by binding the injured member with a greased rag.

The cat, thankful for this relief to its sufferings, went to sleep contentedly before the fire, but in the midst of its slumbers a falling coal ignited the rag, and the animal, howling with agony dashed through the warehouse and, coming in contact with some combustibles, set the building on fire.

When the loss came to be figured out the three younger brothers wished to throw it all upon the eldest on the ground that had he not tied up his part of the cat with the inflammable rag the building would not have been destroyed.

He, on the contrary, contended that had the cat only been possessed of the front right paw—his property—it would have stood still and burned to death. It was the three other paws that caused the damage.

The brothers argued the case until they died, but they never reached an agreement.

What Should She Say?

"I tell you, little wife, you can't imagine how lonesome I am when I am separated from you. You are the best little woman in the world, so different from Drigg's nagging and scolding wife. You know that a man must get ahead in the world and be free to give his business his full attention. My little girl isn't of the suspicious, doubting kind, is she? Why, dearest, this very night I ought to go down to the club. Brown of Brown, Kalibo & Co. is in town. They're among our best customers. Ought to know him socially, hadn't I? But unless you insist, my little sweetheart wife, I won't go. It may mean a loss to the firm, but I'll stay with my precious."

Well, now, what can a woman do?—Chicago Journal.

Unpleasant to Have Around.

"Are you still engaged to Mr. Briggs?"

"No. I broke it off last week. I was afraid to marry him. He knows too much. I gave him some ribbon to match. He found it in the first store he went to, and he bought it for 2 cents below the regular price."

The Barrier.

Blobbs—No; I shall never marry. Blobbs—But you don't seem like a woman hater. In fact, you seem very fond of the fair sex. Blobbs—Yes, and I talk in my sleep.—Exchange.

Wanted His Money Back.

It is an old saying that "you cannot eat your cake and have it too." But a seasick person usually cares little for either side of the proposition. The captain of one of the steamships plying between this country and Italy, which arrived at New York with over 900 immigrants, tells a rather amusing story of a heated interview held between himself and one of them on the voyage across.

The vessel had been out a few days and had encountered some heavy seas. The first morning that calmer weather prevailed one of the steerage passengers appeared for the first time above deck and with a face as white as a sheet approached the captain.

"This has got to stop!" he said angrily.

"What has?" asked the captain, in surprise.

"This feeling of death. When I bought my ticket I was told it included meals, but I can't keep my food down. Now, it has got to stop, captain, or else I want my passage money back. You cannot break your contract in this fashion with me."

It took all the captain's ingenuity to pacify him during the rest of the trip.—Youth's Companion.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—First Quarter, For Jan. 30, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. v, 17-26, 38-48—Memory Verse, 44—Golden Text, Matt. v, 48—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

There are some prominent facts which we must keep in mind in all Bible study—the Bible is the history of salvation; salvation is of the Lord; salvation is of the Jews; known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world. He worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, and the eternal purpose which He has purposed in Christ Jesus is that all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God and the whole earth be filled with His glory. To that end He is steadily working, and in all the different parts of this book, which is forever settled in heaven, we have some phase of the working out of this eternal purpose. The whole Bible story points onward to a time when "a king shall reign in righteousness, * * * and the work of righteousness shall be peace" (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17). Our blessed Lord was always talking about this kingdom and giving samples of the power that would be manifest even in the bodies of His redeemed when the kingdom shall have come. Between His resurrection and ascension during those forty days He spake of things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

In this discourse, spoken to His disciples probably in the hearing of the multitude, He describes the righteousness which will be fully manifest on earth when the kingdom comes, a righteousness of the Ten Commandments, which He here teaches us refers not only to outward acts, but to the thoughts and intents of the heart. He alone of all who have ever lived on earth manifested the righteousness of the law perfectly in His life. He could truly say, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart" (Ps. xl, 8).

Having no sin of His own, for He was without sin, He bare our sins in His own body on the tree and became the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x, 4; II Cor. v, 21). Anything less than the righteousness which was manifest in the Lord Jesus Christ cannot stand before God, and as no one is able perfectly to keep God's holy law it is written, "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." The law shuts our mouths concerning our own righteousness and points us to Christ that we may receive Him as the righteousness of God most graciously provided for every sinner (Rom. iii, 19-24; Gal. ii, 16; iii, 24). Yet there are many in so called Christian lands, members of churches, who, being ignorant of God's righteousness, are ever going about to establish their own righteousness (Rom. x, 3). None of those can in any case enter into the kingdom of heaven (verse 20). According to James ii, 10, breaking one command breaks them all, for the law is one. From Rom. vii, 7, we infer that Paul thought he had kept the Ten Commandments until in the light of the tenth he saw himself a sinner and guilty. Love is the fulfilling of the law (Rom. xiii, 10), and as we can only manifest our love to God by our love to our fellows, therefore with the Lord Jesus Christ as our only example we must remember His words in John xv, 12, "Love one another as I have loved you." Also in I John iv, 11, "Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another." When the Lord Jesus lives in us fully and His spirit has full control of us we will manifest even here in this age the love that is kind to those who are unthankful and evil, who curse and hate and persecute and despitefully use us. Any one can love those who love them, but to love one's enemies is not possible to the natural man. As a poor Indian once said, "This Indian can't do it; God must make a new Indian." When we have seen our guilt and that all our righteousnesses are only filthy rags and have truly received the Lord Jesus Christ, then we are before God in Christ, and He is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption (I Cor. i, 30). We are justified freely by His grace, justified by faith, justified by His blood, and there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, but it is all to the end that the righteousness of the law may be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ having shined in our hearts, we must let the light shine through us to His glory that others may receive Him too. Verses 44, 45, do not teach us that by loving our enemies we become children of God; but, having become His children by receiving Jesus Christ (John i, 12), we are manifestly such in the eyes of others only when we act as such. We are not only sanctified, but perfected forever by the one great sacrifice of the Lord Jesus (Heb. x, 10, 14), and now we are to walk not as others who are still in the world, but ever aiming at a more perfect manifestation to others of the love of God to us, for if we love one another God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us and He is seen in us (I John iv, 12). It is only as we understand the kingdom, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, that we can walk worthy of it (Rom. xiv, 17; I Thess. ii, 12) and manifest in our live the life of Him who when He was here in His humiliation revealed the Father Dwelling in Him we dwell in love, and His love will constrain us.

Expert Opinion.

"What do you think made Hamlet so suspicious of the ghost?" asked Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"He probably thought," answered the psychic researcher, "that no well regulated ghost would manifest himself without ringing bells or tipping tables."—Washington Star.

Putting Him Wise.

"I'd like to make you my wife," said the practical young man, "but they tell me you can't keep house."

"Don't you believe all they tell you," rejoined the girl in the case. "You get the house and put it in my name, and I'll prove to you that I can keep it."—Exchange.

Worse Yet.

Mamma—Johnny, you bad boy, you've been fighting again! Your clothes are so badly torn that I'll probably have to get you a new suit. Johnny—That's nothing, mamma. You just ought to see Tommy Jones. I'll bet his mamma will have to get a new boy.—Chicago News.

A SAVAGE WITCH.

His Life Was Saved by the Chief of the Quiah Tribe.

The author of "Heroes of Modern Crusades," the Rev. Edward Gilliat, M. A., at one time master of Harrow school, says in his book that he had years ago the privilege of meeting the king of the Quiah country, Tetti Agamasong, at Harrow. The Quiah king had been educated at St. Augustine's college, Canterbury, and was able to lecture to the Harrovians in good English. In his lecture he told a quaint story which brings one nearer to the weird lives of the Quiahs, a small agricultural and trading tribe of inoffensive characters on the west coast of Africa.

"In my country," said the king, "we have no prisons; therefore if a culprit is brought to me I must chop off something—an ear or two, a hand or a foot—and he goes home a sadder and a wiser man. Just before I left for England a chief came to my hut, bringing a prisoner.

"'What has he done, friend?' I asked.

"'He is a dangerous witch, O king. He can turn himself into an alligator.'

"'Pooh! Nonsense! I don't believe that old fashioned stuff.'

"'Oh, but we saw him do it down by the big river.'

"'Indeed! Well, chief, tell me all about it. You saw him yourself?'

"'I did. We were hunting by the banks of the river with our rifles when all at once we saw a big alligator lying on a rock in the river. The witch man was lying asleep in a hammock some fifty yards away. Oh, the dangerous creature he is!

"'Well, king, do not laugh with your eyes like that, for I am speaking the truth. I put up my rifle to shoot the alligator; but, to our great fear, as soon as I fired this fellow rolled out of his hammock and fell on the ground and rubbed his back and swore he was hurt.

"'Now, O king, if this witch had not been inside the alligator how could he have been hurt when I fired?'

"'Gentlemen,' concluded the king, "I see you are laughing with your eyes, but it is very difficult to rule over a people untaught and given over to superstition.

"'What did I do? Why, if I had left him free they would have killed him as soon as I had gone on my ship, so I saved his life by chopping off his left ear.'

MODERN CHESS.

The Game Vastly Different From That of the Ninth Century.

Chess is but a game, a pastime, a relaxation, but it has at times absorbed the faculties of the intellectual in every clime. Perhaps the greatest eulogy on the game was the remark of Sir Walter Raleigh, "I do not wish to live longer than I can play chess." It is certain that those who do not play the game are quite unable to form any conception of the high intellectual delights experienced by the chess enthusiast.

The origin of chess has been sought in vain. The fact is the game has so changed, developed and improved down the course of centuries that in its present form it would not be recognized by its inventor, if there ever was one. The oldest chess problem on record is thought to be that contained in an ancient Persian manuscript attributed to Caliph Kalifen Mutasin Billah, who reigned in Bagdad A. D. 833 to 842. But the reader would have to learn the old rules before it was intelligible. For example, the queen could make a move of only one square at a time and that on a diagonal, but a queen promoted from a pawn was allowed to make a move of two squares diagonally. The bishop had no power over any square except the third from which it stood on its own diagonal line, but it was allowed to vault over any piece that happened to be between. In short, it was a totally different game. Chess in the precise form in which we know it and play it today is a comparatively modern game. —London Strand Magazine.

Amending a Proverb.

There are a lot of silly proverbs knocking about. Take, for instance, "If pigs had wings they would fly." Now, this is absurd if you like. Do you know what sized wings a pig weighing eighty pounds would require in order to fly? They would measure about thirty yards from tip to tip. A nice state of things to keep pigs in an aviary with wings of that size! The proverb would run much better:

If pigs could fly
Pork would be high.

—London Scraps.

The Right Way.

Little Willie liked ice cream, but he objected to turning the freezer. One day his mother was agreeably surprised to find him working at the crank as if his life depended on it.

"How did you get Willie to turn the ice cream freezer?" she said to her husband. "I offered him 2 cents to do it, and he wouldn't."

"You didn't go about it the right way, my dear," replied her husband. "I bet him a cent he couldn't turn it for half an hour!"

Pretty Ancient.

"What is the oldest form of literature?"

"I dunno, but I guess some of th' musical comedy jokes must reach back pretty nearly that far."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Adam's Kick.

Eve—What makes you look so cross? Adam—I wish you wouldn't be so loud in your dresses. It isn't necessary for you to pick the most highly colored autumn leaves.—New York Press.

Won by His Wit.

A story is told of an English clergyman who owed his appointment to a rich living to a lucky pun. He was tutor to the son of a nobleman and had not long taken orders when he attended the funeral of the rector of the parish in which the nobleman's seat was situated. The father of his pupil was patron of the living and was also present at the funeral of the deceased rector. There was a young clergyman present also whose grief was so demonstrative that the noble patron was much affected by the sight and asked if the young man was a son of the deceased gentleman.

"Oh, dear, no, my lord—no relation at all," said the tutor.

"No relation!" exclaimed the nobleman in a surprised tone.

"None, my lord. He is the curate, and I think he is not weeping for the dead, but for the living."

His lordship, who was something of a wit and a cynic himself, was so delighted with the bonmot that he conferred the living upon the ready punster.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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A Big Baby Farm.

What has been called the biggest baby farm in the world is situated at Moscow, and it is claimed that this institution shows an annual crop of some 14,000 babies, not to speak of that put out by a branch at St. Petersburg, which numbers 8,000. The Moscow Foundling asylum was founded by Empress Catherine II., and it is maintained, oddly enough, by a tax on playing cards. Servants in the red livery of the royal family guard its doors, and its accounts are carefully audited by the Russian treasury department. The buildings comprising this institution stand in a hollow square round a garden with trim lawn and trees, which forms a playground for the children. Youngsters of all sorts and sizes, from tender nurslings, who in the incubating rooms are just struggling into life, are tended by careful nurses and are as sure of good attention and wholesome food as any baby can need. About fifty babies are received every day, and after four weeks the nurses take them to their own homes in the villages.—New York Tribune.

Business Cards.

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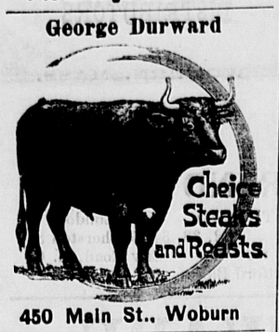
Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 12

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.a. m., 3.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.00 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 9.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 9.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
312	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
5-1	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
512	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Meggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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Justification.

The old darky had driven his fare to the hotel and was now demanding a dollar for his service.

"What!" protested the passenger. "A dollar for that distance? Why, is isn't half a mile as the crow flies!"

"Dat's true, boss," returned Sambo, with an appealing smile. "But, ye see, suh, dat old crow he ain't got free wives an' ten chilluns to suppoht, not to mention de keep foh de hoss."—Harper's Weekly.

He Had.

The kind hearted man had given the panhandler a nickel.

"Haven't you got anything smaller?" asked the panhandler.

"Well, here's a dime; that's smaller," answered the good natured man, displaying the coin for a moment and walking away.—Buffalo Express.

Musical Note.

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars when a policeman came out of an area and hit him with his stave. Several notes were found upon him.—London Mail.

Bright and Dark Days.

There are bright days and dark days, and we must take advantage of the former and be as little discouraged as possible by the latter. They are all in a lifetime.

Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are and doing things as they ought to be done.—Stowe.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

$1.50 A YEAR

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A Clean, Neat Weekly
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At 434 Main Street.
Delivered Promptly.

The Silver Flagon

A Wonderful Treasure It Held For Many Years.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Great-aunt Hannah squinted horribly, so when with almost her last breath she looked earnestly at her three grandnieces and gasped, "The silver flagon is for you—it has never been opened—you know the legend," not one of us really knew to whom the heirloom rightfully belonged.

In the library the two executors conferred amiably together. In the kitchen the servants discussed the legacies they had received.

In the long parlor Amelia, Fanny and I sat in front of the glowing grate fire. On the white marble mantel piece above our heads stood a pair of precious Dresden vases, a Wedgwood clock and a Chinese fan. In the center, directly under the painting of Mrs. Dorothy Fabyan, was the silver flagon, flawless in shape and perfect in its chaste design of vine and leaf and clustered fruit. Its polished surface gave back a distorted reflection of our three faces, ruddy in the firelight.

No mention had yet been made of Aunt Hannah's belated disposition of the family heirloom. It was not mentioned in the will, and its ownership must be settled among the three of us.

It was Amelia who broke the long, awkward silence by reaching up a graceful arm and taking the silver flagon from its resting place.

"I am the eldest," she apologized, settling back in her chair, "and I am quite sure that Aunt Hannah meant me to have it. She looked at me." Amelia's tone was coolly defiant.

"She looked at me, too," said Fanny in gentle protest. "I am sure she looked at me, did she not, Esther?"

I shrugged my shoulders helplessly. "I thought she looked at me," I murmured feebly.

"No one could gaze in three different directions at one time," said Amelia impatiently.

"Aunt Hannah could," I announced loyally.

"For shame, Esther Fabyan!" they cried in duet, and then they turned their backs upon me and fell into whispered converse over the probable contents of the bone of contention—of course I mean the silver flagon.

The tall silver stopper fitted snugly to the neck, and around it was a thin stream of red sealing wax.

The silver flagon had once been the property of Mistress Dorothy Fabyan, our sweet ancestress, and tradition had it that within its polished interior the fair Dorothy had secreted the precious jewels which her rich husband had lavished upon her. When she was dying she had given the flagon to her young daughter, saying:

"Guard well the flagon, daughter, and when you have reached years of discretion you may break the seal and learn the contents—rubies and diamonds and pearls. Let no other woman steal it away from you! It contains what all women desire and but few attain. It will be yours."

"And it belonged to you, mother, dear?" the young girl had timidly asked as she stroked the delicate, withered cheek.

Dorothy Fabyan had smiled proudly ere she closed her beautiful eyes forever. "Aye, it was mine for a season," she said.

The young daughter had died in her teens, and the silver flagon, with its seal still unbroken, passed to a distant branch of the family, gay townspeople, who took small notice of Cousin Dorothy's bequest save to thrust it away on the top shelf of a cupboard and forget its existence.

And thus it had come down to us, the last of a long line. At times its history had been forgotten, and for years it would remain merely an ornament on sideboard or mantelpiece. Again some new owner would look longingly at the seal, yet hesitate to break in upon the secret it had concealed.

Aunt Hannah had owned it last, and she was so choice of it that never did vandal finger touch its surface or careless dust cloth even approach its throne on the white marble. No hand save Aunt Hannah's own came in contact with the silver flagon.

And now Amelia and Fanny turned it this way and that and gently tapped the stopper, guessing idly at the contents.

Amelia looked longingly at the red seal. "I believe it contains the old Fabyan jewels—it was never known what became of them after the war. I have heard that Dorothy Fabyan stripped the gems from their settings and concealed them somewhere. It is likely she hid them in this flagon. How strange that no one has cared enough about them to investigate its contents!"

"Suppose we leave the seal unbroken," I suggested.

"Why should we do that?" asked Fanny, with wide open eyes.

"It never has been opened," I said lamely. "So many of the Fabyan women have owned the flagon and respected the seal of its contents, why should we open it?"

"Because its ownership must be decided among us," replied Amelia firmly. "The Fabyan women passed the flagon down from mother to daughter, leaving the secret to be discovered by the one who cared to open it. I confess that the curiosity of all my ancestors seems concentrated within me at this very instant, and open the flagon I must!"

"Me, too," added Fanny.

"I suppose that is the best way," I agreed. "We are the last of the race, and none of us is married. Let us at least satisfy our curiosity."

"Besides that, we must divide the contents or decide upon the ownership of the flagon, since you will not recognize that I have an individual claim," Amelia drew a silver penknife from her pocket and opened a shining blade.

"Or that I have a claim," put in Fanny decidedly.

"Or mine," I added.

"We must compromise." Amelia's voice was growing colder, and involuntarily I drew nearer the grate and poked the fire into greater warmth. "Let us divide the contents into two parts and call the flagon itself a third part, each of us to agree to be entirely satisfied with her share. Do you agree?"

"I do," said Fanny promptly.

"Sight unseen?" I queried.

Amelia nodded emphatically.

"Very well. I agree."

"I am the eldest. I shall take first choice," began Amelia, with a slight flush on her lovely face. "I choose half of the contents of the flagon."

"I am next," cried Fanny eagerly. "I will take the other half of the contents. And you, Esther, what will you choose?" she asked magnanimously.

"I—I will take the silver flagon," I responded humbly, and they seemed very well satisfied.

We gathered about Amelia's chair as she chipped at the sealing wax with her penknife. She flung the crimson bits into the fire, and it made little white hot sheets of flame that darted up the black mouthed chimney like a short life that is quickly burned out or a woman's fragile beauty that flares for a brief period and then dies away, leaving gray ashes.

When the wax was broken and the stopper had been with difficulty loosened from the slender neck of the vessel in turn we peered down the slender orifice and saw nothing. We shook the flagon and heard nothing. We turned it upside down, and nothing happened.

"It is empty," said Amelia, with a white face.

"Perhaps the jewels are stuck fast to the bottom," I suggested. "You know they have been interred for a century."

"Get your curling tongs, Fanny," commanded Amelia, darting a hostile glance in my direction.

I looked into the glowing coals, wondering at the magic of possession that had seized upon us three cousins who had been loving friends from childhood. Here we were wrangling over the possession of a silver flagon to which we had scarcely ever given a thought in our busy lives. Thanks to Great-aunt Hannah, we were rich beyond our wildest dreams, and still we could not be satisfied without prying into Dorothy Fabyan's silver flagon!

Fanny returned with the long silver tongs that were used to wave her straight black hair. "They should reach to the very bottom of the jug!" she cried excitedly.

Once more we bent above the silver flagon while Amelia thrust the tongs carefully down the slender neck and after a painful interval drew forth a folded slip of yellowed paper covered with fine pointed chirography.

Fanny and Amelia leaned back pale and breathless while I spelled out the spidery words that explained how Dorothy Fabyan, that clever housewife of so many decades ago, had discovered a most wonderful complexion wash—"Cleopatra's Balm of Beauty" she called it. To this marvelous face wash she ascribed her own exquisite beauty. The ingredients were almost impossible to obtain in those primitive days, and she had even sold her precious jewels to obtain the necessary elements of the balm. Now, she passed the secret of its making to her own daughter and afterward down to the coming generations of the women of her family, and, as if the mere possession of the recipe sealed within the silver flagon could impart a magic spell upon its owner, the Fabyan women had been famous for their wonderful beauty—all save poor Great-aunt Hannah and myself.

"What greater jewels doth any woman possess," concluded the old, old letter, "than diamond eyes, teeth of pearls, coral cheeks and ruby lips? These jewels you will find sealed within my silver flagon."

I ran my eye over the carefully compiled directions for "Cleopatra's Balm of Beauty," and ere I reached its close Amelia uttered a little angry cry and snatched the bit of paper from my grasp. In an instant it fluttered into the fire, and my exclamation of distress brought both girls to my side.

"You could not care for that silly recipe, Esther," wondered Fanny. "See, you have the beautiful silver flagon, while we have nothing. Yet we hoped for gems."

"Jewels you both have a-plenty," I said mournfully. "Look there!" I turned them about till they faced the tall pier glass set between the long windows, and there they stood regarding their beautiful faces in charming embarrassment while I bent above the silver flagon and stared defiantly at the reflection of my own plain features in its polished surface.

"Great-aunt Hannah never knew either," I marveled, thinking of her homely face and the contrasted beauty of her unselfish life.

"Poor old Esther," comforted the girls, poised on either arm of my chair, and as their kisses fell warmly on my uplifted face I seemed not to care that I had lost a heritage of beauty. My heritage of love was still my own.

Advice and a Mule.

"Givin' some men advice," said Uncle Eben, "reminds me of tryin' to discipline my ol' mule wif a fence rail. It tires out de giver and hurts de receiver, but don't make no real difference."—Washington Star.

THE AGILE ESKIMO.

Habit Enables Him to Scale Ice Clad Heights With Ease.

"In all my experience I had never encountered a rougher, more difficult country in which to hunt than in Ellesmere Land," writes Harry Whitney in Outing. "Ordinarily I should have believed these mountain sides with walls of smooth rock sheathed with a crust of hard ice and snow, quite unscalable.

"In places they were almost perpendicular. Rarely did they offer a crevice to serve as foot or hand hold, and jutting points and firm set bowlders were too widely scattered to be of much help.

"In this his native land the Eskimo has a decided advantage over the white hunter. His lifetime of experience has taught him to scale these ice clad heights with a nimbleness and ease that are astounding. He is quite fearless, and even the mountain sheep is not his superior as a climber.

"As if by magic and with little apparent effort the two Eskimos flew up the slippery walls, far outstripping me. How they did it I shall never know. Now and again I was forced to cut steps in the ice or I should inevitably have lost my footing and been hurled downward several hundred feet to the rocks beneath.

"I was astonished even at my own progress, and when I paused to glance behind me I felt a momentary panic. But there was no turning back, and one look robbed me of any desire to try it.

"The Eskimo has no conception of distance. He is endowed with certain artistic instincts which enable him to draw a fairly good map of a coast line with which he is thoroughly familiar, but he cannot tell you how far it is from one point to another. Often when Eskimos told me a place we were bound for was very close at hand it developed that we were far from it. This they are never sure of and cannot indicate.

"The Eskimos have a white man 'stung to death' from every point of view. They not only can go to sleep promptly, but sleep soundly and well as they travel when circumstances permit. They get sustenance, too, by eating hard frozen walrus and seal meat or blubber. This I could never do, for it is so strong in flavor that it invariably nauseated me, though I did succeed very well with raw hare or deer's meat when I had it."

BLUNDERING REPORTERS.

Mistakes That Mangled the Speakers' Words and Feelings.

"Drunkenness is folly!" earnestly exclaimed Bishop Magee in the house of lords on a celebrated occasion. How horrified was the prelate to read in the papers next morning that he had given utterance to the very bacchanalian sentiment, "Drunkenness is jolly!"

Lord Salisbury was a master phrasemaker, but one of his best points was spoiled when a careless reporter turned his reference to "manacles and Manitoba" into the meaningless "manacles and men at the bar."

Sir William Harcourt was badly misquoted once. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" he exclaimed upon the platform, but a country paper had it: "Great Dinah! What a farce is this!"

Lack of knowledge of familiar quotations is a prolific source of misreporting. For instance, a speaker once made use of the well known lines from Milton's "L'Allegro:"

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne.

The country reporter deputed to "take him down" was in despair. He could not make head or tail of this mysterious utterance. But, following the sound as far as possible, he seized his pen and produced the following gem:

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven she crept and froze her knee.

The speaker was taken down in more senses than one.—London Answers.

Knew Where He Was.

"When I was studying in Boston," said a musician, "they used to tell a tale about a man named Harper, an odd old character, who played a trombone in one of the small theaters there. One time they were rehearsing a new overture. Throughout the piece Harper was a little behind the rest of the men. Before they started it a second time the leader reproved Harper for not coming in more regularly with the other players. When they attempted it again Harper came in, as usual, two or three beats behind time. The leader stopped and, after letting loose a lot of profanity, demanded to know if the trombonist knew he was playing about half a dozen notes behind the others.

"Harper nodded. 'That's all right,' said he. 'I can catch up with the others any time I want to.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

His Great Loss.

"Well, Garge," exclaimed the farmer as he greeted one of his laborers one New Year's day, "and 'ow did 'ee get on last yeear?"

"Aye, maister," was the reply, "it wur a bad yeear for I. I did lose my missus, I did lose my canary, and I did lose my dog. And it wur a good dog too."—London News.

Self Protection.

"You didn't really need a wig."

"I was driven to it. Now the barber won't try to sell me any tonics or hair restorer."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Impossible to be Well

It is impossible to be well, simply impossible, if the bowels are constipated. You must pay attention to the laws of nature, or suffer the consequences. Undigested material, waste products, poisonous substances, must be removed from the body at least once each day, or there will be trouble. A sluggish liver is responsible for an immense amount of suffering and serious disease. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills. He knows why they act directly on the liver. Trust him. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

THE WEIGHT OF MONEY

Do You Think You Could Lift a Fortune In Silver Coins?

IF YOU DO YOU ARE MISTAKEN

Two Hundred Pounds of Quarters Would Give You Only $3,657, While the Same Weight of Gold Would Give $54,050—Weight of Paper Money

"I wish I had all the money I could lift!" How many of the thousands who make this get-rich-quick wish have any idea of the amount they would have if the wish should be granted. Few name the denomination of the money on which they desire to test their strength, perhaps believing that their lifting powers would make them wealthy no matter what kind of money they lifted.

If they were asked how much they could lift in silver or small bills the majority probably would name some fabulous sum which investigation would show several men could not budge. In gold or in paper money of large denominations the ordinary individual would be able to lift a fair sized fortune, but to win a million by lifting it in anything less than twenty dollar bills would need the strength of a veritable Sandow.

An official of the subtreasury who is interested in odd statistics in his department was asked how much money the average man could lift in the various denominations of gold, silver and paper.

"Well," he replied, "a man could make money on that proposition if he could get hold of paper money of large denominations, but on the smaller bills, silver and gold he would not be a millionaire by any means.

"The weight of money is very deceptive. For instance, a young man, a friend of mine, came in to see me one day with his fiancee. I was showing them through my department and asked my friend if he thought the young woman was worth her weight in gold. He did think so, most emphatically, and after ascertaining that her weight was one 107 pounds we figured that she would be worth in gold coin exactly $28,647. Her fiancee thought that would be pretty cheap.

"Perhaps more people are deceived on the weight of paper money than on the metals. Now, how many one dollar bills do you think would be necessary to weigh as much as a five dollar gold piece?"

Fifty was ventured as a guess, and the statistician laughed.

"I have had guesses on that all the way from 50 to 500," he said, "and some of them from men who have handled money for years. As a matter of fact, with a five dollar gold piece in one scale you would have to put about six and a half bills in the other to balance it."

He produced figures to prove that a five dollar gold piece weighed two hundred and ninety-six thousandths of an ounce avoirdupois. An employee who makes the new bills up in packages of 100 each said that a hundred bills weighed four and one-half ounces. That would make one bill weigh forty-five thousandths of an ounce, and between six and seven would balance the gold piece.

Figures on the lifting proposition were furnished from the department where the money is weighed in bags as standards. The standard amount for gold coin, $5,000, weighs eighteen and a half pounds. Five hundred silver dollars weigh thirty-five and a half pounds, and $200 in half dollars, or 400 coins, weighs eleven pounds. Taking 200 pounds as a good lift for an average man, these results were obtained:

METAL MONEY.	
Gold coins (all of standard weight)	$54,050.00
Silver dollars	2,617.00
Half dollars	3,235.00
Quarters	3,657.00
Dimes	3,615.80
Nickels	917.00
Cents	226.61
PAPER MONEY.	
One dollar bills	$71,111
Two dollar bills	142,222
Five dollar bills	355,555
Ten dollar bills	711,110
Twenty dollar bills	1,422,220
Fifty dollar bills	3,555,550
One hundred dollar bills	7,111,110
Five hundred dollar bills	35,555,550
Thousand dollar bills	71,111,100

Two hundred pounds of $10,000 gold certificates, the largest denomination issued by the United States government, would amount to enough to finance a full grown trust—$711,111,000. If the young woman who was worth $28,647 in gold coin had been worth her weight in these $10,000 certificates she would have been valued at $380,444,385.—F. T. Pope in Chicago Record-Herald.

Appreciated.

Tubb—Old boy, I want to congratulate you on your speech at the banquet last night. O'Sudds (after waiting a moment)—I know you do, pard and you're awfully sorry you can't do it truthfully. I appreciate the effort, just the same. Nasty weather, isn't it?—Chicago Tribune.

A Misunderstanding.

"The management of one of the big opera houses in New York has to pay $2,000 a week for conductors."

"Does it pay the same rate for motormen?"—Judge.

Clean Living.

James—A bath bun and two sponge cakes, please. Waitress—Two sponges and a bath for this gentleman, please!—London Opinion.

From swearing men easily slide into perjury.—Hierocles.

Simplicity Itself.

"There are only two points in success."

"What are they?"

"Work and keep other people from working you."

Do It Now.

Decision never becomes easier by postponement, while habit grows stronger every day. Common sense as well as conscience says, "Choose this day."

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, FEB. 4, 1910.

A FEDERAL INCOME TAX.

Last Monday we received a copy of the speech Col. Albert Clarke of Boston, Secretary, for many years, of the Home Market Club, delivered before the Economic Club of New Haven, Jan. 7, 1910 on "Why the Constitution should not be Changed," which we find, on careful perusal, to contain conclusive arguments and reasons why the present proposition to change the Constitution in such a manner as to confer on Congress the right and power to pass a law imposing a Federal Income Tax on the people should not prevail. Secretary Clarke, who is one of the ablest and clearest headed writers on Economics in this country, while not opposed to the State imposing such a Tax, is hostile to the proposed amendment of the Federal Constitution to give that right to the General Government. In the speech mentioned above he shows very clearly why the contemplated change ought not to be made. In support of his contention he quotes the following from a late decision by Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court:

"Cannot Congress, if the necessity exists of raising thirty, forty or any other number of millions dollars for the support of the government in addition to the revenue from duties, imposts and excises, apportion the quota of each State upon the basis of the census, and thus advise it of the payment which must be made, and proceed to assess that amount on all the real and personal property or the income of all persons in the State, and collect the same if the State does not in the meantime assume and pay its quota and collect the amount according to its own system and in its own way?"

On this Col. Clarke comments as follows:

"This seems to me conclusive that no change of the Constitution is necessary to authorize a federal Income Tax whenever it becomes really desirable, and to collect it without breaking down those fundamental principles and honorable agreements upon which our system of local and general government rests."

WILL HE RUN AGAIN?

Hints have been thrown out of late that Governor Draper would not be a candidate for another term in the Executive Chair next fall. It is said he regarded the result of the last contest as "writing on the wall," and Lieut. Governor Frothingham looked on the figures in the same light, and that neither is anxious to try for a third campaign.

These hints and surmises come, probably, from the enemy, but was there something in them, the Republican party will accept no denial from Gov. Draper, and he will be compelled to make another campaign this fall, whether he wants to, or not.

Since the above lines were penned it has come to light that the friends of speaker Walker of the House of Representatives are booming him for the Republican candidate for Governor this fall, which would seem to strengthen the belief that Governor Draper will not be in the race.

DID NOBLY.

On the recommendation of Governor Draper leading business men of Boston held a meeting late last week at which $50,000 were raised in a few minutes for the flood sufferers of Paris, which amount was forthwith telegraphed to the French government for distribution among the victims of the greatest and most destructive flood that Paris has experienced in a century, or two.

When it comes to cases of this kind there are no warmer hearted and open handed people anywhere than those of Boston.

REALLY IN EARNEST.

It turns out, after all, that Butler Ames of Lowell is in dead earnest after Lodge's seat in the Senate, and has friends at work for him. Some of them are in the present Legislature. These, it is said, are spending Ames's money in teaparties and other mild forms of electioneering; but it seems strange that men of sense and political standing should favor or encourage him in his attempt to get a seat in the U. S. Senate.

☞ The New York Health Department is visiting dairies and taking a drop of blood from the lobe of the ear of each of the workers to see if any typhoid germs are present. The theory that persons can carry around in their systems for many years these dangerous organisms without knowing it has led to all this bloody activity. Can anything be imagined more absurd and ridiculous than that? What the Doctors, chemists and scientists have in store for a poor, fadridden people the Lord only knows.

☞ "Ye Olde Meetinghouse: Addresses and Verses relating to the Meetinghouse, Burlington, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, Built in 1732, and Other Historical Addresses, by Martha E. Sewall Curtis," Boston, 1909, is a book of 62 pages, neatly printed and bound, and for sale by its Author, Mrs. Curtis of Burlington. It contains a dozen original addresses, hymns and poems, and 8 illustrations, which include a picture of "Ye Olde Meetinghouse," portraits of Rev. Samuel Sewall, grandfather of Mrs. Curtis, and historian of Woburn; the Sewall House; the room in which John Hancock, Sam Adams and Dorothy Quincy didn't get the dinner prepared for them on April 19, 1775, being frightened away by a report that the British soldiers had discovered their retreat, and were after them; and others. The volume is devoted almost wholly to local history, and is not only good reading, but a valuable addition to the annals of the old town of Burlington, which was originally "Woburn Precinct." The social and business relations between Woburn and Burlington are close and cordial, and it must be that the older inhabitants of the parent town will peruse this book by Mrs. Curtis with a lively interest. We would especially recommend to the elderly church singers of Woburn a perusal of "The Old Time Choir," which is a gem.

☞ Having attended to the Postoffice Department, the Woburn City Council have now turned their attention to the Massachusetts Legislature, with especial reference to the great Meat Boycott now sweeping over the country, as may be learned from the perusal of a resolution adopted by them at a meeting held last week, the same being printed in another column of this paper. The JOURNAL regrets its inability to inform the public just where the Legislature comes into the business of boycotting the packers; but whatever that body may do, it never should be forgotten that the Woburn City Council were the very first city government in this State to take a bold and defiant stand against the Chicago Beef Trust and to appeal for Legislative cooperation and help to wipe the wicked combination, organized to starve the people to death, out of existence.

☞ At the organization of the Boston Republican City Committee last week the Insurgents were badly beaten. Graves, who the Regulars, or Machinists, had nominated for President won over Willcutt, candidate of the Insurgents, by 47 majority, and carried the other Republican nominees with him. The result was a signal victory for Senator Lodge, who is supported by the regular Republican organization for reelection next January; while the Insurgents are the Republican bolters who are working in the interests of Congressman Butler Ames for the U. S. Senate.

☞ After many years of faithful and efficient service Hon. Herbert S. Riley, last Saturday evening, having been appointed an Assessor, resigned the office of Chairman of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee, to the regret of his associates and party. During his occupancy of of the Chair he has not been at all noisy, but has done excellent work, kept the organization right up to highwater mark all the time, and had money to do it with. Charles H. Harrington was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Riley's resignation; William Frederick Davis, Jr., Secretary; H. L. Andrews, Treasurer.

☞ General William F. Draper, brother of Hon. Eben S. Draper, present Governor of Massachusetts died at his home in Washington, D. C., on Friday evening, Jan. 28, after a year's illness. He was a Veteran of the Civil War, in one of the battles of which he was severely wounded; and after the War he represented a Massachusetts District in Congress; and was subsequently American Ambassador to Italy. He was born at Lowell in 1842, and a much abler statesman than his brother, Eben, the Governor.

☞ News from Boston a few days ago announced the failure of the meat boycott in that city. What other end of the movement could have been looked for after reading about the immense increase of shipments of American cattle to European countries since the present beef boycott began? So long as the Beef Trust has the whole Eastern Continent for a market nothing short of wiping it out of existence by the Courts, a work already begun in Chicago, will relief from exorbitant meat prices reach the people.

☞ By a Proclamation issued last Wednesday, Feb. 2, 1910, Governor Draper set apart and named February 12 "Lincoln Day," and asked that it be kept "Sacred to the Memory" of the great Martyr President.

The feet of Fate are tender, for she sets her steps not on the ground, but on the heads of men.—Homer.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

I. D. Farmer—Citation.
G. F. Tucker—Citation.
James Vick's Sons—Seeds.

— Last Saturday was the warmest January 29 here in the last 19 years.

— Whist parties are uncommonly popular here this winter. Balls are a close second.

— Co. G (Woburn Phalanx) have received their new uniforms and feel proud of them.

— Div. 3, A. O. H., are to give their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall this evening.

— A cold windy Sunday followed the heavy rain which cleared off late on Saturday evening.

— Another violent and copious rainstorm prevailed all day Jan. 29, in this part of the country.

— The days have increased in length one hour and 2 minutes, which gives a little more agreeable twilight.

— They say that a good many of the High School girls and boys are at work composing poetical Valentines for Feb. 14.

— The North Station, Boston, pickpockets, at whose hands Messrs. Hill and Davis suffered last week, have been arrested.

— If it is true that the last Friday of the month governs the succeeding month as to weather, then February is to be a wet one.

— Mrs. Christine Hayes is to whistle at the entertainment to be given this evening by the High School scholars in H. S. Hall.

— The Innes "1910 Comet" has about gone out of sight of Woburn people. They tell us it is no longer visible with the naked eye.

— Rep Geo. F. Bean was toastmaster at the 37th annual reunion and banquet of the "Sons of Brown University" in Boston last Tuesday.

— Smith & Varney, the leading jewelers in this section of Middlesex County, have just shelved several invoices of beautiful finger rings.

— The 8th grade class of the Wyman school have chosen the following officers: President, Thomas Sheeran; Sec. and Treas., Charles Clark.

— There was never a better time for menfolks to order suits of clothes than the present, nor a better place to go to for them than Gage & Co's.

— Rev. Dr. H. B Williams preached on "Trusts and High Prices of Life's Necessities" at the Baptist church last Sunday, of which he is the beloved Pastor.

— There has been a good deal of skating on Horn Pond this week, notwithstanding the rains and soft weather. Considerable sliding down hill, too.

— Hon. and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett are basking in the genial sunshine, and listening to the sweet melody of the mocking birds in the magnolia groves, of Florida.

— President Mrs. Florence Crosby and Mrs. J. H. Hovey partook, with keen relish, of the regular monthly supper of the Charitable Reading Society last Wednesday.

— The 12th birthday anniversary of the Young Peoples Society of the Swedish Evangelical Free church is to be duly celebrated, on Saturday evening, Feb. 12, at the church.

— State Master Charles M. Gardner delivered an interesting lecture before the Woburn Grange last Monday evening on Grange Work and Growth. There was a large attendance.

— The postponed Legislative hearing on Mayor Murray's petition for authority to borrow $100,000 above Woburn's debt limit for Water Works improvement, is to be held on March 1.

— High School Class '13 have elected the following officers for the year: President, Elmer E Silver; V. P., Francis G Conlon; Treasurer, Emma S. Vary; Secretary, George A Weafor.

— The B. & M. Railroad station at Walnut Hill was raided the other night, but the thief made a poor haul, for he got only 21 cents, which, of course, didn't pay for his trouble and shoeleather.

— This newspaper proffers its grateful acknowledgments to Master G. W. Low for complimentary tickets to the concert of the High School Orchestra this evening. It is going to be a nice treat.

— The Woman's Club of this city have engaged the Amphion Club of Melrose, the best in the State, of which Eph. Cutler is Conductor, to give a concert here on Feb. 11, one week from tonight.

— On Feb. 8, instant, Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., are to give a whist party at the residence of Mrs. Emma H. Wright on Arlington Road. Tickets may be obtained of the Chapter members.

— The Woburn Elks had the time of their lives at the Ladies Night party held by the Lodge on Feb. 1. They gave a splendid theatre play which was succeeded by a sumptuous banquet and the best dance of the season.

— Arthur E. Gage, Esq., Lawyer, Chairman of the Woburn Board of Assessors, is a graduate of Brown University, and attended the grand reunion and banquet of "The Sons of Brown" in Boston last Tuesday.

— Representative Bean of this city has been having a good time with Brown University graduates lately Speaker Walker of the Mass House of Rep. also a "Son of Brown," helped Rep. Bean to celebrate, probably.

— The High School Orchestra are to give a concert this evening for the benefit of the High School A. A. Everybody ought to patronize it, for the music will not only be fine, but the proceeds will help the boys along in their athletic sports.

— The 39th annual concert and ball of the St. Charles C. T. A. S., held in Lyceum Hall last Friday evening, was one of the finest and most enjoyable social events of the present winter in this city. Hern's large and popular Orchestra played splendidly for the concert and dance.

— Rev. C. W. Wendte, D. D., author and lecturer and Secretary of the International Religious Liberals will preach at the Unitarian Church next Sunday morning at 10 30.

— The judges of the Wyman school debate, after hearing the able disputants, the other night were unable to decide which was the greatest General Johnson of the Confederate Army, or Sherman of the Union Army, and so called it a draw.

— One week from tomorrow, Feb 12, is the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday, which, in the State of Illinois, Kentucky, and elsewhere in the West, is made much of It is, also, observed to some extent in New England, but is not a legal holiday except in Connecticut.

— On taking the train for home at the North Station in Boston, on the evening of Jan 27, Mr. William W Hill and ex-Mayor W. F. Davis, both of this city, had their pockets picked in the crowd. They reported their losses to the police, but neither of them could identify the theives, even if arrested.

— The employees of the Woburn Telephone Exchange are to give their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall next Monday evening, Feb. 8 The managers promise the public the finest entertainment of the season, and there cannot be a shadow of doubt but that the occasion will be a merry one.

— We approve of Judge Johnson's method of dealing out evenhanded justice in his Court to lawbreakers. When a couple of men are arraigned before him for fighting he convicts and fines both of them, which hardly ever fails to hit the nail on the head. Commonsense and law make an excellent mixture.

— Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward of this city gave her lecture, "Arts and Crafts of Mexico," which has received flattering commendation from many cultivated audiences, before the Arlington Woman's Club last evening, Feb. 3 She is in demand for platform addresses this winter from clubs and societies.

— A few nights ago Woburn Royal Arch Chapter of Free Masons held their annual meeting and elected the following officers for the coming year: M. E. H. P., Benjamin T. Morgan; E. K. Benjamin Lewis; E. S., William T. Carswell; Treasurer, Frederic A Flint; Secretary, John M. Wallace.

— As has been their custom for years past the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church are to celebrate Washington's Birthday by giving a grand banquet, for which arrangements are now being made. Besides the very best of eating, there are to be addresses and music and other entertaining features. Get ready for it.

— Supt. Myers of the B. & N. St Railway, will tell the public shortly all about the carbarn that is to be built at North Warren street and Harrison avenue, and the plans that have been made for changing the system of car headquarters, under which the North Woburn and Melrose will become substations. Work on the above named scheme has already been commenced.

— The pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be occupied next Sunday morning by Rev Dillon Bronson, Supt. of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society. His theme will be "The American City a Banner Mission Field." Rev. Mr Bronson, though unconventional in his manner of address, is widely known as a speaker, and will be heard with much interest.

— Last week the Maternal Association, a large and growing institution of the First Church, held their annual meeting at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Emma Durward; Vice President, Mrs Fannie Cotton; Secretary, Mrs. Nellie Davis; Treasurer, Mrs Lucy Gott; Executive Committee, Mrs Lizzie Atwood, Mrs. Nathalie Hern and Mrs. Martha Van Tassell.

— Hardly a cloud was seen passing athwart the heavens at 12 o'clock noon on Candlemas Day, Feb 2, 1910, so the Groundhog hadn't the least difficulty in discovering his shadow on the ground when he emerged from his winter nest and looked for it. Which means that the winter's backbone is not broken, but that six more weeks of cold weather stares New England people in the face before spring comes Discovering his shadow, the Groundhog returned to his hybernating last Wednesday noon for another long nap This statement and prediction may be doubted by unbelievers, but it is "according to Hoyle," and we all know what become of "unbelievers."

— It may possibly be true, as some people are heard to contend, that amateur minstrel shows have become passe, stale, outlived their usefulness, and so forth, but no evidence in support of such a proposition was furnished by the Minstrel Show given by the Tonawandas at Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening. It was a good entertainment and a large sized audience seemed to be pleased with it The Boston *Globe* Thursday morning said it was characterized by "tuneful music and snappy action," and printed portraits of several of the principal actors to prove it Suffice it to say that each and every part was admirably and ably executed. The Show was a wealth producer, and that was what it was given for—or about that.

— Thomas A. Kerrigan of Montvale, who graduated from the Commercial Department of the Woburn High School in the 1908 Class, received, a few days ago, an appointment of U. S. government stenographer for service in the Phillipines, and will leave here for the Islands about March 1. This is another strong case which goes to prove the value of the business end of the Woburn High School, from which scores and scores of young men and women have graduated and are now filling responsible and lucrative positions in U. S. and State Government offices, courts, business houses, manufactories, etc. The establishment of the Department was due to the good work years ago of Mr. William F. Kenney, Day Editor of the Boston *Globe* then member of the Woburn School Board, assisted by the Woburn JOURNAL.

— The alarm from box 271 at 6.35 this morning was for a fire that destroyed a small boilinghouse at the Foucar patent leather plant on Webster street, North Woburn.

— Last Tuesday the following members of the Woburn Womans Club attended the meeting of the Federation of Womans Clubs at the Park Street church in Boston: Mrs. G Edward Winn, President; Mrs. Seth W. Kelley, ex President; Mrs. J. W. Fox, Mrs. B. H. Nichols, Mrs. Patten, Miss Grace M. Bryant, the Club's accomplished Secretary.

— The death of Mr. Ephraim Colburn at his home on Wyman street, this city, early last Tuesday morning, Feb. 1, removes another of the old and esteemed Woburn residents from its midst. He was born at Hillsboro, N. H., in May, 1821, and has lived here since 1866 as a prosperous and respected farmer until he retired a long time ago. The funeral was held at his late home yesterday afternoon. He is survived by a widow and one son; also, by the wife of Mr. Mark C Felch was Mr Colburn's daughter, and Miss Edna Felch his granddaughter.

— A sufficient number of Woburn people ought to go up to Burlington next Tuesday evening, Feb 8, when Mr. Buckminster lectures on "Rome" in behalf of the local Womans Club, to fill the old meetinghouse from underpinning to ridgepole. Burlington is Woburn's oldest child, you know, and isn't too old to be cosseted a bit by its venerable parent; so let's all hands and the cook take an electric car and go up and hear the lecture and at the same time help the womenfolks of that good and highly respectable community.

— We had been expecting to hear that policeman J. E. Boutwell had been indulging in a foxhunt, as has long been his wont at this season of the year when snow covers the ground and Sir Reynard can be easily tracked over the hills and through the pasture lands by the hounds, and a day or two ago the story came to hand and our curiosity or interest was satisfied. Boutwell had been out the day before and at night returned to his home with a couple of fine foxes, as has, also been his wont for many years. He is one of the most successful foxhunters in this city or county.

— As, when, after a visit of several months, Professor Spyridon D. Contogonis, Ph. D., an educated and refined young Greek gentleman, a graduate of a college in Athens, and son of the chief former head of the Greek church at Constantinople, Turkey, left here 12 years ago for he knew not whither, we never expected to set eyes on him again, some idea of the size of our wonderment, perhaps may be imagined when he turned up, bright as a dollar, in the Editor's Sanctum last Monday morning He did work on the JOURNAL while here, was a devout worshipper at the Congregational church, from the Pastor of which, Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, he took lessons in English, but associated scarsely any with his fellowcountrymen, many of whom were residents of Woburn. Rev. Dr. Scudder took a lively interest in the welfare of Prof Contogonis, who went from here to Lowell, from whence he wrote an article for the JOURNAL on the "Progress of the Greeks in Learning the English Language," and that was the last we heard from him until his unexpected return the first of this week. He lives in Lynn now.

Some Interesting Figures.

From the annual report for 1909 of City Treasurer, John C Buck, the following figures are taken. They constitute the marrow of the business done in the Woburn Treasurer's Department for the year ending Dec. 31, 1909.

SUMMARIZED STATEMENT.

Bal. on hand Jan 1, '09	$ 4,794.94
Receipts during 1909	655,825.13
Total	$660.620 07
Expenditures during 1909	654.827 80
Cash bal. Jan. 1, 1909	5,792 27

The cash report of the Water Works Department shows that the total receipts from the water rates was $49,928 11. and the expenditures $24,145 27, leaving a surplus of $25,782 84, which has been turned into the sinking fund.

Various departments cost the city the following sums:

Police department	$13.810 28
Fire "	13,306 09
Health "	2,224 76
Highway "	27,126 11
Public Schools	69,389 63
Street Lighting	14,774 66

On the public playground there has been expended up to date $5,172 15, leaving about $1,404 yet to be raised.

Allen's Lung Balsam

is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 bottles.

Against The Beef Trust.

At a special meeting of the Woburn City Council held last week to draw jurors and consider the state of the Nation the following strong and pointed resolutions were adopted:

RESOLVED: In behalf of the citizens of the City of Woburn, the City Council, believing that the present high cost of living being unjust and unwarranted, hereby requests our representatives to the General Court to aid, secure, or support the adoption of such measures as shall bring relief to the citizens of our State and City. Believing that our citizens should not be obliged to deprive themselves of the necessities of life, and to avoid any business depression, we urge our Representatives to speedily call to the attention of the members of the General Court the necessity of prompt action on their part.

RESOLVED: That a copy of this resolve be sent to our Representatives, and also to the press

Don't Get All Run Down,

Weak and miserable. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, headache, pains in the back, and feel tired all over and want a pleasant herb cure, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. As a regulator it has no equal. All Druggists, 20c Ask *to-day*. Sample FREE Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Charlie A. Jones.

Mr. Charlie A. Jones, President of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, passed away at his home, 11 Warren avenue, late yesterday afternoon, Feb 3, 1910, aged 61 years.

He was a native of New Hampshire, but had lived in Woburn many years. He is survived by a widow, son and sister to mourn their loss.

Andrew J. Wade.

The funeral of Mr. A. J. Wade is to be held at his late home 758 Main street, this afternoon. He was 81 years old and highly respected.

Lowell Valentine.

Died in Keosauqua, Iowa, aged 89 years and 5 months. He was a brother of Mrs. E V. Bridgham a former resident of this city, and who was with him during a long illness, and when he passed away.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit." Sunday School for the Children at 11.46 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. C. W. Wendte, D. D.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

At Boston, Mass., Jan. 29, by Rev. Lodovico Toma, Alfonzo Maglere of Boston and Annette Audrosks of Wtburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Jan. 27, Margaret G. Henderson, aged 48 years, 9 months, 4 days.

In this city Jan. 28, Catherine L. Stearns, aged 75 years, 9 months, 19 days.

In this city Jan. 31, Mary McDonald, aged 77 years.

In this city Feb. 1, Ephraim Colburn, aged 89 years, 9 months.

In this city, Feb. 3, Charlie A. Jones, aged 61 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Joseph W. Streb, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Philip W. Streb and Amelia S. Hay, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Phirilla Walton, late of Webster in the State, deceased.

WHEREAS, Almon F. Burbank the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourteenth day of Febuary, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Melinda D. Farmer, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS Isaac D. Farmer the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-first day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

STANDARD SILVER PLATED SET
Full Leather Case, Satin Lined $2.50



McLaughlin & Dennison

DISTRIBUTORS,

WOBURN, MASS.

THE HERBRAND CO.,

New York: St. James Bldg. C. A. LEWIS, Mgr.
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London: 32, 33, 34 Featherston St City Road, E. C.
Chicago: Hartford Bldg.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, January 3d, A. D. 1910.

Taken on execution, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the nineteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock A. M., at my office in my dwelling house, No. 55 Montvale Avenue in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right, title and interest that Frank H. Sargent of Dunstable in the County of Middlesex had (not exempt by law from attachment or levy on execution) on the third day of January 1910, at eight o'clock and fifteen minutes A. M., the time the same was taken on execution in and to the following described parcels of real estate, to wit:—A certain piece or parcel of land containing one acre, be the same more or less, together with the buildings thereon, situated in the Northwesterly part of Dunstable in the County of Middlesex, on the westerly side of the road leading from Dunstable Centre to Hollis, N. H., the record or legal title standing in the name of Ethel M. Sargent, wife of Frank H. Sargent, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at a stone set in the ground by the northerly side of the road leading from Dunstable Centre to the house now or formerly of Sherman J. Swallow, said stone being directly in front of the house now or formerly occupied in part by Charles L. Chaney of said Dunstable, thence northerly by land now or formerly of said Charles L. Chaney, and through the centre of said house; thence westerly about seven feet; thence northerly about twenty-three feet by land now or formerly of said Chaney to a stone bound; thence westerly by land now or formerly of said Chaney about one hundred and forty-five feet to a stone bound at easterly side of Nashua, Acton & Boston Railroad; thence northerly by said Railroad about two hundred and nineteen (219) feet to the road leading from Dunstable Centre to Hollis, N. H.; thence southeasterly by said road about three hundred and thirty-seven feet to the road leading from Dunstable Centre to the house of Sherman J. Swallow; thence westerly by said road to bound first mentioned.

Also, one other parcel of land situated in said Dunstable, upon the westerly side of above described Railroad, and containing ten acres, more or less, the record or legal title standing in the name of Ethel M. Sargent, wife of Frank H. Sargent, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stone bound at land now or formerly of James E. Weston, thence southwesterly by said land of James E. Weston, about forty-six rods and crossing a stone bound at land now or formerly of Harry S. Swallow; thence southeasterly by said land of Harry S. Swallow, about thirty four rods to road leading from Dunstable Centre to house of Sherman J. Swallow; thence easterly by said road about thirty-eight rods to above described railroad; thence northerly by said railroad about twenty seven rods and fifteen links to Hollis Road; thence northwesterly by said road about fourteen rods and twenty links to bound first mentioned. Being the same premises conveyed to Frank H. Sargent by Caroline W. Chaney by deed dated December 4th, 1907, recorded in Book 293, Page 46, Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds.

Also, a certain lot of land situated in said Dunstable, containing thirty-one acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point by the northerly side of Pleasant street and by the westerly side of Salmon Brook, thence the line runs westerly by said Pleasant street about sixty five rods to the Nashua, Acton & Boston Railroad; thence the line runs northerly about eight feet to a stone bound at the end of the wall at land now or formerly of one Parkhurst; thence the line runs northeasterly by the stone wall as it now stands, and by land now or formerly of said Parkhurst about fifteen rods to a pitch pine tree; thence the line runs northerly and northeasterly by land now or formerly of said Parkhurst about thirty four rods to a stone wall at land now or formerly of one Chaney; thence the line runs northeasterly, southeasterly and easterly by said land of Chaney and by a stone wall, wooden fence, brook and ditch to Salmon Brook; thence the line runs southerly to Salmon Brook to the point of beginning.

JOSEPH H. BUCK, Deputy Sheriff.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles Brown of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the Woburn Co-operative Bank, dated May 11th, 1903 recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 3162, Folio 158, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on

MONDAY, the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1910,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Montvale Road in said Woburn, containing about forty-nine hundred (4900) square feet, and being lots numbered seven (7) and eight (8) shown on Plan A of the Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 8, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Southerly by said Montvale Road, there measuring seventy (70) feet; easterly by lot numbered nine (9) on said plan, there measuring seventy (70) feet; northerly by land of owner unknown, there measuring seventy (70) feet; Westerly by lot numbered six (6) on said plan, there measuring seventy (70) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to said Charles Brown by Jacob W. Wilbur by deed dated January 9th, 1900, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1975, Page 514.

Said premises will be sold subject to all outstanding tax liens, unpaid taxes and assessments, if any, thereon. One Hundred Dollars ($100.00) will be required to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance within ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

WOBURN CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee, by John C. Buck, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., January 18th, 1910. 21.28.4



Clean and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling.

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes its some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere 25c.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Marcia W. McElhiney, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Andrew Y. McElhiney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of William H. McLaughlin late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Kathrine McLaughlin of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Braden, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Mary McNeil, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Our Glasses have style; they are strongly made, finely finished with scrupulously correct lenses. The entire pair is carefully fitted to the wearer. Prices are satisfactory.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
318 Boylston St.

Special Sale

— OF —

National Biscuit Co.'s regular 10c package

Graham Crackers 3 for 25c.

10c. pkg. Baronets (Butter Thins) **3 for 25c.**

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

Vick's Seeds Yield Big Returns

To the Farmer because he is absolutely sure of profitable crops when he sows Vick Seeds.

To the Gardener because high grade garden truck commands highest prices in all markets.

Vegetables and Asters grown from Vick's Seeds are to be exhibited at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 12 to 17, 1910. No entrance fee for this exhibit—just use Vick's Seeds. Ask for particulars.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. **Write right now** for a free copy.

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Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 9.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

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Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S

This is an epoch making period for Keith's in Boston. This theatre, already known the world over as a Boston institution, is attracting even greater attention these days through the class of attractions it is offering. For three weeks it has been crowded to the doors at every performance, and Loie Fuller's Ballet of Light has largely been responsible for this condition of affairs. Certainly nothing like it has been seen on the stage in vaudeville or anywhere else. This week Mr. Keith is going a step further and has especially engaged the Countess de Perriefeu.

CASTLE SQUARE.

New England life has rarely been pictured so faithfully and so entertainingly as it is in "Shore Acres," which is to be given for the first time at the Castle Square Theatre next week by the John Craig Stock Company. This play was written by the late James A. Herne, and acted by him at the Boston Museum, with the support of the famous company at that historic playhouse, some fifteen years ago, and since then no play of its kind has exceeded it in popularity. It has been played season after season throughout the country, and for years Mr. Herne gave his famous impersonation of the character of Uncle Nat Berry.

THE PARK.

That William Hodge as Daniel Vorhees Pike, Attorney at Law from Kokomo, Ind., in "The Man From Home" now playing at the Park Theatre, Boston, has caught the public fancy is putting it pretty mildly, if one is to judge by the enormous crowds that flock to this cosy theatre at every performance. Nightly the "Standing Room Only" sign is displayed and hundreds are turned away not even able to gain admission. Previously to coming to Boston, "The Man From Home" held the boards of the Astor Theatre, New York, for 18 months, previous to the New York engagement, this same piece was presented at the great Chicago Opera House for over a year.

THE BOSTON.

The great minstrel entertainment presented by Messrs. Cohan & Harris last season is responsible in a measure for an unusual revival in this style of amusement. The financial success of that undertaking has encouraged Cohan & Harris to continue in the field of minstrel management. Their new organization is now on a tour of the principal cities, traveling in its own special train, conveying a hundred people, the largest company in the world. It comes to the Boston Theatre for one week only, beginning Monday evening, Feb 7. George Evans is again the star of the orgaization. Mr. George M. Cohan has written especially for this entertainment a new one-act minstrel comedy entitled "The Fireman's Picnic," for which he has composed some of his characteristic music.

THE SHUBERT.

After its long run of 33 weeks at the Broadway Theatre, New York, "The Midnight Sons," the mammoth Lew Fields production, comes to the Shubert Theatre, Boston, next week, inaugurating the musical comedy season at that house, February 7th. Glen McDonough stands sponsor for the book, and Raymond Hubbell the music. The story, which has difficulty in keeping pace with the numerous musical numbers and interpolated specialties, concern the efforts of four "midnight sons" of Senator Constant Noyes to "go broke." They engage in various kinds of business — already making money. Even as proprietors of a hotel the tips from the cloak room net thousands each day. Then there are numerous attractive widows and belles upon whom the sons shower their wealth, one of them building a theatre for his fiancee. This he calls "The Merri Murry Theatre," and the audience is given the opportunity of witnessing a performance therein.

Literary Notices.

No one can fail to admire the handsome allegorical cover (in two colors) which combines fineness of thought with artistic beauty, that signalizes THE AMERICAN BOY for February. It is one of those exceptional covers which excite countrywide comment. And the matter inside the cover is fully equal to the high standard set by this boys' magazine. Roger Jackson at Ramsbury, the interesting story of English schoolboy life, continues, and Red Treasure comes to an end satisfyingly. The short stories are particularly excellent.

Burlington.

On next Tuesday evening, Feb. 8, William R. Buckminster, a noted platform orator, is to lecture in the meetinghouse on "Rome" under the auspices of the Burlington Womans Club, a young but very thrifty organization. Tickets only 25 cents.

Every loyal inhabitant of Old Burlington ought to buy, read, and carefully preserve, Martha Sewall Curtis's "Ye Old Meetinghouse," for it is not only interesting and entertaining, but it is history.

Installments.

"Do the Barkers own their piano?" "One octave of it."—Life.

WINCHESTER.

Considerable notice will be taken of Lincoln Day, Feb. 12, here.

Groundhog Day was not observed here to any great extent.

Price Wilson's wife and daughter are visiting friends at Peterboro, N. H.

The Fortnightly Club are to hold a special meeting next Monday to revise their constitution and bylaws.

Rains, snows and high temperature have seriously interfered with sleighing, skating and coasting here in the last month, or so.

Irving W. Small is the champion athlete of the High School. He is 18 years old, 5 feet, 10 inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds.

The B. & M. Railroad station was burglarized the other night, and a boy is under suspicion of having done the job. Only a small amount of money was secured by the thief.

The Thomas B. Reed monument in Portland is to be dedicated a few months hence, at which Hon. Congressman Samuel W. McCall of this town is to be the orator. Reed, when Speaker of the House, and McCall were close friends.

To select the right candidates for Town offices to be chosen at the approaching March Meeting is puzzling a good many brains here just now. There is an abundance of excellent timber, and that is what makes the task of selecting so difficult.

Do the young people of this town realize that St. Valentine's Day is so near at hand? Only 10 days remain for them to get their "hearts and darts" ready for the mail, and those who expect to send original poetry will have to hurry up, for it takes time to make Valentine verses.

The following officers of the Winchester Improvement Association were elected last week for the present year: Charles N. Harris, Pres.; Samuel J. Elder, Vice Pres.; Dr. W. H. Gilpatric, Treas.; A. W. Rooney, Sec'; Charles N. Harris, Samuel J. Elder, Dr. W. H. Gilpatric, A. W. Rooney, Sanford D. Leland, Robert Coit, Harry Cox, Roy L Palmer, John L. Ayer, Arthur W. Hale, Preston Pond, Directors.

Do You Really Love Dogs?

Perhaps the final test of anybody's love of dogs is willingness to permit them to make a camping ground of the bed. There is no other place in the world that suits the dog quite so well. On the bed he is safe from being stepped upon, he is out of the way of drafts, he has a commanding position from which to survey what goes on in the world, and, above all, the surface is soft and yielding to his outstretched limbs. No mere man can ever be so comfortable as a dog looks. Some persons object to having a dog on the bed at night, and it must be admitted that he lies a little heavily upon one's limbs, but why be so base as to prefer comfort to companionship? To wake up in the dark night and put your hand on that warm, soft body, to feel the beating of that faithful heart—is not this better than undisturbed sloth? The best night's rest I ever had was once when a cocker spaniel puppy, who had just recovered from stomach ache (dose one to two soda mints) and was a little frightened by the strange experience, curled up on my shoulder like a fur tippet, gently pushed his cold, soft nose into my neck and there slept sweetly and soundly until morning.—H. C. Merwin in Atlantic.

Absentminded Dyer.

Charles Lamb had a friend named George Dyer who was perhaps the most absentminded man on record. It was Dyer who, leaving Lamb's Islington home at broad noonday, walked straight into the New river. He was known to take up a coal scuttle instead of his hat, to walk home with a footman's cockaded hat on and even to leave one of his shoes under the table and get well on his homeward way before discovering his loss. He called at a friend's one morning, heard that the family was away in the country, left his name in the visitors' book, and a few hours later called again, asked for the book again and was astonished to see his own freshly written name. Once, when Proctor breakfasted with him, Dyer forgot the tea. The omission being noted, he filled the teapot with ginger. Proctor left as soon as he could to get a better breakfast at a coffee tavern, and there Dyer strolled in and asked him how he did, quite unconscious of having seen him earlier.

Envious.

"Just think of it!" said the student of immigration. "Many men who come to this country cannot write their own names."

"Yes," answered Mr. Pinchpenny, "and when I get down my check book on the first of the month I am inclined to envy them."—Washington Star.

Fixing the Break.

"They were both broken up by their separation."

"But I understand they've effected a reconciliation and are now repaired."—St. Louis Star.

There is no teacher like necessity; it has been the making of man; it wakes up his dormant faculties and stimulates to action his latent talents.

Hogs Dressed

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BEANS IN BOSTON.

The Millions of Quarts That Are Annually Baked and Eaten.

Boston baked beans are known around the globe. In the city of Boston alone about 32,000,000 quarts of baked beans are devoured annually, to say nothing of the pork that goes with them and the brown bread that is also served. There are factories or bakeries which handle nothing but baked beans from one year's end to the other. One of the largest of these, which supplies restaurants wholly, bakes 14,000 quarts of beans a week. Other bakeries also furnish brown bread, while nearly every bakeshop that makes bread, pastry and pies also bakes beans several times a week. There are bakeries with ovens that will hold 2,000 quarts each.

The preparation and baking of beans are interesting operations. In establishments where beans only are baked it is done on a huge scale. There are great kettles that hold two or three bushels of beans, and into these the beans are put to soak and parboil. Then the pots of earthenware, varying in size from one quart to two gallons, are ranged around on tables and filled from the big kettles. Every quart of beans is carefully picked over and sorted and cleaned of all dirt and dead beans before being put into the kettles. The ovens are huge brick affairs, glowing red with heat. Experts consider that beans cannot be properly cooked except in a brick oven. Some of the ovens hold 2,000 quarts each. Filled with the loaded pots, they present a sight worth beholding. So hot are the ovens that long handled flat shovels are used to push the pots in and take them out.—New York Tribune.

ASBESTUS.

There Are Many Varieties of This Peculiar, Puzzling Substance.

Of all the queer minerals which nature seems to have provided for no other purpose than that man might show his ingenuity in their use nothing compares to that mineralogical vegetable asbestus, which in its native state is both fibrous and crystalline, elastic and yet brittle, a stone which will float and which may be carded, spun and woven like flax or silk. Asbestus is mined in practically every section of the globe, and the asbestus of the various countries differs as greatly in appearance as does the foliage of the trees and plants native to each. It is alike in but one feature—that it is absolutely indestructible, no known combinations of acids even affecting the strength or appearance of its fiber and the fiercest flames leaving it unscathed. It is a nonconductor of heat and of electricity.

Some varieties of asbestus are as compact as marble and will take the highest polish; others have loose, silky fibers. "Mountain wood" is a variety presenting an irregular filamentous structure, like wood, and other varieties, taking their names from their resemblance to the various materials, are rock, cork, mountain leather, fossil paper and fossil flax.

Asbestus is really a variety of amphibole or hornblende, composed of separable filaments with silky luster. Its colors are various shades of white, gray or green, passing into brown, red or black. Although as perishable as grass, it is older than any order of animal or vegetable life on earth.

Respectfully Referred.

Chief Justice Marshall used to narrate with great glee the following correspondence on a point of honor between Governor Giles of Virginia and Patrick Henry. The governor wrote:

Sir—I understand that you have called me a bobtail politician. I wish to know if it be true and, if true, your meaning.
W. R. GILES.

Patrick Henry's reply came promptly:

Sir—I do not recollect calling you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable that I have. I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant I will say whether you are correct or not. Very respectfully,
PATRICK HENRY.

This was leaving it to Giles with a vengeance; but, as there was no further correspondence, the governor of Virginia must have read satisfaction somewhere between the lines of Patrick Henry's brilliantly equivocal reply.

Movement of Icebergs.

In the investigation of the currents round the coast of Newfoundland it has been observed that there is at times a wide difference in the direction of the drift of icebergs and that of the flat or pan ice, which, having no great depth, is governed in its motions by the surface currents and the winds, whereas the icebergs, the larger parts of which are submerged to a great depth, follow only the movement of the ocean water as a whole and are uninfluenced by the winds. In consequence a huge berg may often be seen majestically maintaining its slow advance in opposition to the wind and across the general motion of the fields of flat ice surrounding it. The sealers often take advantage of this fact by mooring their vessels to an iceberg in order to prevent a drift to leeward. —Philadelphia Record.

Hunting the Kangaroo.

When brought to bay the kangaroo jumps like a flash for the hunter's chest and tries to crush it in with his fore feet. To prevent this each man wears across his breast a two or three inch thick matting. Armed with a spear, with a club attachment at the other end, they ride upon swift horses into a herd. With the agility and equipoise of circus riders they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs.

The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned, and the skin is stretched on the ground and pegged down to prevent shrinkage. The flesh furnishes meat for the camp. Each man places his private mark upon his booty, and when they have 100 apiece they return back to civilization.

Why He Searched.

The old man had evidently dropped something in the muddy road, and he began searching for it. In three minutes about thirty strangers had joined in the search, and every additional minute brought additional searchers, till at last one, bolder than the rest, plucked up heart and spoke:

"What are you looking for?" he inquired.

"My friend," mumbled the old man, "I have dropped a piece of taffy candy."

"But, great Scott," cried another of the crowd angrily, "why do you go looking for it when it will be covered with dirt?"

"Because, my inquisitive friend," replied the old man, "my false teeth are sticking to that taffy."

THE PUMA AND ITS PREY.

Ease With Which a Patagonian Lion Killed a Colt.

The puma is so fond of horseflesh that in Patagonia it is difficult to breed horses, as the colts are killed by this American lion. A native told the author of "The Naturalist In La Plata" that on one occasion while driving his horses home through a thicket a puma sprang out of the bushes to the back of a colt following behind the troop.

The puma alighted directly on the colt's back, with one fore foot grasping its shoulder, while with the other it seized the head and, giving it a violent wrench, dislocated the neck. The colt fell to the earth as if shot.

Next to horseflesh, the puma prefers mutton. He does not like veal, although he will kill a calf upon occasion. A cunning puma which on cloudy nights raided a sheep ranch used as a place of concealment the pen where a dozen calves were kept while it was waiting to attack the sheep, but it did not injure a calf.

Pigs when in large herds defy the puma by massing themselves together and presenting a serried line of tusks. The ass also resists successfully the puma's attack. When assaulted it thrusts its head between its fore legs and kicks violently until the puma is driven or thrown off.

One day an Indian while riding saw a young cow watching his approach. Her manner showed that it was in a state of dangerous excitement, and the Indian conjectured that some beast of prey had killed its calf. He began searching for the calf's body. While thus engaged the cow repeatedly charged him. Presently he discovered the calf lying dead among the long grass and by its side a dead puma with a large wound just behind the shoulder.

The calf had been killed by the puma, for its throat showed the wounds of large teeth. The cow had driven one of its long, sharp horns into the puma's side while it was sucking the calf's blood.

SLOW NEW YORK.

It Actually Made the Hustling Western Barber Sleepy.

"Why, say," said a visiting barber from the wide untrammeled west, "you folks here in New York are narrow, limited, shackled, contracted, far behind the age. You think you are the human limit when really your gait is very slow.

"I went into one of your shops here yesterday. Nice shop, good equipment, everything fine and elegant, but when I saw how slow you were here on the work it made me nervous. A good plant, but not worked to capacity.

"They had a man in a chair with a barber cutting his hair and a manicure fixing his hands and a bootblack blacking his shoes all at the same time, and I suppose you think here that that's going some to have three people work on a customer all at once, but, goodness me, you ought to look into my shop and see how we do things in my part of the country!

"I've got a shop that's every bit as modern and up to date to the last limit as anything you've got in New York, but out there we utilize our plant. What do you suppose we do when a man comes in that's in a hurry to catch a train? Think we all lie down and take a nap?

"Why, we put one barber to cutting his hair and another to shaving him, and two manicurers tackle his hands, one on each side. We take off his shoes, and two boys work on them, each blacking a single shoe, while two chiropodists get at him, each taking a foot, and at the same time we have one boy brushing the customer's hat and another brushing his overcoat, while another dusts the clothes he's got on with a vacuum duster.

"You put three people on a man at once and think you're doing something. We put on eleven and think nothing about it at all, and our town ain't a quarter as big as New York—not a quarter.

"Why, honest, this New York atmosphere makes me sleepy!"—New York Sun.

An Old Machine.

The Tubingen Morgenblatt of Oct. 31, 1829, contains a description of such a machine as then in use in the London coffee house. It was in the shape of a tobacco jar, which stood on the table and had a slot into which a penny had to be inserted to obtain a pipeful of tobacco. The weight of the coin depressed a lever and released a lock. The writer adds that a halfpenny would not do the trick, and the would be cheat could not recover his money. —London Notes and Queries.

A Far Look.

Three visitors traveling in the Isle of Man thought they would visit Snaefell, the king of Manx mountains. When walking up toward the mountain they espied an old shepherd coming toward them. They thought they would take a rise out of him, so one accosted him, saying:

"They tell me, old man, you can see England, Scotland, Ireland and even as far as America from the top of this mountain."

"Oh, yes!" said the old man. "If you will come with me I will show you much farther than America."

So, chuckling to themselves, they decided to follow him. After trudging for about half an hour up the mountain side in a boiling sun they began to feel rather fagged and kept asking the shepherd how much farther they had to go.

He kept urging them on a little farther until at last the three visitors lay down on the grass and said they would go no farther for any sight.

"Now," said the old man, "if you will sit here long enough you will see the moon."

Buried on His Horse.

Lord Dacre, who died fighting for the Lancastrians at Towton, England, in 1461, directed that if he were killed in the battle his favorite war horse should be buried in the same grave with him. According to his wishes, when his interment took place in Saxon church yard after the battle a tremendous grave was dug, and in it the warrior was buried, seated upright on his horse. For centuries reflections were cast upon the accuracy of this tradition, but some years ago while excavations were being made close by the reputed burial place of Lord Dacre the pick of a digger struck into a great bone, and upon further search being made the skull of a big horse was brought to the surface. As this was found almost at the very spot under which the body of Lord Dacre was said to lie it was accepted as confirmation of the tradition, particularly as the skull was found to be standing vertically in the soil. The skull was replaced carefully in its original position and the excavation filled up.

HIS THOROUGHBRED.

A Deal the Horseman Put Through on the Dead Quiet.

A man known roundabout as a lover and possessor of fine horses was lately driving one of his favorite steeds along a suburban road when he came upon another horse lover, almost as well known, who was driving in the opposite direction. Seemingly pleased to meet each other, both drew up alongside.

"I heard only yesterday that you'd gone away and brought back a new thoroughbred," greeted the second horseman.

"Yep," gleefully returned the first horseman; "I'm just after leaving her back home while I give this horse a little spin for his liver."

"Think she'll suit?" asked the second man, squinting good humoredly.

"Well, you know my style, old man. She can step along in the best class and she's got a pedigree eclipsing any around here."

"How long have you had her?"

"Just four days," answered the first horseman in the same gleeful tone, "but I've had my eyes on her for some time back."

"Carried this deal through a little on the quiet, didn't you?"

"Yep," laughed the first man, with a head shake of satisfaction.

"Is she a record breaker?"

"Sure thing; wouldn't have any other. Wait till you fellows get a glimpse of her, and if you don't agree that I've still got my eyes for winners I'll eat the tail off that horse there."

Suddenly the second horseman leaned over toward his friend and thrust out his hand in palpable earnestness.

"Accept my congratulations," said he, "and also give 'em to your—your thoroughbred."

"I will!" heartily returned the other man, gripping the proffered fist. "Be sure to come in and see us," he added as his friend prepared to drive on "I know she'll be tickled to meet a friend of mine; she isn't too high hitched for that, old man. That's her winning quality. She's a wife fit for a horse judge!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE QUICKEST WAY.

How One Might Travel 190 Miles In About Ten Minutes.

It is estimated that if all mechanical difficulties could be removed and sufficient power developed the minimum time in which passengers could be transported over the eighty-five miles from New York to Philadelphia would be six minutes and forty-four seconds and for the 190 miles from Boston to New York ten minutes and four seconds. A correspondent of the Scientific American who has been working on the problem says that the trains would have to be run in a vacuum to prevent their being heated to incandescence by the resistance of the air. They would have to be held in suspension in the vacuum tube through which they traveled, for the slightest contact with the sides of the tube would result in enormous friction. The cars might be held in suspension by the propulsion of opposing magnets on the cars and on the tubes respectively. When thus isolated they could be propelled only by the power of magnetism. The energy consumed in propelling the cars would be comparatively low.

To avoid shock or jar the trains would travel faster and faster until one-half of the distance should be covered and then slow down until the destination should be reached. When the rate of acceleration is just such as can be borne with comfort the limit is attained. The effect on the passengers would be a continuous pressure against the back of the seat, as when a car is started suddenly, for the first half of the journey, and then in order to prevent them from pitching out of their seats the chairs would be turned in the opposite direction for the rest of the journey, during which the same sensation would be felt.

At the speed named the passengers would be traveling for each half of the distance one-third as fast as they could fall through the same space under the attraction of gravity.

The Two Angels.

The following allegory is told among the Turks:

Every man has two guardian angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. In doing good the angel on the right shoulder notes it down and sets a seal upon it, for what is done is done forever. When evil is committed the angel on the left shoulder writes it down, but he waits until midnight before he seals it. If by that time the man bows his head and says, "Gracious Allah, I have sinned; forgive me!" the angel blots out the fault, but if not he seals it at midnight, and then the angel on the right shoulder weeps.

A Canine Feat.

A blind man, guided by a large and athletic dog, went down the street the other day. Just as they turned a corner the blind man's dog saw a dog it knew and darted forward in a way that threw the sightless mendicant to the ground. He was speedily assisted to his feet, however, by a waggish passerby, who remarked that he had heard some remarkable stories of the feats performed by dogs, but this was the first time he had ever known one to pull down the blind.

Forgetful.

Mistress—Did you have company last night, Mary? Mary—Only my Aunt Maria, mum. Mistress—When you see her again will you tell her she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?—Illustrated Bits.

Crude Logic.

It is told of an East Indian law student that he once threw his examiners into confusion by declaring matrimony to be an illegal state. "How so? How so?" he was asked by the perturbed examiners, many of them married men. The student smiled beatifically. "Marriage," quoth he, "is a lottery, and lotteries are forbidden by law."

A Frequent Insincerity.

"The man's own words prove him a prevaricator," said Mr. Quibbles.

"In what way?"

"He writes me an insulting letter and signs it 'Yours respectfully.'"—Washington Star.

Politics.

Novice—They tell me that a man can't go into politics and remain honest. Old Stager—Yes, he can. But it isn't necessary.—Chicago Tribune.

Success doesn't "happen." It is organized, pre-empted, captured by concentrated common sense.—Frances E. Willard.

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In the Nick of Time.

The steamer was on the point of leaving, and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cab in the far distance, and it soon became evident that the driver was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cab's chances looked small indeed. Then a sportive passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken, and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it!"

"No; he'll just do it!"

"Come on!"

"He won't do it!"

"Yes, he will! He's done it! Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cab arrived, its occupant sprang out and ran up the one gangway left.

"Cast off!" he cried.

It was the captain.—Pearson's Weekly.

Musical.

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The Wise Judge

A Story of How President Lincoln Rectified an Injustice.

By JOHN JOYCE.

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In 1863 I was with the cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. I confess I never made a good soldier. I was too fond of an irregular life. I could never be disciplined. When the command was asleep I would be off on some adventure. There was a southern girl south of us, her home being most of the time within the southern lines, who captivated my youthful fancy, and I was constantly absent without leave visiting her.

On one occasion I would surely have been captured by some Confederates who called at the house had she not put me upstairs in one of the bedrooms. There I found some citizen's clothing and, putting it on, went down and mingled with the soldiers.

I gained some very important information from them about the enemy's movements, for I passed myself off for a redhot Confederate. They belonged to Jubal Early's command and told me that they were the advance of his force, intending to sweep around in our rear.

As soon as they had gone I rode away to my general and told him what I had heard. He sent out orders with a view to defeat their purpose, then said to me:

"I've been wondering for some time where I could get a man like you. I want some one for secret service work. I can get plenty of hired spies, but I dare not trust them. They will take my money to bring me information and take the Confederates' money to bring them information. But from what you have told me you're just the man for secret service work. Most men have a dread of being caught in citizen's clothes, with the penalty of swinging. You don't seem to mind the risk at all. Now, I wish you to go down on our left and find out what the enemy is about down there. I have reports that there is no force in that region at all, and I have reports that the enemy is concentrating there. Can't you go at once?"

"Yes, general," I said. "Shall I report your orders to my captain?"

"You were absent without leave on this little expedition, weren't you?"

"Yes, general."

"Well, you can continue absent without leave. If you report to your captain the men will know that something is up in your case and talk it over. I don't like any talk at all about secret service work. Besides, if you do well I shall make a regular secret service man of you, attaching you to these headquarters."

"Won't my comrades think I have deserted? I've always been in trouble with my caiptain—my own fault, of course, because, being of a roving disposition, I always objected to regular duties."

"That's just what I wish them to think of you. It will keep them from thinking anything else."

"But, general, if I should come back into our lines and not find you to vouch for me"—

"I'll fix that."

He sat at a table and scratched off an order attaching me to his headquarters and handed it to me.

"There," he said, "do what you like with that. But don't get caught with it on you in the enemy's lines or it will hang you."

I took the paper, put it in the lining of my hat and, with a godspeed from my commander, rode away into the darkness.

The first thing for me to do was to get citizen's clothes. I could do this and see my girl again at the same time. So I rode straight to the house where she lived with her mother, a widow, and a family of younger children. I awakened the household and told the girl that I wanted the clothing I had found upstairs and which she had told me belonged to a brother of her mother's who lived with them, but who was now in General Jackson's army. Both mother and daughter were rebels and wouldn't have given me the clothes had I not told them a cock and bull story about Confederates being after me. As soon as I was rigged out as a Virginia farmer, leaving my horse in their barn and my uniform in the garret of the house, I marched away on foot in a southwesterly direction toward the region I was to look into.

I had no sooner reached it than I saw indications of an important move on the part of the Confederates. The location was swarming with troops. My object was to return at once and report the fact to the general, but there were several things about me to lead them to suspect me. I couldn't talk like a southerner, didn't look or act like a southerner and told contradictory stories about my antecedents. Seeing that they were uncertain about me, I told them that what I most wished for was to fight for Dixie. So they enlisted me, and I thought I was all right. I was so fearful of being accused of desertion on my return that I kept the general's order concealed under the thin leather strip inside and over the sole of my boot, but as soon as I was suspected I hid it under a stone, marking the spot carefully.

I found myself marching with the very force I had come to spy upon against the very general who had sent me. There was a series of battles, with much slaughter on both sides. I watched for a favorable opportunity to regain my own comrades, but none occurred. The truth is my captain was watching me. At last the whole brigade to which I belonged was surrounded and captured.

I realized that I was in a precarious situation. All depended upon my communicating with the general who had sent me on my mission. What was my horror to learn that he had been killed in one of the recent battles.

All now depended on my not being recognized, but this hope failed me, for an enlisted man who knew me was one of our guard. He saw me and informed my captain. The captain came to see me, took me away from the Confederates and preferred charges against me for desertion and fighting against the United States.

The battles were ended for the time being, and a court martial to try me was speedily convened. There could be no greater offense in an army than the double one of desertion and being captured with arms in one's hands on the other side. I told my story, and, as I expected, it was not believed. My captain's testimony against me was very damaging. I spoke of the general's written order, which I had hidden within the enemy's lines, but it was regarded as a clumsy device. I was convicted and sentenced to be shot. I petitioned for a stay of execution of the sentence till I could have opportunity to secure the hidden order, but there had been a great deal of desertion, and I and several others were to be made summary examples for the army.

Whenever I hear people talking about "justice" and the difficulty of punishing crime on account of too much sentimentalism it makes me shudder. I was to be shot for serving my country only too well. And now at the end of half a century I look back with reverence to two people (one of whom was instrumental in saving me and the other saved me) as representatives of that class who would govern by kindliness and mercy rather than on principle. These two were my mother and President Lincoln, himself a martyr struck down by one who madly looked upon him as a tyrant.

Upon inquiry I learned that President Lincoln alone possessed the pardoning power, but that the generals who wished to maintain discipline in the army were doing all they could to prevent his exercising this prerogative in the cases of deserters. So I did not think it worth while to make an application. I wrote my mother of my situation, assuring her of my innocence, but telling her that I had little hope that I would escape a disgraceful death.

The poor old lady was advised by friends of President Lincoln's kind heart, and she left her quiet home to go to Washington to try to force her way, as she was told she would have to do, through officials and doorkeepers, with the hope that she might secure justice—real justice—from the head of the nation.

When she reached the capital she knew not what to do, so she followed a simple method that suggested itself to her. She wrote the president that she had come to Washington to ask him to see justice done to her soldier son, that his life might be spared for his country and for her. In a homely way she wrote the story, embodying the main points that I have given and asking that my execution might be deferred till I could secure the hidden order. When she had finished her letter, not doubting in her innocence that she would be accorded an interview with the president, she mailed it.

Within forty-eight hours a note came from one of the president's private secretaries stating that Mr. Lincoln would see her the next day at 12 noon. Alternating between hope and despair, she went to the White House at the appointed hour. When she was ushered into the president's private room he was sitting at a desk, while his two little boys were climbing all over him. My mother said afterward that they reminded her of the Lilliputians climbing over Gulliver. Mr. Lincoln rose—he was so tall that she thought he would never cease rising—and, taking her by the hand, led her to a seat.

"I have called for the papers in the case of your son," he said, "and had them examined and a report made to me. I have issued an order for a stay of execution until such time as a search can be made of the location where he hid his order. Meanwhile he is to be returned to duty."

My mother looked upon the result as still dependent upon finding evidence that would prove me innocent. But she was soon informed that it was equivalent to dropping the case against me. I was far more delighted with it than I would have been with a pardon. The moment I heard it I made a vow that I would go through fire and smoke to secure that order and would send it to the wisest of human judges, who had given me my life and an opportunity to prove his wisdom.

On being returned to duty I applied to my captain for permission to go on a hunt for my evidence. He told me to put my request in writing and he would forward it. I did so, and my petition came back with the coveted permission indorsed on it. Disguising myself, I again risked my life by going among Confederates and made straight for the stone under which I had hidden my paper. I found it, though dampened and blurred, still legible. Then I made my way safely back to camp.

From having been considered a deserter I was suddenly elevated to the position of a very daring fellow. I sent my order to President Lincoln and received a reply in his own handwriting.

What became of the southern girl? Oh, she's my old woman!

Lawyers' Wills.

A remarkable specimen of a lawyer's invalid will was that of Sir Joseph Jeckyll, master of the rolls, who died in 1738 and bequeathed his fortune after his wife's death to pay off the national debt. "Sir Joseph was a good man and a good lawyer," was Lord Mansfield's comment, "but his bequest was a very foolish one. He might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of London bridge with his full bottomed wig." The testator's patriotic intentions were therefore treated as proof of mental weakness, and his will was promptly set aside. Among the many blundering wills that lawyers have made for their clients, if not for themselves, the strangest on record was that of a Dublin gentleman who left all his money to the elder son of his brother and, if he had no elder son, to the second.—London Chronicle.

Raindrops.

Drops of rain vary in their size perhaps from a twenty-fifth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. In parting from the clouds they precipitate their descent till the increasing resistance opposed by the air becomes equal to their weight, when they continue to fall with uniform velocity. This velocity is therefore in a certain ratio to the diameter of the drops; hence thunder and other showers in which the drops are large pour down faster than a drizzling rain. A drop of the twenty-fifth part of an inch in falling through the air would, when it had arrived at its uniform velocity, acquire a celerity of only eleven and a half feet per second, while one of a quarter of an inch would have a velocity of thirty-three and a half feet.

A Peacemaker.

It is a commonly accepted belief that nothing short of being pried loose will induce a bulldog to give up his grip on another dog or on an intruder, but this is a mistake. A little household ammonia poured on him as near his nose as circumstances will allow will make him let go immediately. The fumes of ammonia are so overpowering that a dog cannot possibly maintain his grip and his breath at the same time.—Country Life in America.

THE SILVANDO.

Queer Whistling Language of the Canary Island Natives.

In Gomera, one of the smallest of the Canary islands, the silvando, or whistling language, survives. A correspondent writes: "A traveler must land at the little port of San Sebastian and there find a muleteer from the interior. With him he must ride up the steep bridle paths that wind through the mountains. When no longer any living thing is within sight and the wilderness is only broken by the crimson flower of the cactus growing in the clefts of the rock, the muleteer dismounts, sets his forefingers together at a right angle and places them in his mouth. An arrow of piercing sounds shoots across the ravines and up the stony terraces into the fastnesses of the mountains. A moment's pause and there comes a thin, almost uncanny, answering whistle from far away. Conversation begins and, as the sounds rise and fall, are staccatoed or drawn out, so they are faithfully echoed and transmitted by the hills.

"Then comes the ghostly reply, and then question and answer follow without hesitation or misunderstanding. Perhaps the stranger will ask, 'What are you doing there?' Answer: 'There is a traveler with me. One of our mules is lame. Can you bring us a fresh one?' 'Yes, I can. Do you want anything else?' 'You might bring some milk along if you have any,' and so on. That the conversation is correctly interpreted is presently confirmed by the arrival of the mule and the milk, and the distance that separated the parties to the dialogue turns out to be about three miles.

"Long notes and short notes, rising and falling tones, go to make this marvelous means of communication. No record is to be found of its origin or history, and it will be a thousand pities if scientific investigation is not made before the silvando is added to the list of dead languages, as assuredly it will be within the next two or three generations."—Chicago News.

STRANGE COMPANIONS.

The "Happy Family" and a Kitten and a Hawk.

The first public exhibition of a "happy family" in England was given about fifty years ago, when there were shown a monkey, a cat, several rats and three or four pigeons in one cage. The monkey was on excellent terms with the cat so long as puss would allow him to warm himself by cuddling her; otherwise he would show his vexation by slyly giving her tail a nip with his teeth.

The birds perched on the cat's back and pecked at her fur, and the rats were as friendly with their natural enemy as if she were one of their own sort.

A lady walking in the Isle of Wight observed a little kitten curled up on a mossy bank taking a midday nap. As she stopped to stroke it a hawk swooped down and, pouncing upon the kitten, hid it from sight.

The lady, fearing for the life of the kitten, tried to rescue it, but the hawk firmly faced her, stood at bay and refused to move. She hastened to a fisherman's cottage and told the inmates of the impending tragedy.

"It's always so," they said, laughing. "That hawk always comes down if any one goes near the kitten. He has taken to it and stays near at hand to watch whenever it goes to sleep."

The lady, greatly interested, made further inquiry and learned that the kitten's mother had died, after which the nursling was missed for several days. One day the hawk was seen about the cottage picking up scraps of meat and carrying them to the roof of the cottage.

The fisherman climbed up and found the lost kitten nestled in a hole in the thatch and thriving under the care of its strange foster father. It was brought down and restored to the cottage, but the hawk would not resign his charge and was always at hand to rescue the kitten from the caresses of strangers.—Philadelphia North American.

Dictionary Lore.

"Poison" and "potion" are doublets, the former being an older form of the latter. Both are derived from the Latin "potare," to drink, and "poison" in its original sense signified merely something to drink.

While the word "human" used as meaning "a human being" is now only colloquial or humorous, Lowell in the introduction to the "Biglow Papers" chided Bartlett for including it in his "Dictionary of Americanisms" and remarked that it was Chapman's habitual phrase in his translation of Homer and that it is found also in the old play of "The Hog Hath Lost His Pearl."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Flame Combination.

If a small quantity of chlorate of potash be powdered and mixed with an equal quantity of powdered sugar a candle may be lighted by means of the mixture without matches.

Place a little of it in the depression around the wick of a candle that has been previously used and then touch the mixture with a glass rod the end of which has been dipped in oil of vitriol. It will burst into flame, lighting the candle.

An Evasive Answer.

"We dined at Mrs. Crankleigh's last night."

"I suppose you had a good dinner."

"Well, we found out that Mrs. Crankleigh is an active member of the society for boycotting all the high priced foodstuffs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What He Saved.

"Good!" shouted the friend of the bibliophile as the latter emerged from the burning house carrying a bundle of books. "Did you save your Shakespeares?"

"No," replied the bibliophile, combing a spark out of his whiskers; "I saved my Bacon."—Houston Post.

Timely Warning.

Proprietor—I am satisfied with your work, Pusher, and I will raise your salary from $10 to $12 a week; but, mind, that does not mean that you must go and get married on the strength of it.—New York Times.

A Dozen Eggs.

The Teacher—How many eggs are there in a dozen? The Pupil—Five fresh ones, five doubtful ones and two bad ones.—Cleveland Leader.

Scandalous.

"What do you think? Mrs. Zizzel, who never goes to church, has won the first prize in the church lottery!"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

HIS TRAGIC DREAM.

A Grim Ghost Story That Comes From the Netherlands.

The following remarkable ghost story is told of two brothers, members of a distinguished family in Friesland, a province of the Netherlands: The young men were officers in the same regiment, and their only fault—a certain rash valor, so different from the quiet prudence so characteristic of their nation—made their comrades almost idolize them.

These young officers were exceedingly anxious to see a ghost and took a great deal of pains to plunge into all sorts of gloomy places in the hope of finding them tenanted by beings from the other world. At last they seemed to find the orthodox old castle with its haunted room. Everybody bore witness to the horrible sights and sounds nightly to be seen and heard therein, and these young gentlemen determined to pass the night there.

It was Christmas eve, and they provided themselves with a good supper and a bottle of wine each, a fire, lights and loaded pistols. The hours wore on. No ghost was seen; no ghostly sounds were heard. The younger brother, wrapped closely in his warm cloak, laid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfortable sleep. The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determined to remain awake and await the issue of events.

After awhile a noise roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. He raised his eyes and beheld the wall opening in front of his seat. Through the opening glided a tall figure in white, who signed to him to follow.

The rose and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly lighted room where a ball was going on. Above the strains of music and the din of voices pierced a strange, sharp, clicking sound, like the notes of castanets.

Bewildered and dazzled by this sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it was some moments before he could collect his senses, but he was shocked by perceiving that these gayly dressed ladies and their richly uniformed cavaliers were skeletons, and the curious sound that impressed him so strangely was the clicking of fleshless jaws!

The figure at his side ordered him to take a partner from this hideous throng, which he refused to do. Irritated at this refusal, the figure raised his arm to strike, but the officer instantly leveled at him the pistol he had continued to grasp and discharged it full in his face.

With the shock and report he started to his feet. The white figure, the ballroom, the fearful, ghastly dancers, all had vanished, and he was in the room where he had supped, but his brother lay dying at his side.

He had shot him in his dream and awakened only to receive his last utterance. From that awful Christmas night he was an altered man. All the gayety had gone out of his life, all the sunshine had faded from his days, and after a few years of unavailing anguish of remorse he found himself unable to bear the burden of his regrets and put an end to his life.

To Gauge His Wife's Temper.

"I heard about a peculiar case of henpecked husband recently," said a young woman the other day.

"What was it?" her friend inquired.

"There is a man who has some difficulty in gauging his wife's temper. At times she is considerate of his welfare, and at other times—well, he rather thinks that married life is a failure.

"He has a peculiar manner of finding out the state of his wife's feeling toward him. In the evening when he returns home from work he never steps into the house without going through a sort of ceremony. First he throws his hat in the house, and then he seats himself on the steps and waits. If five minutes pass without the hat being thrown out again he enters and generally finds his wife very agreeable. However, if the hat is thrown out again the unfortunate man seeks hospitality for the night somewhere else rather than brave the anger of his helpmeet."

The Fishing Otter.

The otter used by Scottish poachers is one of the most deadly fishing instruments known. In some waters it is far more effective than a net. It may be described as a water kite, which serves to take out over the water a line bearing fifty or more flies. The otter itself is a floating piece of board leaded along one side to keep it upright. The poacher walks along the side of the loch or river, letting out the fly decorated line as he goes, the otter board gradually working out toward the center. An enormous area of water is fished at one time and numbers of fish are killed.

A Drop of Water.

A gallon of distilled water weighs 8.339 pounds, and, there being four quarts to the gallon, and two pints to the quart, and sixteen fluid ounces to the pint, and two tablespoonfuls to the fluid ounce, and four teaspoonfuls to the tablespoon, and forty-five drops to the teaspoon, a drop of water weighs 0.00018057 pound, slightly more.

Another Creditor.

Blobbs—Hardduppe says he owes everything to his wife. Slobbs—Hardduppe is a double distilled prevaricator. He owes $10 to me.—Philadelphia Record.

Shear the sheep, but don't flay them.—Spanish Proverb.

A Gentle Hint.

A certain butcher is renowned among his contemporaries for the quaintness and originality of some of his remarks. On a road leading to a neighboring parish he one day met a gentleman who at the time owed him for some meat. After a salutation the gentleman remarked:

"That's a fine fat dog you have, Alexander."

"Sae weel he may, sir," was the reply, "for he has an easy conscience and is oot o' debt, and that's mair than you or I can say."

The hint was taken, and the butcher got his money next day.—London Answers.

Waiting to Find Out.

Cincinnati Tourist (who for the first time has just entered a restaurant in Paris)—Have you ordered? St. Louis Tourist (who has reached the table some minutes before and who looks up from a French bill of fare)—Yes. Cincinnati Tourist—What did you order? St. Louis Tourist (impatiently)—How do I know?—Chicago News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—First Quarter, For Feb. 6, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. vi, 1-15. Memory Verse, 6—Golden Text, Matt. vi, 1, R. V.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The kingdom that will surely come in God's own time and way will be a kingdom of righteousness and peace. The Lord Jesus Christ and His saints shall be the heavenly rulers (Zech. xiv, 5, 9; Rev. v, 9, 10), and Israel, a righteous nation, the earthly center, bringing blessing to all the earth (Isa. lx, 21; lxii, 1, 2, 6, 7). In order to enter the kingdom one must have the righteousness described in the last lesson—not our own by any deeds of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith (Phil. iii, 9). If this righteousness is truly ours it will be manifest in our lives to the glory of God, and the whole life will be simply and only and always a desire for God's approval. Thus the light will shine before men and God will be glorified. According to the scribes and Pharisees, righteousness consisted of giving and prayer and fasting, but it was all to obtain honor from men (Matt. xxiii, 5); it was not from the heart unto the Lord. In the lesson today our Lord takes these three things and teaches that those who seek the praise of men may get honor from men, but that is all they ever will get. The truly righteous will do their righteousness (verse 1, margin and R. V.) unto the Lord, with the one desire of pleasing Him, and concerning such Jesus said three times, "Thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly" (verses 4, 6, 18). The world's favor is to many a great snare, but the motto of the truly righteous is, "Not as pleasing men but God who trieth our hearts." "Not with eye service as men pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart" (I Thess. ii, 4; Eph. vi, 6). The words of our Lord in John vi, 57, seem to me to cover all this teaching, "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." Those who have taken the trouble to note how often in the book of Leviticus, the book of worship, the expressions "unto the Lord" and "before the Lord" are used and will lay this to heart will surely be delivered from the snare of the devil against which the Lord here warns us.

In reference to giving we have the contrast between the rich who cast into the treasury of their abundance and the poor widow who, perhaps with some secrecy, cast in her two mites, but of which our Lord made such honorable mention. The being rewarded openly is referred to on another occasion by our Lord when He urged that we should do good to those who cannot recompense us here, reminding us of a recompense at the resurrection of the just (Luke xiv, 14). A contrast in prayer is seen in the Pharisee and publican of Luke xviii. The contrast between fasting before men and before God is set forth fully in Isa. lviii, 1-8. Let the world go its way and please its god, but if we have become children of the only living and true God let us in all things honor our Father who is in heaven and learn to pray from the heart the prayer that is here taught us by our Lord, the only model of prayer which Christ has given us, and as one has said, the epitome of all prayer, for there is nothing that we can ask for that is not included in this. This is truly the believer's prayer, for only such can say from the heart "Our Father." All others had better take heed quickly to our Lord's estimate of them in John viii, 44. Between "Our Father" and "Thine is the kingdom" there are just seven petitions, divided, as nearly all sevens are, into three and four. The first three refer to God, Thy name, Thy kingdom, Thy will; the last four refer to us, give us, forgive us, lead us not, deliver us. God must be always first. Nothing is right till we are right with Him.

It must be "Glory to God in the highest" before there can be peace on earth. When His name is hallowed by all then the kingdom shall have come and His will be done on earth as in heaven. We must never forget our daily dependence upon Him and our indebtedness to Him, remembering that we are in a world lying in the wicked one whom we must resist and pray to be delivered from. It is a tremendous fact that our adversary, the devil, goeth about seeking whom he may devour (I Pet. v, 8, 9), and there is no greater evidence of this than the multitudes who have been led to believe that there is no devil, that such a creature does not exist. The closing words are found fully in I Chron. xxix, 11, in the prayer of David, and when the kingdom shall have come David's people shall be found in their own land, all righteous, and David's son shall be seen on David's throne, according to Luke i, 30-33. The kingdom for which we pray, the Father's kingdom, is spoken of in I Cor. xv, 24-28, as being the sequel to Jesus reigning till He hath put all enemies under His feet, the kingdom that shall follow the millennial reign. Our being accepted by God in Christ and obtaining in Him by His blood the forgiveness of sins do not depend upon our forgiveness of others. But as children of God, redeemed by precious blood, we must forgive as we have been forgiven if we would have His constant forgiveness.

Your Chances.

The little chances linger and return, but the great chances come and go and never come again. If we could look back over the lives of the people by whom we are surrounded, how many great and rich opportunities would we see that they have permitted to drift by them unimproved!

A Line on Bjenkyns.

Lawson—What sort of man is Bjenkyns, anyway?

Dawson—Well, his wife always goes with him when he buys a suit of clothes.—Somerville Journal.

The Consultation.

"My wife always consults me about every article of attire she buys—frocks, hats, shoes, gloves, everything."

"My wife does, too—that is, she asks me for the money."

Sartorial.

"Ever go to that tailor?"

"Yes. Most expensive man. I got two suits from him—a dress suit and a lawsuit."—Lippincott's.

JOY THAT BRINGS WOE

Shock of Sudden Glad Tidings at Times Turns the Brain.

IT HAS DRIVEN PEOPLE MAD.

Some of the Saddest Cases of Lunacy Are Those Where the Mind Is Unable to Stand the Strain of News of Unexpected Good Fortune.

It is no exaggeration to assert, said an asylum doctor of long and varied experience, that there are scores of men and women in insane asylums who have literally been sent there through excess of joy. Many of these cases which are, in my opinion, the saddest of all have come under my own observation.

I remember in the very first asylum with which I was connected one of the patients was a strikingly handsome and very well educated man, who was as sane as you or I except on one point. He was really a man of considerable wealth, but his delusion was that he was a pauper, and he would tell the most pitiful tales of his destitution, begging, with tears in his eyes, for a few coppers with which to buy bread.

According to the story told me, he was the only son of a wealthy merchant. In his youth he had fallen among evil companions and had led such a dissolute life that his father not only threatened to disinherit him, but forbade him ever to enter his house again. After that he seems to have sunk into the lowest depths of poverty until he was glad to earn a few coppers by selling papers or matches in the streets.

It was at this last and lowest stage that news came to him that his father had died intestate and that he was heir to all his vast fortune. The sudden news completely turned the man's brain and brought on such a condition of excitement that he had to be sent to an asylum, and when he calmed down again he had lost all recollection of his good fortune, and nothing could shake his delusion that he was on the verge of starvation.

Another patient in the same asylum was a young and in his lucid moments a most intelligent fellow, whose "brain was turned," as the saying is, on learning that he had passed an examination. He had sat for the matriculation examination at the University of London, on passing which he had set his heart and had asked a friend in London to wire the result as soon as the names were screened at Burlington House.

About three weeks later came a fatal telegram, "Failed—sorry," which sent the young man into the lowest depths of despair, for he was too old to sit again. Not many hours later, however, came another telegram, "Passed honors—very sorry crush so great did not see name this morning." The revulsion of feeling was so great that the student's reason gave way, and he became so violent in his excitement that he had to be confined. Fortunately he was not with us long and is now, I am glad to know, doing very well as a solicitor.

Disappointed love sends many people to asylums, but it is very seldom that success in wooing drives a man mad. It had this strange effect, however, on one of my late patients. The girl he loved had gone out to India to keep house for her brother before he had screwed up his courage to the point of proposing to her, but an offer followed by mail very quickly after her.

Weeks and months passed and no answer came to the impatient lover until, after waiting two years in despair, he became engaged to a girl who had nothing but her money bags to recommend her and for whom he had not a particle of love. Scarcely, however, was his fate sealed than he received the long despaired of letter from India, accepting his offer and explaining that the girl's brother had received and mislaid the letter, which had only just been found and had come into her hands.

Within an hour of the receipt of this letter the man was a raving maniac, and, although his condition is improved, I doubt whether he will ever recover his reason.

In another remarkable case it was the joy at seeing her husband again that robbed a lady patient of her reason. Her husband was the captain of a merchant ship which was reported to have gone down with all hands. The widow had deeply mourned her husband for nearly a year when one day on returning from a walk she found him sitting in the drawing room as hale and robust as ever.

With a shriek she fell unconscious on the floor, and when she recovered her reason was gone. It seems that her husband, after floating for some time, had been picked up by a passing "tramp" and had been landed on the west coast of Africa, from which he had returned home by the first available vessel.—London Spectator.

Charitable.

It is said of the author of a volume of biography that his verdict on the great of his chosen period is much that of the New Hampshire parson at the highly approved funeral of a parishioner: "Brethren, we must agree that our deceased friend was mean in some things, but let us in Christian charity allow that he was meaner in others."

Both Sides.

Doctor's Little Girl—Your papa owes my papa money. Lawyer's Little Girl—That's nothing. Papa said he was glad to get off with his life.—Baltimore American.

The Vital Test.

"My eyes seem to be all wrong," explained Mr. Pinchpenny to the expensive oculist. "They're weak and tire easily. After a bit everything seems to swim before them. Bright lights make me dizzy. Can you assist me?"

The expensive oculist nodded.

"Your case is a common one," he replied, "but I fear it will necessitate a treatment extending over several months. However, I can guarantee an absolute and enduring cure."

Biweekly for several months Mr. Pinchpenny was treated, and day by day his sight waxed stronger and more strong.

"Do you think I'm all right now?" he inquired at last.

"Mr. Pinchpenny," replied the oculist, beaming, "I think I can assure you that your eyes are now cured. But there is one more test it would be as well to apply." Here he held up a little sheet of paper. "See," he said suavely, "if you can read this little bill of mine at twelve inches without blinking."—London Answers.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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A Mean Accusation.

The plump and pretty waitress was being teased by a youthful male boarder when a sedate middle aged man entered the dining room. To him she made prompt appeal.

"Is there anything on my face?" she demanded.

"Why, yes," was the reply, after a lengthy scrutiny. "There is some cuticle on it."

"Oh, there is not!" she said in high dudgeon and flounced out of the room.—Lippincott's.

There They Were.

"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction." "And I am here," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things." "And I," said the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself." "And I," added the burglar "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town."

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VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 13

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.39 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.45, 5.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 m., 3.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 9 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 7 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Stirgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
46	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
47	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
48	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
49	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
51	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
52	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
53	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
54	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
512	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
513	Burlington Street, opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
512	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Fri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
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HER ONE QUESTION.

The Woman In the Case, as Usual, Had the Last Word.

When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half past 1 it was with the determination of going to sleep and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So as soon as he had entered the door and deposited his lamp upon the dressing table he commenced to undress and to make his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letter as soon as I got downtown. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas check and sighted a line for the bed when he was earthquaked by the query from Mrs. Jenkins, "Why don't you take off your hat?"—Argonaut.

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Why I Love St. Valentine's Day

Because It Helped Me In My Courtship and to Get the Girl I Wanted.

By ARTHUR GRAY.

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A hundred years ago, when there were but a few million people in the United States, our progenitors fell in love in the old fashioned natural way and, being once in love, married as a matter of course, very few of them considering what they would live on in the married state. One reason for this, or cause, whichever one chooses to consider it, was that they fell in love and married young.

The reason why I appreciate St. Valentine's day is that it had a great deal to do with my present domestic happiness. A valentine began it, a valentine furnished means of keeping it up, and a valentine settled it.

Effie Winston at seventeen was at the exact age her mother married—married for love—married without any provision for the future. But Mrs. Winston married much later than a hundred years ago, when getting a living was easier and not so much was required. Consequently she didn't find married life as charming as it might have been had Effie's father had a fortune or at least an income commensurate with the requirements of an increasing family. Therefore, as might be expected, the lady did not propose that her sons should take wives until they could support them or that her daughters should marry men who were not prosperous.

This was sensible, but when a sensible idea is carried too far it ceases to be sensible. To come to the point, Mrs. Winston determined that her daughter Effie, in whom I came to be interested, should marry none other than a rich man. I wanted Effie, and I hadn't a cent. Ergo, Mrs. Winston was a very stupid and a very obstinate woman. This was my boyhood reasoning, and since I have grown to middle age I have not, in my case, seen any reason to change it. I confess, however, that my daughter Effie shall not marry a pauper.

I made Effie's acquaintance at dancing school. I asked her to dance with me twice in one of our afternoon dancing school meetings. St. Valentine's day came along soon afterward, and she sent me a valentine. This was the beginning of it. Indeed, the pretty little missive was my first intimation that a member of the opposite sex saw in me something more than in the other boys of her acquaintance. I didn't stop to consider that she might have sent one to a dozen other boys. If I had the heavenly flower of love might have been nipped in the bud. I knew Effie had sent me the valentine, for, fearing I might be mistaken with regard to it, she scrawled her name on it. I assumed that the verses printed on it had been laid down there by the printer for the express purpose of letting me know that Effie loved me.

Many a verse, many a letter, has been penned by a woman who intends to tell of the love she bears a man that have not in them a tithe of the pure sentiment that came to me in those lines, which had been slung off in thousands by a pressman in a dirty apron. I dreamed over my valentine, and I dreamed of Effie. She is now very necessary to me, but she is incapable of inspiring me with any of that delicious feeling which welled up within me like waters fitted to be quaffed by angels: I carried it to school with me and at recess stole away from the other children to look at it. I had it with me in my room when I went to bed and studied it till I knew every flower, every vine, every cupid. It was the last thing I thought of before going to sleep and the first after awaking in the morning.

Where was I? I remember—I was abusing my future mother-in-law for being so stupid as to refuse me her daughter's hand. This was long after I had received the valentine, for Effie was nineteen and I was twenty. Effie was as stupid, I thought, as her mother about the matter, for although she declared she would never marry any one but me, she demurred at becoming my wife, I being in possession of an income of nothing a year. At any rate, she told me that, her mother having forbidden her from receiving or communicating with me, she would obey. Indeed, she was forced to obey. I couldn't take care of her as my wife, and I had no right to be dangling about her keeping desirable suitors away.

I accused her of heartlessness and other unattractive traits till I drew tears, then called myself a brute, then kissed her goodby and then went away determined to put myself in a position to earn enough to marry on.

I worked like a Trojan. I did not only my own work, but every one else's in the office where I was employed. While other boys who had no such spur as I had thought only of getting a holiday now and then or of shirking what work they didn't fancy I was thinking only of Effie and a tiny cottage. I worked all day and often at night. Indeed, I worked so hard that my employers noticed it and kept on raising my salary and advancing me till one day I was astonished at a proposition for me to manage the detail of the business at a salary of $6,000 a year.

While I was standing before the members of the firm with a puzzled look on my face I was not thinking of the proposition or the $6,000 a year; I was thinking of how to communicate the good news to Effie. I believed her mother would grow more and more difficult to satisfy in a pecuniary way each year, and I determined not to appeal to her, but to Effie direct. Three years had passed during which I had kept apart from Effie and Effie had kept apart from me. But how could I know whether she was unchanged? I couldn't. Suppose I wrote her to find out and received no reply. I wouldn't know whether my letter had fallen into her mother's hands or whether Effie had received it and did not care to renew our past relations.

And here comes in the second valentine. I was offered my new position the 1st of January, and in six weeks St. Valentine's day came round. I sent Effie, who was now twenty-two years old, a valentine. I was aware that the custom had even at that day fallen largely into the hands of children. I didn't intend to declare my love in verses that had now come to seem cheap to me. I used the valentine as a starter for a clandestine correspondence. I wrote a message on it in lemon juice, then indited in a disguised hand this couplet:

If to know me you aspire
Read my name before the fire.

You see letters written in lemon juice, though invisible before, when heated come out a brown color. Effie would apply the necessary heat. I only feared that she would throw the valentine in the wastebasket without reading the couplet.

That all turned out right was apparent in a letter I received from my valentine, for which I had given her an address. Effie was delighted at my success and said that she was very proud of me. She added, however, that, so far as obtaining her mother's consent to our marriage or even an engagement was concerned, it would be more difficult than ever. Her mother's figures for the fortune Effie's husband should possess were rising every day.

Effie and I after this continued to correspond clandestinely, she not knowing exactly what to do. She loved her mother, and she loved me. She had yielded to her mother's wishes so long as I was unable to support her, and, now that I was in a position to do so, she felt that something was due both to me and to herself. Matters were brought to a crisis by Mrs. Winston discovering our correspondence. A letter Effie had written me fell into her mother's hands.

It seems that Mrs. Winston had been on the watch for such a procedure and could not imagine how my first letter could have got into the house without her knowing it. Effie declined to enlighten her. That made the old lady very angry, and there was a great commotion in the Winston family. Of course our correspondence was stopped. Effie was forbidden to write to or receive letters from me under pain of being run off to Europe. In addition to the command Mrs. Winston set spies upon Effie, and she dared not post me a single note.

Matters went on in this way for nearly a year. One day a letter came to the Winston house that excited Effie's suspicions. It was now her turn to pry. The letter bore the business stamp of an agent of a steamship company. Effie steamed the envelope, opened it and read that her mother had engaged passage for two for Genoa, the vessel to sail on the 14th of February, or in about a week.

Here was a revelation. Something must be done. Something was done. And this is the way it was done.

Effie a week before St. Valentine's day went out and bought a supply of valentines for the children. The same evening she addressed a number of them, her mother asking why she was sending them so early, and she replying that they were going to distant places. She addressed and stamped them, managing to retain one, which she addressed to me. This she gave, with the others, to a maid to post, who mailed them without looking at the addresses.

This was the third and last valentine. I received it and read that Effie was ready to walk away with me to church before the sailing of the vessel that was to take her to foreign parts. She appointed a place of meeting and an hour. Indeed, she arranged everything to my satisfaction.

But there was very little time. The steamer was to leave at 1 p. m. on Feb. 14, and the appointment made by Effie to meet me was at dawn the same morning. Before any one in the house was awake she was up and dressed and stealing downstairs. Then she went out by a rear door. I was at the corner with a carriage, and when I saw her scudding toward me I opened the carriage door, we got in and were driven away.

I had arranged my part of the elopement and engaged a clergyman to be up and ready to perform a wedding ceremony when the cocks were crowing. We found him ready, and in a few minutes a knot had been tied that Mrs. Winston could not unloose. From the parson's we drove back to the house. Effie let us in with a night key, and we waited till her mother came downstairs to breakfast. Since she was to sail that day she was up early, and when she entered the room where we were and saw us sitting together her astonishment was unbounded. Effie said to her:

"Mother, I am of an age to think and act for myself. We are married. I have acted without your knowledge to save trouble, for I knew you would oppose me, and I had made up my mind to choose my own husband."

Well, it was made up in time, but not then. Mrs. Winston canceled her passage abroad, and Effie and I went on our wedding trip.

Is it a wonder that we both appreciate St. Valentine's day?

A Blunt Answer.

Mother (to her daughter)—You'd better accept Peter, my dear. He is a nice boy, though he may not be handsome. After all, good looks fade, don't they, papa? Father—Rather!—Fliegende Blatter.

HIS VERY WORDS.

The Property Man Cheerfully Quoted Them to Beerbohm Tree.

Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, had a comical experience on his first appearance as the corpulent Falstaff. In the last act he had arranged that Falstaff, disconcerted by gibes and buffets of the fairies in Windsor forest, should make one herculean effort to climb the oak tree. The pegs that were to serve as supports for that tree were always conspicuous by their absence. On the morning before the performance Mr. Tree was told they should positively be fixed on the tree. The morning came, but with it no pegs. Eloquence was stifled; even invective faltered. He pointed to the tree and with the calm of despair blurted out to the defaulter, "No pegs!"

Such an ejaculation, spoken more in sorrow than in anger, would, he hoped, appeal to that last remnant of conscience which even the papier mache bosom of a property man might be supposed to retain. In the evening there was a dress rehearsal, but still no pegs could be seen. Mr. Tree's form quivered—beneath the padding—with pentup emotions, and in a torrent of passion and a voice shaken by righteous wrath he exclaimed:

"Where are those pegs?"

"Pegs—pegs!" exclaimed the property master, with exasperating affability. "Why, guv'nor, what was your words to me this morning? 'No pegs.' And there ain't none."—London Tit-Bits.

WATER EXPERTS.

Feats of Diving That Are Performed by Swedish Swimmers.

The Swedes delight in "combination diving," and two men will perform many clever feats together. One of the most grotesque of these is when one man stands upright on a springboard and tightly clasps another man's body round the waist, holding him head downward and putting his own head through the man's legs. When the upright man springs from the board he throws his legs into the air so that the two men, clasping each other tightly round the waist, turn a somersault, and when they reach the water the man who started upside down arrives feet foremost.

The handspring dive is a very effective specialty of Swedish swimmers. The performer takes off from the diving board with hands instead of feet, turning his body in order to descend feet foremost or somersaulting to arrive head downward.

Very graceful also is the back dive, in which the spring is made backward, the body turning toward the springboard.

Double somersault dives are made from platforms thirty to fifty feet high, the diver making two turns in the air and entering the water feet foremost.—London Saturday Review.

An Effective Alarm.

Flannigan had been discharged from the artillery and went to live in a cottage in his native village. One day he left on a week's visit to some distant relatives, and a day later the village constable was standing at his door when he heard the sudden boom of the rusty cannon Flannigan had mounted on his front hedge.

An instant later a brick whizzed past the constable's ear and smashed his door to smithereens.

The indignant officer, followed by the populace, rushed to Flannigan's cottage and found it still tenantless, but showing signs of recent burgling.

When Flannigan returned the next week he heard the news and was delighted.

"Oi prepared for burglars afore Oi wint away," he said, "by thrainin' the gun on yer front door, constable, and connicting it by sacret wires to the doors and windies and loading it wid a brick. An' it hit the door slap in the middle? Bedad, Oi wasn't a gunlayer in the artillery for nothin'!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Why Hale Would Not Do.

When N. O. Nelson, the profit sharer, decided to transfer his co-operative business from St. Louis to the country he looked about carefully for a favorable location. His personal friend Dr. Edward Everett Hale accompanied him on one of his tours in search of this. A site was chosen, and a name for it was then in order. Among others, Hale was considered, but rejected because, as Mr. Nelson said, "the name differs from its distinguished owner in being only four letters long, while he was six feet four or thereabouts." So Leclaire was chosen in honor of the pioneer French profit sharer.—World's Work.

A Case of Overcrowding.

"I don't see why I keep on getting so much fatter. I only eat two meals a day."

"I know, my love, but you shouldn't insist upon crowding your breakfast and luncheon into one meal and your dinner and a late supper into the other."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Angel.

"My wife always forgives my faults."

"I've got you skinned to death."

"How?"

"My wife forgets mine."—Cleveland Leader.

No Glutton.

The Unsuccessful Counsel—I'm very sorry I could not do more for you, my man. The Prisoner—Ho! Don't apologize, old sport. Five years is enough.—London Sketch.

It May Be Pneumonia

"A hard chill, pain through the chest, difficult breathing. Then fever, with great prostration." If this should be your experience, send for your doctor. You may have pneumonia! If your doctor cannot come at once, give Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. When he comes, tell him exactly what you have done. Then do as he says. No alcohol in this cough medicine. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

Keep the bowels in good condition. One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will cause an increased flow of bile, and produce a gentle laxative effect the day following.

THE CABMEN OF PARIS

Hailing One Is the Same as a Declaration of War.

THEY ARE INSOLENT ROGUES

Sneers and Caustic Advice Are Showered Upon Those Who Engage Them. On Wet or Festal Days the Cabbies Spurn Those Who Want to Ride.

Among Anglo-Saxons there is a general and instinctive desire to do business on the basis of an entente cordiale. In Paris the hailing of a cabman is looked on by both parties to the transaction as an implied declaration of war. The cabman takes your measure, and you take his number if you are wise. At once he will give you a reason to remark that he has a rooted and premeditated objection to drive you where you wish to go. Perhaps he prefers the opera quarter because it is central, or should the weather be fine his heart is probably set upon driving in the Bois, while you may have business at the bourse. He explains his views on the subject selfishly and rudely.

A foreigner alighted recently from the Calais train at the Northern railway station in Paris and ordered a typical Parisian cabman, bloated, pale and absinth soaked, to drive him to the Rue Blomet, which is a street in the relatively distant Vaugirard quarter. "Peut on habiter la Rue Blomet?" ("Is it possible to inhabit the Rue Blomet?") exclaimed the ragged ruffian in an epigrammatic note of disdain which would have done honor to Beau Brummel.

But it is when the Paris cabman has once started on his "course," a warpath in the strict sense of the term, that he proves to what a limitless extent he is the enemy of mankind. His hatred of the "bourgeois," the "man in the street," in spite of and indeed because of his being a potential client, is expressed at every yard. He constantly tries to run him down, which makes strangers to Paris accuse the Paris cabman of driving badly, while in point of fact he is not driving at all, but playing with miraculous skill a game of his own which suggests cannon billiards in the hands of a world's champion.

But it is not with the public alone that he is at war. On all other cabmen whose path he crosses, on omnibus drivers, motorcar men, bicyclists, private coachmen, costermongers with barrows and (sotto voce) the police he heaps deadly insults, the least outrageous of which are "Ours!" ("Bear!") and "Fourneau!" ("Oven!"), the latter containing a subtle double meaning, intelligible only to those who have Paris "argot" or slang at their finger ends and too long to explain.

The cabman's wild career through the streets, the constant wavering and slashing of his pitiless whip, his madcap hurtlements and collisions, the frenzied gesticulations which he exchanges with his "fare," the panic stricken flight of the agonized women whose lives he has endangered, the ugly rushes which the public occasionally makes at him with a view to lynching him, the sprawlings and fallings of his maddened, hysterical, starving horse, contribute as much as anything to the spasmodic intensity, the electric blue fire diablerie, which are characteristic of the general movement of Paris.

All that can be said in mitigation of the Paris cabman's method is that "he has them in the blood." Every Parisian (and the cabman is no exception) has the soul of a dictator and the spirit of an artist. To exercise autocratic power and, failing this, to enjoy the maximum of personal freedom from all restraint, moral or social, is the goal at which he is ever aiming, openly or secretly.

Watch a Paris cabman, for instance, on a wet day or on some festival occasion, such as the New Year, when there is a big demand for his services. With what haughty disdain does he drive along the streets, deaf to every appeal, refusing every fare, rejoicing in the discomfort and inconvenience he is causing, triumphant in the thought that at last he has "the bourgeois" at his feet; that the clientele which he detests and which detests him is now a humiliated, bemuddled or bedraggled mob of supplicants waiting on his will, whom he can enrage to boiling point with his sneers and his silence or lash with his sarcasms as cruelly as he beats his horse.

Cheerfully does he sacrifice half a day's earnings to the enjoyment of this exquisite revenge, for at least he can say to his hungry wife and children when he gets home, "J'ai vecu." They may not have dined, but he has lived.

It is because the Parisian recognizes in himself a certain community of sentiment with the cabman in this attitude toward life that he tolerates him, though he does not forgive him. —Harper's Weekly.

Her Only Course.

Lady Anne Lindsay, the author of the old poem "Auld Robin Gray," was not only a delightful conversationalist, but she was a great story teller.

This gift made her not only a welcome guest abroad, but a valuable member of the home circle, for it is related in "A Group of Scottish Women" that at a dinner party which she was giving to some friends an old manservant caused some amusement by saying in a perfectly audible undertone:

"My lady, you must tell another story. The second course won't be ready for five minutes."

Above Her Business.

The tall man came into her little blue kitchen and looked over the shelves which were just beneath the level of his head, but above hers. He ran his finger over one shelf, then showed it to her. It was pretty black.

"You are a nice housekeeper," he said.

"This kitchen wasn't made for tall people," she explained falteringly. "It was made for little ones."—New York Press.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, FEB. 11, 1910.

WATER AND WOODS.

In an address delivered by Gov. Curtis Guild, Jr., before a great meeting of the Massachusetts State Federation of Womans Clubs held in Boston last week, which, by the way, the 1,000 fair and cultured women present said was a very able and entertaining one, he spoke these words about the influence of forests on the water-courses that flow through them:

"Whether forests do or do not act as a magnet to attract water, they unquestionably act aa a sponge to reserve and distribute water."

Now, that hasn't been proved; but it is as true as scientific investigation has been able to demonstrate it that forests have no appreciable effect on water supply.

But tnere are two sides to this question; at least, it is so treated. The old lumbermen of Maine tell us the great rivers of that State are today as wide, deep, flow as swiftly, and bear as heavy burdens, as they did 75 years ago, before the forests bordering them were cut off. They, also, tell us, that freshets are no more frequent or heavy now than they were then.

But trees draw water—what becomes of it? A thrifty oak, 16 inches in diameter a foot above the ground, during its 5 months of leafage, each year, draws from the earth and discharges into space 123 tons of water. Multiply that one tree by a forest: and still the stream flows on undiminished!

Some time ago the German government appointed a Commission of scientific men to study and thoroughly investigate the effect of forests on the brooks, streams rnd rivers of that country. The Commission gave 4 years of continuous work and study to the subject, and reported late'y that forests have no perceptible effect on the waters that flow through or near them.

From all of which we conclude that considerable ignorant and unprofitable talk respecting the subject of forest "conservation" is indulged in by people in and out of Congress.

A CONVERTED MAN.

It is seldom the case that a member of the National House of Representatives outranks a Senator, but Hon. Samuel W. McCall, who represents this, the 8th Massachusetts, District in Congress, and has done so many years to his own, and the honor of his constituants, has that distinction. As Vice Chairman of the Ballinger Investigating Committee he is second only in rank to Chairman Nelson, and in the event of the latter's absence or illness he will preside over the investigators.

Evidently Congressman McCall is a changed man, politically. Not long ago he was regarded as the most independent and cross-grained member of the House; but today he is as regular as Henry Sherman Boutel, a native of Massachusetts, but distinguished by reason of faultless dress and his loyalty to Speaker Cannon in any and all circumstances.

☞ Charles S. Cummings was convicted of forgery and larceny in connection with the Town Treasurer Lombard embezzlement and forgery case in Framingham, last week, and sentenced to State prison for not less than 5 or more than 8 years, after failing to secure bonds of $40,000 for an appeal to a higher court, and has begun his term of imprisonment. He was the originator and promoter of the Woburn & Lowell street railroad—the line from Woburn Common to Billerica — which proved a complete failure because of the Woburn City Council refusing to grant him a right of way through the city to Winchester, necessary for the success of the undertaking. The line was abandoned by Cummings's Company, subsequently bought by the B. & N., and now a profitable road. Cummings was the oiliest talker we ever listened to—he would deceive "the very elect."

☞ Some of the M. D.'s have advanced their charges for professional visits to $4 each, and for this peculiar reason: More thorough scientific inspection of milk within the last year or two has so far improved its quality that sickness among children has greatly fallen off in that city, and that their business is so seriously affected thereby that they are compelled to raise prices, or starve. Did you ever!

☞ Colonel William H. Oakes, Commander of the Fifth Regiment of Infantry, M. V. M., has forwarded an application to the Adjutant General's office, to be placed on the retired list. Col. Oakes has been in the service since 1875 and will be retired as a Brigadier General. Who will Co. G favor for a successor? His application hrs granted.

☞ It cheers and strengthens the patriotic heart to be informed, as the JOURNAL was last Monday, that Lincoln Day is to be properly observed in this city next Monday, two days after the anniversary of President Lincoln's birthday, by appropriate exercises at the High School. Mr. Herbert B. Dow, Chairman of the School Board, who, in the words of the greatest of Bay State Lawyers, Rufus Choate, "keeps step with the music of the Union," is to deliver an address; James Morgan, Author of "Abraham Lincoln—The Boy and the Man," will read selections from Lincoln's Life; the High School Orchestra will play several selections, and singing and recitations are on the program. We hope the Hall will be plumfull of people.

☞ The JOURNAL predicted several weeks ago, when his enemies thought they had Speaker Cannon of the National House of Representatives beaten to a standstill, that he would come up smiling when the fight was over, and he has. "Uncle Joe" is on top, and the kickers are the "under dog in the fight." They have humbly returned to the fold, confessed their sins, agreed to support the "Taft Policies"—meaning Speaker Cannon's—and harmony and brotherly love now reign supreme in Congress. When it comes to politics Congressmen would do well to pause and think awhile before inaugurating a row with Old Joe Cannon, the shrewdest and brainiest politician in the U. S.

☞ At a meeting of the City Council on Feb. 3, the appointments of Judge Edward F. Johnson to the office of Sinking Fund Commissioner; Edward Caldwell, Cemetery Commissioner, for 5 years; John O. Ray as Public Library Trustee, were received from Mayor Murray and confirmed. But little business was done. There was a movement looking to an increase of the daily wages of city laborers; and another to furnish an office for the City Solicitor. A diversity of opinion developed as to what and where the headquarters of the C. S. should be.

☞ Hon. John F. Fitzgerald was inaugurated Mayor of Boston, the second time, in great state, impressive ceremonies, and in the presence of a large and brilliant assembly of Boston's Unterrified last Monday, Feb. 7. Nothing short of Faneuil Hall, the old "Cradle of Liberty," would answer to do the business in. It was a great day for John F., Boston and Boston Democracy.

☞ In a good, sensible speech delivered in the National House of Representatives last week Congressman Samuel W. McCall of this District, who knows a good thing when he sees it, complimented Speaker Cannon warmly on his good qualities as a presiding officer. McCall is always free and prompt to give credit where it belongs.

☞ Speaker Walker denies emphatically that he will be a candidate for Governor next fall, and says that the stories circulated last week were all bosh, or words to that effect; and, yet, it might not be a bad plan to keep a watchful eye on him.

☞ Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of this city, who is General Manager of the Advertising Department of the New England Tel. & Tel. Co. of Boston, has been admitted to the Massachusetts Bar this week, and is now a fullfledged Lawyer. Congratulations Thomas!

☞ At 2.42 P. M., Feb. 15, the Legislative Committee on Cities are to give a hearing at the State House on a petition to allow the city of Woburn to appropriate money in aid of the Choate Hospital.

☞ At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank held Wednesday evening, Mr. William Beggs was unanimously elected President.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. C. Willard—Citation.
H. D. Moore—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Wood, Putnam & Wood—Breck's Agency.

— The days have stretched out one hour and 19 minutes.

— There was a good, oldfashioned snowstorm here on Feb. 4.

— The Womans Club have changed their Children's Day to March 11.

— Another break of big watermain at Montvale last Saturday night.

— The Choral Society are to give their second concert on April 11.

— In the 24 hours following 7 A M Feb. 7, mercury in Woburn glasses rose from 25 to 30 degrees.

— Last week the harvesters found the ice at North Woburn 14 inches thick, which beat all former records.

— Mr. Raymond T. Aldrich entertained, in handsome style, the Gaba lotte Club last evening at his home on Montvale avenue.

— As confidently predicted by the JOURNAL the Hibernian concert and ball in Lyceum Hall last Friday night was a brilliant and successful event.

— It was so cold last Monday that some of the schools had to suspend business and the scholars sent home to get warm. It was, indeed, a mighty cold day.

— At the Methodist church next Sunday morning the pastor will speak with reference to Lincoln, the anniversary of whose birth comes tomorrow, Feb. 12.

— The Amphion Club concert in Lyceum Hall tonight is not open to the public—only members of the Womans Club and a friend each will be admitted Too bad!

— Feb. 9 was Ash Wednesday; Feb. 13 will be the first Sunday in Lent; Palm Sunday, March 20; Good Friday, March 25; Easter Sunday, March 27.

— The Celtic Association, an old and highly respectable Irish Society whose headquarters are in the Woburn JOURNAL Block, held a fine smoketalk last Monday evening.

— About 200 people attended the reception of the Sunny Corner Class by the M. E. Sunday School last Monday evening and enjoyed it. The music and speeches were excellent.

— The H. S. Debating Society argued the question: "Is Emigration, under present conditions, a detriment to this country?" and Submaster Brock, the Judge, decided that it is.

— Rev. Dr. H. B Williams officiated last Monday at the funeral of John McLean, the Spanish War Veteran who was found dead in bed at his home on High street last Sunday morning

— Miss Augie Fowle will address the First church Womans Missionary Society on "The Gospel in Mexico" this afternoon at Mrs. Cottle's, and Mrs. Nichols will have charge of Current Events.

— The insane man, Guisosler Matvick, who made such a rumpus about midnight last Saturday night, was sent to an asylum Monday morning on the report of Doctors Thomas Caulfield and Charles O'Brien.

— It is said that the new carbarn which the Boston & Northern St. Railway Co. are building on or near Harrison avenue is to cost $80,000. Supt. Myers of the Woburn Division hasn't given out any figures yet.

— Yesterday the Social Benevolent Society, of which Mrs. Alfred H. Holland is President, held their regular meeting at 2 30 o'clock, and took supper at 6.30, in the church parlor, as has been their habit for many years.

— Robert Pendergrace, who accidentally shot and killed Ellen Munson was arrainged before Judge Johnson in the District Court last Monday and bound over to the Grand Jury in $1,000 on the charge of criminal carelessness.

— The boys and girls ought not to coast down hill on the sidewalks, which are in that way rendered so slippery that they become dangerous for pedestrians to travel on. The middle of the street is good enough for coasting.

— Mr. George W. Copp, the venerable West Side Farmer, and former prompt and honest Treasurer of the Woburn Republicah Ward and City Committee, will please accept our thanks for a copy of a big edition of the Los Angeles, California, *Daily Times*.

— Mrs. Foss, Treasurer of the Womans Club of this city, is not only "good at figures," but has a sound business head on her shoulders, for she never fails to look well after the Press when the Club have an entertainment on their hands, as they have this evening.

— Here it is almost the middle of February, and seems as though the winter had been a short one—only 18 days to Spring. The sun is sailing this way all the time; Its rays grow more ardent every day; and soon the leaves, flowers and greensward will return to us.

— Through the office of C. E. Smith agreements have been signed for the transfer of the estate of the late Dr. Harmon, 41 Montvale avenue, consisting of single House and about 10,625 feet of land. The purchaser Thomas H. Marrinan, will improve the property and hold for investment.

— The entertainment given by the High School scholars last Friday night for the benefit of the H. S. A. A was a prime one. And the public evinced their interest in school athletics by filling the H. S. Hall full of the best people in Woburn. Master Low and Submaster Brock were pleased with it.

— The annual concert and ball of the Telephone Girls in Lyceum Hall last Monday night was a tremendous success. More than 350 couples "tripped the light fantastic" to the liviliest music that Hern's Orchestra could possibly produce until the "wee sma' hours ayout the twal," and everybody was happy.

— Woburn didn't have a representative at the examination of candidates for entry into the Naval Academy at Annapolis to become midshipman, to the appointment of one this District is entitled at the present time. The examination was held in Winchester last week, at which only 6 applicants were in attendance.

— Two worthy and respected natives of the Pine Tree State, Mr. and Mrs. Roswell E Murch, celebrated their Golden Wedding last Sunday at the home of Mrs. Charles A. Greenleaf, their daughter, 11 South street in this city, the pleasant event being honored by friends and relatives from Boston and other towns and cities in this vicinity.

— Last Sunday was the coldest Feb. 6 at Boston in the last 39 years, with two exceptions. It was a freezing cold day, intensified by a strong N. W. wind blowing continually between sun and sun. On Monday morning the Woburn thermometers showed from 8 to 12 below zero, which even the Oldest Inhabitant confessed was about as stiff winter weather as they used to have when he was a boy, although it was with great reluctance that he made the admission.

— St. Charles church observed the beginning of Lent last Wednesday by a special mass and the usual distribution of ashes.

— About 30 young people from the First Congregational Church visited the Almshouse last Sunday afternoon and held a Song Service.

— The annual First Parish Fair is to be held on Feb. 22, 23, which is now receiving the attention of competent and very active committees.

— First Church of Christ Scientist will hold a Lincoln Day Service in their Hall, Savings Bank building Saturday evening at 7.45. All are welcome.

— Rev. Dr. A Z Conrad, Pastor of the old Park Street ("Brimstone Corner") church in Boston lectured on "The Bright Side of Life" before the Womans Club last Friday, the members of which were out in full force, and everyone of them expressed herself delighted with the story which the eminent Divine told. It was instructive and entertaining, therefore it was reasonable to conclude that the fair and cultured women of the Club would be pleased with it.

— A few evenings since the male members of First church and parish organized a Society to be called the "Woburn First Church Brotherhood." A nominating committee brought in the following list of officers, to be voted for at the next meeting, the same to be called: President, George F. Bean; Vice Presidents, Everett P. Fox, Marcus H. Cotton, L. W. Fowle; Secretary, Clarence W. Stetson; Treasurer, A. Herbert Holland; Directors, Elwyn G. Preston, Fred J. Brown, H. S. Huntress, H. H. LeBaron and C. M. Strout.

— Bernard J Golden, Esq., the new Democratic City Tax Collector, has appointed Mr. Samuel Hooper of Ward 5, the Democratic stronghold of Woburn, Deputy Collector to succeed Mr. Bryan McSweeney, also, a good sound Democrat, who has filled the office of Deputy for several years past to the credit of himself and profit to the city. There can't be a shadow of doubt but that Messrs. Golden and Hooper, with the able assistance of Miss Godkin, will conduct the business of the office faithfully and to the entire satisfaction of the public.

— The accidental shooting of Ellen Munson, 13 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs Olaf Munson of 23 Wade avenue, on Feb. 4, by Robert Pendegrace, 20 years old, at his home 29 Broad street, while at work on a revolver, was a sad end of what too often comes from the handling of firearms. The little girl died soon after reaching the Choate Hospital. She was passing the home of young Pendegrace and opposite a window when the revolver was unaccountably discharged, the ball passing through a pane of glass, and killing her.

— The Board of Public Works could not possibly do a worthier, or more popular, thing than to give Janitor John Connolly the increase of salary he so well earns. There is more and harder work in his position than there used to be, and the city should properly compensate him for performing it by grantiug him additional pay. Mr Connolly has been serving the city close on to a quarter of a centuay and nobody was ever heard to say that he was incapable or unfaithful in the discharge of his duties; therefore, it would be no more than right for the B P. W to give him a substantial increase of salary, and to do it now.

— Miss Marion Hortense Taylor, a charming young lady whose home, 23 Pleasant street, this city, is rendered even brighter and more cheery by her presence, will do a great favor to the Editor of the JOURNAL by accepting his heartfelt thanks for a generous mess of elegant and delicious Scarboro, (Me.) clams, which are said to be, and doubtless are, the finest on the New England Coast, kindly delivered at his residence a few mornings ago Miss Taylor did not say that she personally, picked the clams from the vines, and the Editor seemed to be justified in the conclusion he reached that they were a present to her, as a tribute to individual merit, by friends in Scarboro, a very ancient town, the inhabitants of which, to this day, read no other newspaper than the *Eastern Argus*, called "The Scarboro Bible."

Resolutions.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank held on the ninth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

In the death of Charlie A. Jones, our honored President and fellow Trustee, we feel that the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank and the whole community have met with a severe loss; and we place upon our records our high appreciation of his character and ability.

He was a selfmade man; beginning at the bottom of the ladder, by energy and persistency he worked himself to the top.

Holding every office in the gift of the bank from clerk to president he proved his competency at all times and adorned the offices that he held.

He was master of detail. He knew the bank thoroughly; every loan, small and great, real and personal, every matter of administration was perfectly familiar and clear in his mind.

He was a wise executive, far seeing and of a keen and discriminating judgement. He was cautious, conscientious and a man of decision.

He was genial and courteous, of irreproachable character and integrity—faithful to every trust.

We all have felt that the affairs of the bank were absolutely safe in his hands.

To his bereaved and sorely afflicted family we extend our heartfelt sorrow and deep sympathy.

Allen's Lung Balsam

is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c, 50c. and $1.00 bottles.

The Seventh Son.

"Yes," said the despondent man, "I was a seventh son."

"And didn't it bring you luck?" asked the superstitious one.

"Well, if being obliged to wear the castoff clothes of six other brothers is luck it did," replied the despondent man.—Philadelphia Record.

The Dear Friends.

Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? Fannie—Oh lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes prop look graceful.

Obituary.

CHARLIE A. JONES, the subject of this obituary notice was born in Washington, N. H., on Sept. 9, 1847, and passed away at his home, 11 Warren avenue, at 5 o'clock, Thursday afternoon, Feb. 3, 1910. He had been a resident of Woburn 43 years, and since arriving at manhood one of its most active, useful, and highly respected citizens.

The death of no resident of this city would be felt more keenly, or widely and sincerely lamented. He was an upright man, square in business, and helpful to the needy.

As well as in Woburn, Mr. Jones, whose death was a serious shock to the community, will be missed, and his passing regretted, by many prominent residents of Boston, where he was connected with important business interests, and elsewhere in the State. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of everyone who knew him personally and the good he constantly did among his fellowmen, and deserved it. In his death the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, of which he had been President several years, lost an able and faithful officer.

In 1867 he entered the employ of Lemuel A Cooledge, grocer, at Kingston and Beach streets, Boston. He was also employed with several concerns in Boston.

In 1878 he was appointed to a position in the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, subsequently filling all positions from Assistant Treasurer to President.

He was a Director of the old First National Bank of Woburn. He was widely known in financial circles outside of Woburn, being a Director of the Puritan Trust Company, Boston, a member of its Executive Board, and in 1907 its acting President.

He was one of the Trustees and Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Newton Theological Institution, a Trustee and member of the Financial Board of Colby College, Waterville, Maine.

In Woburn Mr. Jones had been Selectman, Assessor, School Committeeman and Overseer of Poor, and as City Auditor for several terms he instituted a system of municipal accounts that is conceded to be a model.

At one time he was connected with the Woburn Gaslight Company. For 20 years he was Treasurer, for 25 years clerk and for 16 years deacon of the First Baptist church. In 1890 he served in the Legislature and was a member of the House Committee on Banks and Banking.

Mr. Jones was a member of the New Hampshire Natives Club of Boston, a member and at various times an officer of the Baptist Social Union of Boston He was a member of Mt. Horeb Lodge Woburn Royal Arch Chapter, A. F. and A. M., and Boston Commandery, K. T.

He married Miss Emily Eaton Tidd Aug. 3, 1870. She, with a son, Arthur, a student at Harvard, and a sister, Miss Kate Jones of Grantham, N. H, survive him.

The funeral was held at the Jones residence, No. 11 Warren avenue, on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 6, 1910, the attendance at which, by friends, business associates and acquaintances in Woburn, Boston, Newton and elsewhere, being so large that it was found difficult to receive all of the people. Henry B Williams, D. D., Pastor of the First Baptist church of Woburn, of which the deceased was a Deacon for many years, conducted the religious services. The Lotus Quartet of Boston sang sweetly "The Lord's Prayer," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and "Face to Face." Rev. Dr. Williams paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Jones's character, his honorable standing among his fellowmen, his fine qualities of head and heart. The casket was buried in flowers, and the occasion was solemn and impressive.

There were in attendance many Free Masons, and a large delegation from the Baptist church. The Newton Theological Institution was represented by Rev. George E. Horr, Pres.; the Ford Building Association by Charles C Barry of Melrose; the Woburn National Bank by its President, John W Johnson, and a delegation of Directors; the Savings Bank by members of the corporation; the Puritan Trust Company of Boston by Stephen L Bartlett Vice Pres., F. W. Stoutman, Treas; W. J. Cushing, Asst. Treas; A. C Ratchesky, Chairman of Directors; J. Howard Edwards and Edwin F. Fobes of the Executive Committee

Interment was at Woodbrook cemetery, Salem street The pallbearers comprised Arthur E Gage and William H Lewis, Deacons of the Baptist church, and J. W. Johnson, L. Waldo Thompson, Fred J. Brown and Henry M Aldrich representing local banking interests.

SPARED THE CHIEF.

Jackson Admired the Bravery of the Famous Indian.

Andrew Jackson was magnanimous in his treatment of Weathersford, the famous Creek chieftain, when that warrior surrendered. Weathersford had done all in his power to prevent the horrible massacre at Fort Mims, but most of the frontiersmen were bitter against him, and Jackson himself had sworn to put him to death if he were taken.

One day after the power of his people had been utterly broken Weathersford came riding into Jackson's camp on his famous gray horse and stopped in front of the general's tent.

"How dare you ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mims?" demanded Jackson in astonishment.

The chief denied the truth of the charge, but said he: "You may kill me if you will. I come to get aid for the women and little children who are starving in the woods. If I could fight you any longer I would do so, but my warriors are all dead. Send for the women and little children. They never did you any harm. But kill me if the white people want it done."

The troops, crowding about, began to cry menacingly: "Kill him! Kill him!"

"Silence!" ordered Old Hickory sternly. "Any one who would kill as brave a man as this would rob the dead."

The general treated the chief kindly and even gave him permission if he desired to depart and continue the war. The chief afterward settled on a plantation, where he resided for many years, honored alike by white men and red.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Strout.

The funeral of Mrs. MARY G. STROUT, relict of the late Merrill Woodman Strout, was held at the residence of Hon. Edward E Thompson, 66 Montvale avenue, in this city (to which the remains were brought from Belfast, Maine), on last Sunday afternoon, Feb. 6, 1910, the same being attended by many relatives, friends, and former neighbors, and superintended by Messrs. B A and C. E. Tripp, undertakers. The religious exercises were conduced by Rev. S A. Norton, Pastor of the First Congregational church of Woburn, of which the deceased was an exemplary and greatly esteemed member for many years. Mr. Marcus H. Cotton sang "Face to Face," and other funeral pieces. The pallbearers were grandsons of the venerable lady, C. Bertrand Strout, Percy T. Strout, Ralph T. Lombard; and their cousins, Arthur G Chase, Walter Harlshorne, George W. Smith. The burial was in Woodbrook cemetery

Mary Gerrish was the daughter of James G. and Susan Gerrish, born in Durham, Maine, on April 29, 1817, consequently she was 92 years, 9 months, and 6 days old when she peacefully passed away on Feb. 3, 1910, at the home of her daughter, Mrs Addie G Lombard, in Belfast, Maine, where she had lived for a few years past.

She was united in wedlock, in 1839, to Merrill W. Strout, who died in Woburn on Feb. 7, 1892, and they lived together a happy life of more than half a century.

Mr. and Mrs. Strout, after a lengthy residence in Brunswick, Maine, came to Woburn in 1870, soon after which they joined the First Congregational church, and were among its most active, devout and prominent members as long as they lived.

Mrs. Strout is survived by four children: Mrs. Addie G Lombard of Belfast, Me., Mr. Howard E Strout of Brockton, Mass; Mr. Charles M. Strout of Woburn, with whom she made her home for several years before the last visit to her daughter in Maine; and Mr. Oscar L Strout of Dorchester, Mass.; several grandchildren and other relatives.

Marked respect was paid to the memory of the excellent Christian lady by this community at the funeral as was attested by the numerous contributions of beautiful flowers, some of which, and their donors, are here given:

Pillow—Mother, Mr. and Mrs. C M Strout, Mr. and Mrs. H E Strout, Mr. and Mrs. O. L Strout; Spray Pinks and Narcissus, Dr Lombard and family; Wreath Galax Leaves and Narcissus, Mr. and Mrs. C B Strout; Spray Violets, Ruth and Roger, great grandchildren; Spray Carnations, Mr. Percy T. Strout; Spray Pinks and Violets, Mr. Warren F Hall; Spray Pinks and Roses, Chauncey W. Strout; Pillow Violets, Hon. E. E. Thompson; Spray Narcissus and Violets, Mrs. A G. Chase; Spray Pinks and Roses, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Ekman; Spray Carnations, Mr. and Mrs. A. Holland; Spray Roses, Dr. E G. Pike and Miss A. L. Pike; Spray Pinks and Roses, Mr. and Mrs May; Spray White Carnations and Violets, Mr. and Mrs. T. C Dennis; Spray Violets and Roses, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Flint; Wreath Galax Leaves and Lillies of Valley, Mrs. C. M. Stetson and Mr. J. M. Kimball; Spray Red Carnations, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Budd; Spray White Carnations, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Hartshorn; Spray Pink Carnations, Mr. Abijah Thompson, Mrs. E. L Dow, E. Minnette Dow; Violets, Miss Bertha Smith.

For a person of her age Mrs. Strout was remarkably vigorous and active, mentally and physically, up to the time of her last illness. The obituary of her husband was published in the Woburn JOURNAL on Feb 12, 1892; hers, today, Feb. 11, 1910, in the same paper.

Woman's Club.

Dr. A. Z Conrad lectured to the Womans Club on Friday afternoon upon "The Bright Side of Life."

Dr. Conrad's cheery face and his contagious smile show on which side of life he has chosen to live.

The Club were put into a happy mood, and quick to catch the point of humorous, well acted stories. Under the lightness and brightness of the address was a wealth of wisdom, encouragement, sympathy and sense.

The Health Committee reported through Mrs. R E. Conlin and the Legislative Committee through Mrs Charles Bancroft.

Club tea was served from a teatable decorated with daybreak pinks Mrs. Sybil Shaw Trull and Miss Katherine D. Barker presided at the teaurns.

Rev. Henry R Rose will give a lecture illustrated with colored slides on "The Story Beautiful, or Christ in Art" before the Club on Friday afternoon, Feb. 18, at 3 o'clock in Lyceum Hall.

The lecture by Mr. Rose on Parsifal last winter drew a large audience. The meeting of Feb. 18 will be open to the public.

G. M B.

A New Idea.

One of the biggest—perhaps the very biggest—contract ever made by any Boston newspaper is that which *The Boston Journal* has just closed with Shepard Norwell Company. It is for a page of advertising a day every week day of the year, to run for an entire year without cessation. In some other cities a few big stores like Wanamakers, have carried out this page-a-day idea, giving the store news daily, so that readers could follow all the new bargains and all the new offering of all kinds put on sale each day.

Shephard Norwell Company has recently been reorganized, and Mr. John Shepard, Jr., in developing the well known, long-established store, selected for the page-a-day, *The Boston Journal* as the home paper of New England and the paper, therefore, best adapted for carrying out this unique plan. These daily store announcements, therefore, will appear exclusively in *The Boston Journal* and will prove of great interest to the army of shoppers who are readers of the Journal.

Don't Get All Run Down,

Weak and miserable. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, headache, pains in the back, and feel tired all over and want a pleasant herb cure, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. As a regulator it has no equal. All Druggists, 25c. Ask *to-day*. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

STANDARD SILVER PLATED SET
Full Leather Case, Satin Lined $2.50



McLaughlin & Dennison

DISTRIBUTORS,

WOBURN, MASS.

THE HERBRAND CO.,

New York: St. James Bldg. C. A. LEWIS, Mgr.
FREMONT, OHIO
London: 32, 33, 34 Featherston St City Road, E. C.
Chicago: Hartford Bldg.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Spirit." Sunday School for the Children at 11.46 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Jan. 27, by Rev. P. A. Mickels, Mr. George J. Meister and Miss Mary Hewes, both of this city.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 2, Andrew J. Wade, aged 81 years, 1 month, 8 days.

In this city Feb. 2, Andrew H. C. Walker, aged 10 years, 2 months, 2 days.

In this city Feb. 4, John Kyle, aged 86 years.

In this city, Feb. 5, Ellen C. Manson, aged 13 years, 8 days.

In this city, Feb. 6, John D. McLean, aged 29 years, 11 months, 23 days.

BRECKS' REAL ESTATE AGENCY
51 & 52 NORTH MARKET ST. BOSTON.

CONNECTED WITH THEIR SEED HOUSE AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
Established 1822
A HOUSE WITH A REPUTATION

WE are having calls for property in your section. If you want to sell, write for our special listing blank.

ABSOLUTELY NO CHARGE UNTIL SOLD

If you want to buy send for our catalog of Farms and Country Places; 500 descriptions and 50 illustrations Free On Application.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Joseph W. Streb, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Philip W. Streb and Amelia S. Ray, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of January in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Phirilla Walton, late of Webster in the State, deceased.

WHEREAS, Almon F. Burbank the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty first day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of William L. Faxon, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Mary J. Faxon, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of February A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Melinda D. Farmer, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS Isaac D. Farmer the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-first day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Samuel E. Sawyer, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles H. Sawyer of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of January in the yearone thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Our Lenses are made and set with the greatest skill and care; they are right in all points of Power, Axis and Size.

Prices are satisfactory.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
318 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
Boston.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

FRED GOWING,
Doctor of Osteopathy,
HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS,
BOSTON.

HOURS: 10 to 4.

SPECIAL FREE Lecture and Treatment every Thursday at 3 P. M.

Public cordially invited.

Telephone 22195 Back Bay, Boston.
" 105 2 Woburn.

Special Sale

— OF —

National Biscuit Co.'s regular 10c package

Graham Crackers 3 for 25c.

10c. pkg. Baronets (Butter Thins) **3 for 25c.**

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

Vick's Seeds Yield Big Returns

To the Farmer because he is absolutely sure of profitable crops when he sows Vick Seeds.

To the Gardener because high grade garden truck commands highest prices in all markets.

Vegetables and Asters grown from Vick's Seeds are to be exhibited at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 12 to 17, 1910. No entrance fee for this exhibit—just use Vick's Seeds. Ask for particulars.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. **Write right now** for a free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER—One packet Vick's Daybreak Aster, one packet Vick's Branching Asters (mixed colors), and our valuable book "How to Grow Asters," all for 10 cents.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, 143 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road **FOR SALE.** Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER, 379 Main St., Woburn.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

No. 7550.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

WOBURN NATIONAL BANK

At Woburn, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, January 31, 1910.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$171,754.79
Overdrafts secured and unsecured		1.87
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand		25,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		7,875.00
Bonds, securities, etc.		315,441.25
Due from approved reserve agents		71,684.78
Checks and other cash items		922.74
Notes of other National Banks		5,395.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		483.66
Lawful money reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	18,736.00	
Legal tender notes	6,260.00	24,996.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		5,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund		1,000.00
Total		$727,555.09

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$100,000.00
Surplus fund		20,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		38,074.20
National Bank notes outstanding		98,295.00
Due to State and Bankers,	24,769 57	
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks,	23,682.08	
Individual deposits subject to check	420,435.26	
Demand certificates of deposit	1,157.50	
Certified Checks,	1,141.48	471,185.59
Total		$727,555.09

STATE OF MASS., COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, ss.

I, EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of February, 1910.

HAROLD P. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

L. W. THOMPSON,
JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
JOHN C. BUCK,
Directors.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth B. Faden, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Henry Bowker, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the other having declined to accept the trust, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Gilman, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate not already administered of said deceased, to Homer A. White, of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-eighth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Andrews, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Henry L. Andrews of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James G. Cole, late of Beaufort, in the State of South Carolina, deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John C. Andrews of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sewall Taylor, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Brazilla Taylor of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.



WINCHESTER.

Kenneth Grant has been elected Captain of Class 1910 of the H. S. Hockey Club.

Calumet Club sold seats to "The Rose of India" last Saturday evening at auction, and gathered in a heap of filthy lucre.

The series of Unitarian whist parties engineered by the women of that church this winter, came to a close one evening last week. The campaign has been a delightful and profitable one for the eminently worthy and deserving church.

The Registrars of Voters will hold sessions in Town Hall from 7 to 8 o'clock on the evenings of Feb. 15, 24; also, Saturday afternoon and evening from 12 o'clock M., until 10 o'clock P. M., to receive applications for registration of men and women.

Candidates for Town officers continue to "bob up serenely," and while it was feared a few weeks ago, that there would be a dearth of them, it now looks as though such would not be the case. Good men are being "mentioned" for most of the "fat takes"

When Postmaster Richardson's present term expires they say there will be the biggest kind af a fight for the office I shouldn't wonder! Several gentlemen have been named for the post of honor and profit, but nobody can guess who will land the prize Mr Richardson has filled the position to perfection.

In the examination of candidates for midshipman from this Congressional District held here last week George F. Neiley of Winchester won the prize, and will leave here shortly for the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. There were only 6 condidates at the examination, whereas there used to be 30.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

The Green Country Brakeman Who Introduced the "Saw By."

Many years ago a green country boy applied to the superintendent of a western railway for work and, somewhat against the superintendent's wish, on account of the danger to life and limb attendant upon such occupation, was given a place as brakeman of a freight train.

On one of his first trips it happened that his train met another freight train at a station where the sidetrack was not long enough to accommodate either of them. The conductors were debating which train should back up to a point where they could pass when the new hand ventured to suggest that neither should back; that they could pass each other by means of the short sidetrack if the thing was managed right.

The idea excited a good deal of laughter on the part of the old trainmen, but the boy stood his ground.

"Well, how would you go about it?" asked one of the conductors, confident that the lad would soon find himself against a stump.

The boy took up a stick and traced in the sand a diagram to illustrate his plan.

"Good gracious!" said the conductor "I believe that will do it!"

And it did do it. Today every trainman in America probably knows how to "saw by" two long trains on a short sidetrack, but it is not so generally known that the thing was never done until an inexperienced country boy who became the manager of a great railway line worked out the problem for himself.

The White Shark.

The shark of sharks, the real "man eater" and the one most dreaded, is the white shark. This variety reaches a length of thirty-five feet and a weight of 2,000 pounds. Its head is long and flat, and the snout far over hangs the mouth. Its six rows of teeth are sharp as lancets and notched like saws. Its mouth is very large, so that one has been known to cut a man's body completely in two at a single snap of its cruel jaws and another to swallow one at a gulp. Near Calcutta one of these sharks was seen to swallow a bullock's head, horns and all. From the stomach of another a bull's hide was taken entire, and the sailor who made the discovery insisted that the bull had been swallowed whole and all except the hide had been digested. From the stomach of another was taken a lady's workbox filled with the usual contents, scissors and all. It is commonly the white shark which follows the vessel at sea day after day and week after week.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Oliver F. Bryant late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Minerva R. Bryant who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of February in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Hogs Dressed

in firstclass manner. Also, Hogs bought and sold by

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Butters Row, Wilmington, Mass.

A TRYING LANGUAGE.

The Study of Japanese Is Surrounded by Difficulties.

Japanese is not an easy language even for the native born subject of the Mikado, but it is very difficult of acquirement by the westerner. Clive Holland in his book, "Old and New Japan," does not give foreigners any encouragement that they will ever be able really to learn the language. It takes a Japanese child seven years, it is said, to learn the essential parts of the Japanese alphabet. To use a Japanese dictionary, Mr. Holland says, one must be familiar with no fewer than 214 signs, which may be said to serve the same purpose as initial letters in American dictionaries. Then after one has tracked down in one of these 214 signs some part of the character for which he is about to undertake an exploration he still has a veritable north pole hunt ahead of him.

The pompous first personal pronoun is avoided whenever it is possible in speaking Japanese. If it must be used it is introduced casually, but generally the abstract noun "selfishness" serves in its stead. For example, a Japanese would not say "I don't drink wine," but "Wine don't drink," or, if this is not clear enough, "Selfishness wine don't drink." Reference to one's own possessions must be depreciatory. Thus if a man wishes to point out his own residence he says, "That miserable house," which, of course, could refer to no other than his own. On the other hand, "That beautiful house" would easily identify the house as belonging to some one else.

Moreover, any one who wishes to learn Japanese must be prepared to learn two languages, the written and the spoken. The one differs so materially from the other that if a Japanese is reading a book or newspaper and wishes to do so aloud it becomes necessary for him to translate the written words into the colloquial. To be able to read any of the higher class Japanese newspapers, Mr. Holland says, it is necessary to master at least from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.

He Held on to His Knife.

On the afternoon of June 1, 1872 an old painter named William McCullough while painting the bridge above the falls between the first and second Sister islands fell into the rapids. Instantly he was swept furiously toward the cataract, but whirled into lesser waves, so that he struck against and seized a rock not far above the brink. Hundreds quickly gathered on the shore and watched, all eager to help, but ignorant what to do. Among them was Thomas Conroy, who secured a coil of rope, fastened one end to a tree on shore and with the other end in his hand waded out as far as he could and occasionally swam, the water being from eighteen inches to six feet deep. He aimed far up stream to allow for the power of the current and at last with great difficulty reached the unfortunate painter and bound him to himself with the rope. They were swept off their feet several times on the way back to shore, but the rope had been firmly fastened, and they finally landed safely. When they reached shore it was found that McCullough still clutched his putty knife firmly in his hand, having held it during the three hours he had been on the brink of the falls.

Dublin Bootblacks, 1780.

Among the populace of Dublin in 1780 the shoeblacks were a numerous and formidable body. The polish they used was lampblack and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife called a spud, a painter's brush and an old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoeblack sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. The gentleman put his foot in the lap of the shoeblack without ceremony, and the artist scraped it with his spud, wiped it with his wig and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush. The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction and little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odors exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing rooms. Polishing shoes, we should mention, was at this time a refinement almost confined to cities, people in the country using grease.

An Insulting Parrot.

Bayard Taylor related the following about a parrot once owned by a lady in Chicago:

When the great fire was raging an owner saw that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects equally dear, the parrot and the old family Bible, and she could take but one. After a moment of hesitation she seized the Bible and was hastening away when the parrot cried out in a loud and solemn voice, "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being could have been deaf to such an appeal. The precious Bible was sacrificed and the bird saved. He was otherwise a clever bird. In the house to which the parrot was taken there was, among other visitors, a gentleman rather noted for volubility. When the parrot first heard him it listened in silence for some time; then, to the amazement of all present, it said very emphatically, "You talk too much!"

The gentleman, at first embarrassed, presently resumed his interrupted discourse. Thereupon the parrot laid his head upon one side, gave an indescribably comical and contemptuous "H'm!" and added, "There he goes again!"

The Thirteener.

A nervous little man stepped briskly into a Euclid avenue jewelry store the other morning with a medium sized clock under his wing, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He placed the chronometer on the counter, turned the hands around to about one minute of 12 o'clock and told the expert behind the counter to listen. "It keeps perfect time," the customer said, "but I want to find out if you notice any thing wrong with the way it strikes." The jeweler listened. "There's nothing wrong," he replied, with a grin after the clock had struck, "except that she strikes thirteen instead of twelve. That can easily be remedied." The customer looked as relieved as if he'd just awakened from a bad dream. "That's just what I've always thought ever since we've had the clock," he burst forth. "I've always felt sure it struck thirteen. But no one else in the family ever spoke of it, and I was afraid to say anything about it for fear there was something wrong with my own works. Well, it's worth the price of having the thing repaired just to find out I was right."



Ben-Hur and Messala, two principal characters in Ben-Hur at the Boston Theatre, Feb. 14.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Sensations are following each other in rapid succession at Keith's Theatre these days, and it has become a question when the management will reach the limit. Following Chevalier came Denman Thompson, then Loie Fuller and her Ballet of Light breaking all records at the house for 4 weeks, and then the Countess de Pierrefeu who proved a veritable sensation. Now there is another promised in the Marvellous Griffith, a Western man who has never appeared in the East, who has been brought on by Mr. Keith as a special attraction. Griffith has been described humorously as "who eats figures alive."

THE TREMONT.

The most phenomenal dramatic success ever recorded in Boston is the popular verdict in regard to Klaw & Erlanger's production of Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The play is now in its sixth week and crowded and enthusiastic houses are in evidence at every performance. It is estimated that over two thousand people were turned away at the Saturday matinee and evening performances, unable to secure accommodations. The play bids fair to prove more popular than the book, of which over two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold in New England.

THE CASINO.

Sam A. Scribner's rattling good purlesque show, "O! You Woman!" will be the attraction at Waldron's Casino next week. Patrons of the Casino may confidently look forward to this event with a certainty of rare enjoyment. "O! You Woman!" is presented by a company numbering more than fifty people, and Manager Scribner's long and successful career in this line of business insures an organization, as to scenery and costumes and other effects, of the most meritorious and satisfying description.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The popularity of "Shore Acres" has demanded another week for that drama of New England life at the Castle Square. Not only has the play made a hit, but Mr. Craig is doing a remarkable piece of character acting as Uncle Nat Berry. He gives a strong, a vivid and a picturesque portrayal of that eccentric character that ranks it only second to the remarkable impersonation of James A. Herne that brought the play its greatest success some season ago. "Shore Acres" strikes so directly home, it offers such faithful scenes of actual life in a New England fishing village on the Maine coast, it is such a clever mingling of humor and pathos, that it is no wonder the Castle Square is being filled at every performance, and that it is to be continued for a second week to equally large audiences.

THE BOSTON.

Of all the splendid spectacles staged within the past twenty five years none has surpassed in beauty of pageantry, magnificence of pictorial execution or strength of dramatic force the Klaw & Erlanger production of "Ben Hur." Presented originally at the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 29, 1899, this romance of the House of Hur is now in its eleventh year, and from the demand everywhere for the great drama this season gives promise of being bigger than any of its predecessors in point of monetary returns, which is due principally to the fact that the high standard of its first production has been faithfully maintained. Any changes that have appeared in the play or its equipment have been but to add to the grandeur of the scenic and costume embellishment or to correct some slight defect in painting and dress. So it is that the Wallace drama is today the standard for all sorts of theatrical offerings which have Rome or the Orient for a background.

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes its some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere 25c.

SAVED BY THE KING.

An Incident In the Career of Holbein, the Painter.

There happened an affair in England which might have been fatal to Holbein if the king had not protected him. On the report of his character a nobleman of the first quality wanted one day to see him when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein in answer begged his lordship to defer the honor of his visit to another day, which the nobleman took for an affront. He broke open the door and very rudely went upstairs. Holbein, hearing the noise, left his chamber and, meeting the lord at his door, fell into a violent passion and pushed him backward from the top of the stairs to the bottom.

Considering, however, immediately what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised and made the best of his way to the king. The nobleman, much hurt, though not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him, and upon opening his grievance the king ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offense. But this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied with less than his life, upon which the king sternly replied:

"My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me. Whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against him shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, pray, my lord, that I can whenever I please make seven lords of seven plowmen, but I cannot make one Holbein even of seven lords."—"Life of Holbein."

WIDTH OF A RIVER.

A Way to Measure It Without the Use of Instruments.

It is necessary to make use only of the eyes and the brim of a hat to measure the width of any ordinary stream or even of a good sized river, and here is the way to do it:

Select a part of the river bank where the grounds run back level behind you and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand if necessary and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river, a distance that may readily be measured by stepping.

If you are careful in all these details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.

Short and Sweet.

Perhaps one of the shortest courtships was that of an eminent jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the judge.

"Up to the knee and ninepence," was the answer as the girl walked on.

The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?"

She looked him over and said "Yes."

"Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind, and they rode to the courthouse and were made one. It is recorded that, brief though the courtship had been, the marriage proved a pre-eminently happy one.

Life.

It has been said that life is made up of three things—heredity, environment and the will. If the heredity and environment of the child are what they should be the will will choose the right and do it.

Couldn't Help It.

Mr. Biggs—You must think me a blamed fool. Mrs. Biggs (kindly)—No, I don't think anybody ever blamed you.—Boston Transcript.

Men of loftier mind manifest themselves in their equitable dealings, small minded men in their going after gain.—Confucius.

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A Jewelry Store since 1871.

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An East Indian Verdict.

In a case in one of our Indian courts a jury had before it evidence that could not be in any way shaken. When the concluding stage had been reached the following interchange of conversation took place between the judge and his colleagues in the administration of justice:

"Gentlemen, are you ready to give your verdict?"

"Yes."

"What is your verdict?"

"Our answer is, sir, that you can do as you like with the men that have confessed, but we acquit all the rest."

"But is it possible that you have weighed the evidence?"

"Evidence like this can always be fabricated."

"Do you find that as regards these prisoners it has been fabricated?"

"Evidence can be fabricated."

"So the evidence is untrustworthy?"

"Unless a man confesses who can tell he is guilty?"—Bombay Gazette.

Musical.

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A Bit of Detective Work

By an American Girl Who Was Engaged to an Englishman.

By BEATRICE TUCKER.

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Among the marriages of American girls to titled Englishmen was that some years ago of Miss Emily Kitson to the young Earl of Hartmore. The earl came over to claim his bride, bringing with him his cousin, who was best man.

Harcourt Berks, the earl, and this cousin, Stanwood Berks, had been brought up together from childhood. Harcourt was an only child, and Stanwood stood next in line as heir to the title. The wedding occurred at the home of the bride's parents in New York, all the arrangements that pertained to the groom being performed by his best man. After the ceremony Stanwood conducted the clergyman to the library, pointed to a desk on which there were pen and ink, and there the marriage certificate was written. Stanwood received it from the clergyman and took it to the bride.

The earl and his lady sailed immediately for England and after a tour in Scotland settled down on the family estate.

A son, Lord William Berks, was born to the pair, who grew up to be a fine fellow. He was extremely fond of his mother and said that when he married he would choose an American wife, claiming that he owed much to his mother's broad American views, so different from those of English women of birth, who lived very narrow lives. Fate brought him and Dorothy Sands of Chicago together on the eve of his majority. She was a merry little elf, at times appearing very stupid, at other times showing great shrewdness. They met in Naples and became engaged in Rome. From Italy he went to England to inform his mother of his engagement to one of her own countrymen. He found her suffering under a blow that had fallen during his absence.

On Lady Hartmore's arrival in England after her marriage in New York she had collected a number of papers and such other articles that must be kept, but were not likely to be needed, and put them in the vault kept for the storage of valuables. Having occasion to use an old document, she had gone to the vault to look for it. There she saw her marriage certificate. Opening it, she was filled with astonishment. There were only the printed letters, none in writing.

Having informed her husband of the circumstance, a thorough search was made through the family papers in the hope of finding a certificate that had been filled out and signed by the officiating clergyman. Lady Hartmore remembered Stanwood Berks, best man at the wedding, handing her a marriage certificate and remembered looking at it and seeing that it had been duly executed. She also remembered placing it on her arrival in England in the treasure vault. Nevertheless here was a form for a marriage certificate that had apparently never been executed, and there was no other at hand.

Lady Hartmore wrote to a brother in New York asking him to discover if the marriage had been recorded and received a negative reply.

The painful fact that no evidence of the marriage between Lord and Lady Hartmore existed stared the couple in the face. And how explain the mystery? Stanwood Berks was appealed to and said he could remember nothing about the matter except giving Lady Hartmore an executed certificate. He had since been married and had several children, his oldest son being a few years younger than Lord William. The position was this: At the death of Lord Hartmore, since there was no evidence of his marriage with his wife Stanwood Berks could claim the title and the property as next of legitimate kin.

Lord William on his arrival at home went at once to find his mother to announce his engagement. He found her sunken in gloom. To have to tell her son that so far as his inheritance was concerned he was illegitimate was a painful task. Naturally the blow fell upon him with equal severity. He had proposed to Miss Sands as the rightful heir to final title and estate and if Stanwood Berks or after him his son chose to claim both they could substantiate their right to inherit and he would be a beggar.

Miss Sands was to be in London within a month, and it was decided between Lord William and his mother to await her arrival before mentioning the change that had come over the family fortunes. To write her love letters without showing that there was trouble at hand Lord William found impossible. At any rate, the young lady, suspecting something had gone wrong and having been educated on the American method to take care of her own affairs, persuaded her mother to go with her at once to England.

Lady Hartmore and Lord William met Miss Dorothy in London and gave her the situation.

"Well," she said after hearing it, with a bit of that which the English people call American twang and with a businesslike air, "the first thing to be considered is, What are we going to marry ink, but completely disappears in the course of a few weeks, and nothing will restore it. Having learned from you that Mr. Berks had taken the clergyman after the wedding to a desk of his own choosing on which to fill out the certificate, I concluded that he had filled the inkstand with this iodide of starch. I asked the chemist if it would leave any trace, and he said it would. I took your certificate to him. He tested it and found traces of what I expected."

Dorothy was interrupted here by exclamations of surprise and indignation and on the part of the earl one of mingled pain and sorrow.

"I sent for Mr. Berks," continued Dorothy, "and showed him what I had done. On my promise to tell this to no one but you three and to pledge you not to prosecute him he signed this confession."

Berks had yielded to the temptation thinking that in case his cousin died before him he could claim the title and the property.

Dorothy Sands became Lady William and in time Lady Hartmore. The family swear by American women.

---

live on if you're turned out? Fortunately father is wealthy, and I have something in my own right from grandma. So that's settled. Next, I've always had a fancy for detective work, and I would like to interest myself in getting at the bottom of this mystery."

There was something refreshing in this Yankee heartiness, and Lady Hartmore, who recognized the typical American girl, smiled for the first time in months. As for the young lord, he folded his fiancee in his arms.

Miss Dorothy spent several hours one morning with Lady Hartmore, notebook and pencil in hand, asking innumerable questions and noting the replies. Then she asked to be introduced to Stanwood Berks. He was invited to dinner. Dorothy when the function was over said she didn't like him.

The Hartmores went to their home in the country, and Dorothy remained in London. What she did there she kept to herself. After awhile she wrote Lady Hartmore that she and her mother were going to follow out their itinerary in a trip to Scotland. The Hartmores had relatives in Edinburgh, and Dorothy asked for a letter of introduction to them. The letter was sent, and Dorothy went to Scotland. There she chatted glibly with the branch of the Hartmore family to whom she had been introduced and when she departed was spoken of as "that inquisitive American."

Lord William was to meet Dorothy in London, and Dorothy wrote him to bring the blank certificate of his mother's marriage with him. When he arrived he asked her what she intended to do with it. She put her head on one side and, looking at him saucily, said:

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"But surely you will tell me, you fiance."

"Do real detectives go about telling people of their clews?"

"I won't tell any one."

"Certainly not, because you won't know. They say a woman can't keep a secret, but a woman detective must."

He got no satisfaction and was obliged to content himself with the part of a lover, leaving whatever was serious to his "American girl," as he called her.

One morning Mr. Stanwood Berks received a letter from Miss Dorothy that sent him to London posthaste, and he was closeted with the young lady for an hour. What transpired between him and her she kept to herself with all the rest of the moves she was making. When Mr. Berks returned and again met his cousins, the Hartmores, he was very much changed. He had aged ten years. He was silent distrait and had lost all that was genial in him. He got away from them as soon as possible.

Dorothy's last move had been made and she was ready to report results. She wrote that if convenient for Lady Hartmore she would spend a few days with them, when she would have something of importance to communicate. Lady Hartmore responded favorably, and one morning the detective appeared. Gathering the earl, his wife and their son in a room and locking the door, she said to them:

"I've worked it all out."

"What have you worked out?" asked the countess.

"How did you do it?" asked Lord William.

"Come, tell us," said the earl impatiently.

"Well, you know, I got a lot of information before I started in from you, Lady Hartmore. I consulted lawyers and found out all about the marriage laws in your country. Something I learned put me in mind of your visit to Scotland soon after your marriage, so, as you know, I went there. I met a lot of people who remembered your visit and asked many questions. They called me the inquisitive American. Wasn't it funny? At last I found an old friend of yours, Lord Hartmore, to whom you introduced Lady Hartmore as your wife That, according to the Scotch laws made her your legal wife."

"Upon my word, you are right!" exclaimed the earl, delighted. "Who was the man?"

"John Murchison, a classmate of yours at Oxford."

"John Murchison! Will he swear it?"

"Here is his affidavit."

While the earl read the paper there was a triangular embrace among the others; then Dorothy continued:

"You know, I didn't like Mr. Berks and got an idea that he had tampered with the marriage certificate. I stated the case to chemists, and one of them told me that a certain—here it is,' drawing a slip of paper—"solution of iodide of starch when used for writing appears much the same as ordi

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Notes on Speed.

The maximum speed acquired by the average person in swimming comfortably is thirty-nine inches a second, while oarsmen in an eight oared boat acquire a speed of 197 inches in a second. Skaters average from nine to ten yards a second. The horse can gallop six miles in an hour for a considerable length of time. The swiftest dog in the world, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, has made record runs at the rate of seventy-five feet in a second, while the gazelle has shown measured speed of more than eighty feet a second, which would give it a speed of 4,800 feet in a minute if it could keep it up. The whale struck by a harpoon has been known to dive at the rate of 300 yards a minute. A species of falcon known as the wandering falcon flies from north Africa to northern Germany in one unbroken flight, making the distance in eleven hours.

Rules of Sleep.

Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep, and time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you—the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour and to rise in the morning the moment they awake, and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. That is the only safe and sufficient rule, and, as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself. Great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—London Globe.

Possibly True.

Mamma (to a friend who is lunching with her)—I don't know why it is, but I always eat more when we have company than when we're alone. Tommy (helping himself to the third piece of cake)—I know why it is; 'cause we have better things to eat.—Brooklyn Life.

OUR POOR LITTLE EARTH.

A Mere Speck Compared With Some of the Monster Suns.

The main facts of astronomy are highly interesting. It is only dry text books that have made us turn away from them. Read a good popular astronomy and you will gain a dim, remote idea of infinity and eternity. Sometimes you think you see a big star, but you do not. You merely see the light from it which has been 2,500 years in reaching us.

Almost everybody knows that our earth is a third rate planet in our solar system. Jupiter would scarcely condescend to notice us. But they do not know that our sun itself sits below the salt. It would not be admitted to a congregation of important heavenly bodies. Canopus, the largest star that we see, is 10,000 times the size of our sun, and our solar center is hopelessly outclassed by Aldebaran, Rigel, Sirius, Betelguese and countless others.

Mark Twain put this fact very well in one of his stories, "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." When the captain arrived and announced that he was from the earth the recording angels could not remember ever having heard of such a place before. One finally recalled that it was a poor little planet belonging to a poor little solar system away down in a dark corner of the heavens.—New York World.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

Unusual Sagacity That Was Lauded by the Professor.

That the proverbial absentminded professor is sometimes ably abetted by his wife is illustrated by a story told of Professor Bunsen. One evening about the usual hour for retiring he took it into his head to run over to the club just as he and madam were returning from an evening call.

"But," said the lady, "I must have the front door locked before I retire."

This emergency staggered the professor, and as he looked bewildered at his wife the lady, seized with an inspiration, continued:

"I'll go in and lock the door and throw you the key from the window."

This program was carried out, and when he reached the club the professor related the incident to a friend as evidence of his wife's unusual sagacity.

The friend greeted the story with a roar of laughter.

"And why, my dear professor," he said, "did you not simply admit your wife, lock the door from the outside and come away?"

"True," ejaculated the learned man of science, "we never thought of that."

The climax of the incident was reached an hour later when, returning home, the professor discovered that the lady in her excitement had thrown out the wrong key.

How They Got Out.

Uncle Ephraim had two hogs, which he kept in a pen at the rear end of his little lot. They were of the "razorback" variety, and, although they were fed bountifully with kitchen waste, it seemed impossible to put any fat on their attenuated frames. One morning when he went out to feed them they were not there. They had disappeared, leaving no clew to the manner in which they had made their escape.

"What's the matter, Uncle Eph?" inquired a neighbor, noticing the deep dejection with which the old man was looking down into the empty pen.

"My hawgs is done gone, sah," he answered.

"Stolen?"

"No, sah; I don't see no signs dat anybody tuck 'em."

"Did they climb out over the top?"

"No; dey couldn't 'a' done dat."

"How do you think they got away?"

"Well, sah," said Uncle Ephraim, "my 'pinion is dat dem hawgs kind o' raised deirselves up on aidge an' crope through a crack."—Youth's Companion.

Wonderful Memories.

We are told that Pascal never forgot anything he had seen, heard or thought. Avicenna could repeat by rote the entire Koran when he was ten years old, and Francis Suarez had the whole of St. Augustine in his memory. In three weeks Scaliger, the famous scholar, committed to memory every line of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Another scholar, Justus Lipsius, offered to repeat the "Histories" of Tacitus without a mistake on forfeit of his life.

Writing For Money.

Fond Father—Yes, my boy at the varsity has written several articles for the magazines.

Friend—But he's not a professional writer, surely?

"What do you mean by 'professional?'"

"Why, he doesn't write for money?"

"Doesn't he? You ought to see some of his letters to me!"—Exchange.

Student of Shakespeare.

The office boy sat in the corner busily engaged in reading a book. Strange to say, it was not "The Adventures of Bunko Jim," "Daisy Dean, the Demon Detective," nor even a thrilling narrative of more or less correct life on the plains. He was reading Shakespeare.

An expression of peace and joy was on his face that caused those who knew him to wonder if he had at last experienced a change of heart. His eyes sparkled, and his whole expression was one of happiness. Finally he turned to a worker at another desk.

"Say, Jim," he said, "I've got a question for you. Did you ever read Shakespeare?"

"Yep," was the reply.

"And d'yer know what he talks about?"

"Yep."

"Den maybe you can help me."

"What is it?"

"Well, I want to know which was de man, Romeo or Juliet?"—Youth's Companion.

Losing His Mind.

"Mother, guess you'd better send fer th' doctor," gasped Uncle Charlie Beaver as he sank into a chair and rocked back and forth, holding his gray head.

"Sakes alive! Ye haven't been and got the misery in yer head, have ye, Silas?" gasped his astonished wife, dropping a pie tin.

"I dunno what's the matter, but I've alwus had a hunch my mind 'd go some time. It's cum, I guess. I noticed th' trouble fust last week when I plumb forget to go up an' swear off th' $100 assessment till it was too late. Then I neglected to go to th' school meetin' last night to fight agin the new commissioner. But, wuss and wuss, I didn't guess within eleven pound seven ounces of th' weight of Wal Weaver's big hog killed today. I guess my mind has gone all right. I'm about all in."—Puck.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

When Hunting Was Good and Gray Mares Were Wonders.

REAL SPORT IN THOSE DAYS.

Old Jimmy Chambers Tells About One Haul He Made When He Got More Than He Expected—The Willing Old Horse That Cracked Her Skin.

"Talk about yer huntin' trips," said ole Jimmy Chambers. "Why, there ain't no huntin' nowadays; no, not none 'tall—leastwise none worth mentionin'.

"It was different when I wuz a young feller. Them wuz huntin' days! When ye went out to hunt ye got sumthin', I tell ye. An' most always ye got a dum sight more 'n ye expected. I remember onct down in ole Pennsylvania when I had a hunt as wuz a hunt. I had er ole muzzle loader rifle that could shoot some, I tell ye. An' I wuz no slouch at shootin' in them days myself. I could shoot about as well as ther next feller. Well, I went down to ther river lookin' fer deer. I seen one standin' right in front of er big tree. I pulled up ther ole muzzle loader an' let her go. Jest as I fired a big fish jumped out of ther water, an' my shot went plum through him. I seen by ther way he fell I'd plugged er hole in him. The deer jest dropped where he stood—never stirred, jest fell stone dead.

"I rushed out into ther river an' grabbed my fish 'fore it could float away. With ther fish under my arm I started fer ther deer. An' what d'ye suppose? S' help me, jest back of where that deer stood ther bullet had knocked er hole in that tree as big as yer fist, an' out of that hole er regular stream of honey wuz flowin'! That good honey wuz goin' to waste dum fast, an' I hadn't nary er thing to stop it. Jest then er rabbit jumped out of er hole I hadn't noticed, an' I grabbed him by ther hind legs jest as he wuz leapin'. I wuz goin' to stuff him in ther hole when er flock of quail flew up on ther other side of ther tree. They wuz goin' straightaway, an' there wuz more 'n 10,000 of 'em. Ther ole muzzle loader wuzn't loaded, an' them quail wuz gettin' away fast. I wanted some of 'em bad, so I jest let go that ole rabbit right in ther middle of 'em, an' the way he kicked an' clawed as he wuz goin' through ther air wuz a caution. He landed right on top of ther whole bunch, an' when I got over there seventeen of 'em wuz dead on ther ground—yes, sir, jest seventeen of 'em! An' ther shock had killed ther rabbit too. He wuz all smashed up. I stuck his head in ther hole to stop ther honey till I could go home fer sum barrels.

"I hitched up ther ole gray mare to ther sled an' went back. I chopped that there ole tree down, an' there wuz honey enough to fill all my barrels. Well, I slung ther deer an' ther fish an' ther rabbit an' ther quail on ther sled an' started home. It wuz some load fer ther ole mare, an' I walked at her head, kinder coaxin' her along. I wuzn't payin' any attention to ther load, an', by gum, when we got up to ther house there wuz that there load way back in ther middle of ther river. Of course I knowed what wuz ther matter. That ole groundhog harness had got wet an' jest stretched. I wuz kind of hungry, so I jest throwed ther harness over a stump an' went into dinner. When I cum out again ther sun had dried ther harness an' ther load wuz just pullin' up to ther stump. That wuz some hunt. Yer don't get nothin' like that nowadays, I tell ye. Them wuz good old days!

"An', speakin' of ther ole gray mare, she was ther willin'est mare that ever wuz. She'd pull anything yer hitched her to. I tried her, an' she pulled everything. One day I sez to myself, 'By gum, I'll give yer er load yer can't pull,' an' I hitched her to er stone boat loaded with all ther bowlders in ther county. She got right down an' pulled an' pulled, but ther load didn't budge. I heard er little crack, but for er minute I didn't suspicion anything, an' before I noticed that ther skin on her face had cracked it wuz too late. I yelled at her to stop, but she wuz so dum mad she kept right on pullin', an' s'help me, before I could stop her she'd pulled herself clean out of her skin! I didn't want to lose that there mare, an' I got busy an' did er little skin graftin' fer myself. I had some fresh sheep pelts, an' I sewed them on as fast as I could sew. Well, sir, them pelts took root fine. They growed on that there ole mare jest like they'd always been there, an' ther next season I sheared jest 375 pounds of wool off'n her. She wuz er good ole mare, I tell ye, an' every year I got 375 pounds of wool so long as she lived. Yes, sir; it wus always jest 375 pounds. Yer don't have no such horses nowadays, I tell ye."—Outer's Book.

The Pimpernel.

The common pimpernel, "poor man's weather glass," has the disadvantage of being a native plant and has been almost completely expelled from our flower gardens in favor of exotics which are rarer, but lack much of being as pretty. The pimpernel is a charming little flower which opens about 8 in the morning and closes late in the afternoon, but has the remarkable peculiarity of indicating a coming shower by shutting up its petals.

A Deadly Insult.

"Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs. Brooke.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn. "I had one just like it when they were in style."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Thought It Was the Monkey's.

A diamond necklace was possessed by Mme. Geoffrey de St. Hilare, the wife of the famous French naturalist. It was one of the chiefest of her "contentments," as Hindoo women aptly term their jewels. One day madame missed her necklace. There was a terrible turmoil in the house, and all the servants down to the foolish fat scullion were suspected, but in turn proved their innocence. At last it was remembered that M. de St. Hilaire had a pet monkey, and on a search being made in the "glory hole" of the quadrumane the precious bauble was discovered hidden away with a white satin shoe, several cigar ends, a pencil case and a decomposed apple. The renowned naturalist calmly observed that he had frequently seen the monkey playing with the necklace. "Why did you not take it from him?" indignantly asked his spouse. "I thought it belonged to him," replied M. de St. Hilaire. He evidently thought there was nothing unnatural in an ape possessing a diamond necklace as his personal property.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—First Quarter, For Feb. 13, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. vi, 19-34. Memory Verse, 24—Golden Text, Matt. vi, 33—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Our Lord has been talking about rewards here in this present time from men, contrasted with rewards hereafter in the kingdom, and now He contrasts treasure on earth, which may perish or be stolen, with treasure in heaven, which endures forever, durable riches. If we lay up only for ourselves we may become rich in this world, but not rich toward God (Luke xii, 19-21). We are everywhere warned against the danger of this world's riches. "Labor not to be rich;" "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent;" "Trust not in uncertain riches, but in the Living God" (Prov. xxiii, 4; xxviii, 20; I Tim. vi, 9, 17). To the majority of people these are foolish and impractical sayings, and a little hard cash is far more to them than the Living God. But our Lord is here speaking to believers, to whom it is also written in Col. iii, 2, "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Yet there are many in the pulpit as well as in the pews to whom dollars are more real than God.

The eye affects the heart, and the heart walks after the eyes (Lam. iii, 51; Job xxxi, 7), so that unless we are looking in the right direction we will not walk in the right direction. We cannot serve God and gold, or God and the world, or God and the devil, for all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life—is not of the Father, but is of the world, and the whole world lieth in the wicked one (I John ii, 16; v, 19, R. V.). God is looking for those whose hearts are whole toward Him, which means that we must see no one but Jesus only (II Chron. xvi, 9).

Then people say: "Prayer won't feed you; religion won't provide bread and butter. It is all very well to talk good, but I've got to earn my living." We do not wonder to hear the world talk so, for the world is blind and dead to God and the things of God, but the words of our lesson are for believers—the redeemed of the Lord. Do they talk in reference to business as if the Lord did not care, as if all depended upon their own efforts and they must put forth every effort with all earnestness or they will never get on? Ask Christian business men and you will find that not a few will tell you that business cannot be done on Bible principles. But there are those—and I personally know some of them—in various lines of business who testify that Matt. vi, 33, stands true even in business relations, and some of them can testify that even in the financial straits of the past two years they have not felt the hard times. Five times in the closing verses of our lesson we hear the admonition not to be anxious (verses 25, 27, 28, 31, 34, R. V.), and they are the words of Him who created all things and upholds all things by His power. He stoops from the things we cannot comprehend to talk to us of birds and flowers and on another occasion speaks of even sparrows, saying "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father" (chapter x, 29). On that occasion, however, He was speaking of His care of our bodies in preserving them from death, while in this lesson He is speaking of the food and raiment essential to the health of these mortal bodies. Apart from Him in whom we live and move and have our being no amount of anxious care and toil on our part can obtain the necessary food and raiment or prolong our days. Does not He who gave us life care for it enough to prolong it as long as it pleaseth Him to do so, and as to raiment, what father is he who will not see that his children are becomingly clothed? Do not miss the contrast between the clothing of the lilies of the field and the clothing of Solomon in all his glory. His, however grand, was all put on, but the lily's beauty is part of itself. The work within us is the chief thing—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, a heart right with God, is the great essential. Then He will surely care for the minor matters, for He knoweth what things we have need of. The contrast between Jew and gentile in verse 32 brings before us all His wondrous care of Israel from the day that He brought them out of Egypt—the difference which He put in so many ways between His own people and the Egyptians, and then all through the wilderness journey the food from heaven, the water from the rock, the pillar of cloud and fire and all His manifold mercies. He is the same unchanging Jesus, and He will not do less for His church, His own body.

We are here to give the gospel to all and thus seek His kingdom by seeking to complete His body in order that His kingdom may come. If we as His redeemed make this our first business He will see to all our need. Let us obey Phil. iv, 6, and I Pet. v, 7, and we will surely prove His faithfulness.

The remedy for all anxiety is found in Phil. iv, 6, 7, and I Pet. v, 7. And in John xiv, 1, 27, with Matt. xxiv, 6, we are forbidden to be troubled. The same confidence in our Father in heaven which we desire our children to have in us will give that quietness and confidence which are our privilege, but how necessary the admonition "Have faith in God."

A Curious Barometer.

A curious barometer is said to be used by the remnant of the Araucanian race which inhabits the southernmost province of Chile. It consists of the castoff shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather, but the approach of a moist atmosphere is indicated by the appearance of small red spots. As the moisture in the air increases the shell becomes entirely red and remains so throughout the rainy season.

Iridium.

Iridium is a hard, brittle, silver white metallic element belonging to the platinum group, discovered by Tennant in 1803, sometimes found native and nearly pure, but generally combined with osmium. It is, with the exception of osmium, the heaviest metal known and is used for pen points, contact points in telegraphy and points of scientific implements liable to wear. Its specific gravity is 22.4.

SPIDER INSTINCT.

Cutting a Web Thread to Escape From an Intruder.

The instinct of the spider is always an interesting subject for study. Recently a naturalist placed a small spider in the center of a large spider's web some four feet above ground. The large spider soon rushed from its hiding place under a leaf to attack the intruder, which ran up one of the ascending lines by which the web was secured to the foliage.

The big insect gained rapidly upon the little one, but the fugitive was equal to the emergency, for when barely an inch ahead of the other it cut with one of its rear legs the line behind itself, thus securing its own escape, the ferocious pursuer falling to the ground.

The naturalist says: "It is not the habit of spiders to cut the slender thread below them when they are ascending to avoid some threatened danger unless there is a hole close at hand—and a hole that is known to be unoccupied." From this it would seem that the little creature's action was the result of some sort of reasoning. Instinct led it to run away, but it must have been something more than instinct that led it to sever the line and so cut off the pursuit.

The same naturalist says that spiders are cannibals and that they are naturally pugnacious. But they do not fight for the satisfaction of eating one another. "When two spiders fight there is generally a very good reason for the attack and the vigorous defense that follows.

"It is not generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 14

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Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.30, 3.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 m., 2.30, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.06 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.30, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close: 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
25	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
34	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
36	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical works, North Woburn.
35	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.00 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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Queer Goldfish.

Beautiful and most interesting of all goldfish is a native of Japan, and it is noted for the beauty of its tail and the abnormal length of its fins. The tail resembles a delicate veil, and the fins are developed to such an extent that it is impossible for the fish to make rapid progress in the water. It is therefore solely on account of its beauty that it is prized and because in this respect it differs widely from other varieties of goldfish, such as the "telescope fish," the eyes of which bulge out of the head in most unsightly fashion; the "celestial eyed fish," which is also uncomely because its eyes are bullet shaped and are ever turned skyward, and the "egg fish," which is so called because its body is somewhat amorphous, but resembles an egg more than anything else.

His Impartiality.

Lord Lansdowne once congratulated Lord Crewe on an eloquent speech in the house of lords. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and his eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Thoroughly Broken.

"Subster is a perfect husband."

"I never heard he was so wonderful."

"Well, every time he sees a mail box he feels in his pockets."—Buffalo Express

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A Triangular Courtship

The Ending Was a Surprise to Those Who Lost.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The keeper of the Ledge rock light and his two assistants stared aggressively at one another across the dinner table.

"It's against the rules for less'n two men to stand by the light, as you both well know," said the keeper sternly. "I don't see why it's necessary for the two of you to go courting on the same night. Besides, I forgot to say I wanted to be away myself tonight."

"You promised that I should have tonight off," expostulated Eben Gall. "You said I should have every Wednesday night off. I have a lady friend"— His voice trailed into significant silence.

"I have a lady friend, too," cut in Caleb Brown angrily. "I spoke to Captain Peter about it this very morning. I says to him, I says, 'My lady friend 'll be looking for me most particular tonight, and I can't disappoint no lady.' And you said as how I could be off for the evening." He scowled across the table at his fellow worker, and Eben Gail frowned back quite as fiercely.

"Great fury! You can both go, and good luck to your courting."

"Maybe we could get the parson to come over and set a spell," they chanted sheepishly.

"Maybe nothing!" snapped Captain Peter, rising noisily from his chair and leaving the room.

That night after the lamp was duly lighted and its beam had sent a long ray across the water the engine received its last attention from the assistant keepers. In sullen silence they washed up the supper dishes, and then each, dressed in his best clothes and with hair plastered wet on his brown forehead, went down into the boat that was to take them ashore.

"You can give this letter to Parson Wilson," called Captain Peter genially, following them down the winding iron staircase. "Be sure you give it to him as soon's you get ashore, so's he can come out and stay with me till you two lady killers come home."

Without a word Eben Gail crammed the letter in his breast pocket, and then, with a gruff "Good night" to the keeper on the landing, they unhooked the davit chains from the boat and rowed away into the darkness.

Captain Peter Fane went back into the cozy sitting room and, throwing himself into a huge rocking chair, laughed until the tears rolled down his weather beaten cheeks.

* * * * * * *

Once on shore the two assistant keepers of the Rock ledge light parted company in an ominous silence that had not been broken since leaving the lighthouse.

Caleb Brown took the lower road and soon disappeared from view while Eben Gail made his way through an upland path that led him to the parsonage on the hill.

There was an unusual air of festivity about the snug house. Bright lights shone from every window, and when the front door was thrown wide open a red glow from the hall lamp formed a background for the minister's surprised face. Eben noted that he was dressed in his Sunday coat and over his shoulder peered Mrs. Wilson's rosy face.

Eben delivered the letter and turned away. As he went down the path Mrs. Wilson's voice arose, shrill with disappointment and protest.

"S'pose they've got a party on hand—maybe a donation. I don't see how the parson can get over to the light this evening. I hope Miss Nettie ain't gone to any donation. I don't know when I can get off again." His steps hastened as he drew near the abode of Miss Nettie Blake.

Now, Miss Blake was a most fascinating little lady, with soft brown hair and eyes of tender blue. Her equally soft and tender heart had bereft her of the power to give pain to any fellow creature. Perhaps this was the reason why neither Caleb Brown nor Eben Gail had been able to wring a definite answer from the lady both mutually adored.

For a whole year now the assistant keepers of the lighthouse had courted Miss Nettie Blake. At first they visited her on different evenings, but as jealously waxed hot they fell upon Wednesday evening as a proper and fitting one for a lover's attention, and, as neither could be dissuaded from his purpose, first one and then the other had supplied a substitute to watch with Captain Fane on Wednesday evenings.

And this dual courtship did not disturb Miss Nettie's equanimity. She was as sweet and kind as ever, and she impartially set forth her toothsome apple pies and elderberry wine while the rivals glowered at each other across her snowy damask.

Tonight, however, the little white cottage was dark and silent. A shadowy form on the doorstep indicated the whereabouts of Mr. Caleb Brown. Eben paused at the gate and coughed.

Caleb Brown banged the brass knocker fiercely on the door, gleaming faintly white behind the shadowy vines.

All was silence.

The gate creaked under Eben Gail's authoritative touch, and as his feet crunched heavily on the gravel path the sound seemed a premonition of what might happen to Eben's bold rival if he did not cease his thundering at the door of the one woman in the world.

"Miss Nettie Blake's got tired of entertaining two callers every Wednesday, only she's too polite to say so! If you'll go away you'll find that she'll open the door quick enough for me!" Eben's voice rasped on the still night air as Caleb Brown ceased from his knocking.

"She doesn't answer because she thinks it's you!" snapped Caleb, resuming his bombardment.

"I always knock special," retorted Eben. "Miss Nettie always recognizes my knock. If you'll just move along and let a gentleman that has some rights here"— He paused suggestively.

There was an explosive snort from Caleb Brown, and the knocker fell for the last time with a little angry thud. The first assistant keeper of the light ran down the steps and faced his rival in the moonlit space before the house. His nose advanced within an inch of Eben's implacable countenance, and his head wagged violently.

"Say it again!" he challenged squeakily.

Eben repeated his remark, with a few embellishments regarding Mr. Brown's personal appearance.

After this interchange of pleasantries it is not surprising that another instant found the assistant keepers rolling wildly on the gravel, now in the neat borders, where their heels played havoc with Miss Nettie's choicest plants, again coming in contact with a spiny cactus that pricked them to greater ferocity.

At last they fell heavily against a rotten tree stump that supported a red painted flower tub. The stump quivered and then yielded to the onslaught The flower tub descended, just escaping serious injury to the combatants The shower of loose dirt that filled their eyes, ears, noses and mouths brought the warfare to a swift close.

Stiffly they arose and faced each other in the pale light, dirty, dishevel-ed, with blackened eyes and bleeding noses, their best blue clothes caked with yellow loam, while every crevice of skin and clothing was filled with fine earth from the flower tub.

As by one accord they turned and marched out of the gate, leaving the scene of havoc to greet Miss Nettie's horrified eyes when the sun arose Caleb Brown strode on ahead, and at an unfriendly distance in the rear Eben Gail limped after him.

They crawled into the bobbing dory and rowed silently down the red path that the lighthouse flung across the glimmering waves.

A smart little launch was moored at the lighthouse landing, and with the idea of avoiding the parson or other possible callers who had taken pity on Captain Peter's loneliness the two assistants crept quietly down into the engine room, where they noiselessly scrubbed the marks of combat from their faces and clothing. During these ablutions there was a marked exchange of courtesies between the rivals. They passed the single cake of soap back and forth and shared the healing contents of a huge bottle of vaseline with amazing affability.

The fierce, brief battle in front of Miss Nettie's cottage had seemed to relieve them of twelve months' accumulated venom. As they quietly trod the winding iron stairway to their room in the tower above the sitting room they paused to fill their pipes from Eben's tobacco pouch. Each was mindful of his own bruised eye and aware of the futility of attempting to conceal it from an inquiring world—i. e., Captain Peter and his visitors—should they be discovered.

A light gleamed under the sitting room door, and as they passed it the portal swung wide, and Captain Peter himself, smiling and happy, resplendent in his best suit of blue cloth, confronted them and laid a friendly hand on each shoulder.

"Come in, boys. You're just in time. Here's parson and his wife and Benjamin Green and Uncle Nehemiah Blake and her that was Nettie Blake, now Mrs. Captain Fane."

The two assistants stared open mouthed at the merry company that filled the little sitting room, and the lighthouse keeper continued:

"Yes, siree! Miss Nettie and me counted on getting married at the parsonage tonight, and everything was ready and waiting; but, seeing that you two boys was set on going courting on this particular night, I just sent word to the parson for the hull lot of 'em to come over here and get married at the light. Benjamin, he brought 'em over in the la'nch, wedding cake, lemonade and all. Now, everybody set up and have something to eat. You're too late for the wedding, for the knot's all tied, but you can have some of Mrs. Captain Fane's cake, and she's a royal good cook. Now, Nettie!"

Mrs. Fane blushed prettily as she took the huge knife the captain gave her and thrust it into the thick white icing, and as she presented a slice to Caleb Brown and another to Eben Gail she said softly:

"I'm going to be chief cook here. Now, I expect you two gentlemen will enjoy the good things I'm going to make, and maybe you like apple pies." Her tender eyes asked forgiveness as she made this reference to their former intimacy.

Eben and Caleb smiled sheepishly at each other and drew closer together. Their common disappointment would become the foundation for a lasting friendship. Loyalty to the little lady whom they both had hopelessly loved prompted them to speak in unison.

"We like apple pie first rate," they said bravely.

Ministers Aboard Ship.

A minister aboard ship has always been taken as a "Jonah sign" by seamen. In recent years, however, this superstition has been modified to a certain extent. A young minister, the seamen believe, will not bring as much of a "Jonah" with him as an old one.

A RARE COIN.

It Is Called a "Misstrike" and Is Very Seldom Seen.

"See this penny I got today at the postoffice," said the cashier. "There aren't five other pennies like it in the United States."

He handed out a cent piece with the die impression half off the face of the coin and with a big half moon of blank metal showing along one side.

"They call it a misstrike," he continued. "Perhaps once in 10,000,000 times the two little notched fingers on the minting machines that grip the blank disk and draw it forward to the die fall to spring away. In this case the left hand finger stuck and pushed the coin halfway over the die. That is how the impression is only half on the disk.

"You can see the raised edge on the blank portion of the metal," the cashier went on as he took up his pen. "It isn't everybody knows that each coin goes under the dies twice. The first time it is struck with a blank, dome shaped set of dies to put an edge on the disk. Then it gets the regular die with the familiar head on it.

"What's it worth? Oh, I'll say probably $25 or so. I see it's been in circulation for nine years. It's a wonder some coin collector hasn't nabbed it. I'm going to keep it as a rarity."—New York Times.

SENSE OF HEARING.

Sound Waves and the Way They Act Upon the Ears.

The detection of the direction of a sound by the sense of hearing is, like the rapid focusing of the eye on objects at different distances, one of those instinctive operations which are continually done without any conscious method.

Sound waves traverse the air as ripples stir the water, and the ear by experience acquires some slight power of detecting the direction in one case, as the eye does with far greater accuracy in the other. Usually we unconsciously receive assistance from other senses as well. Often we fail to locate at once some hidden source of sound, such as a singing bird, and then our instinctive ingenuity displays itself.

The intensity of sound is, of course, by no means so great behind a screen as in front of it, and every one carries with him the screen of his own head, which may prevent a particular sound from being heard so well by one ear as by the other. If, then, the head is turned until this inequality disappears and both ears hear equally well we know that we must be directly facing or turned from the source of sound, and our previous rough idea of its whereabouts generally prompts us to face it.

Wind and Temper.

There is a closer connection between wind and temper than at first sight appears. A coldish wind has a bracing effect and, on the whole, is beneficial. In countries where hot winds occur periodically, on the other hand, these are regarded as a nuisance, if not a curse. Every one almost gets cross, weary and done up and has a head ache daily. In Egypt the season when crimes are commonest is when the hot khamseen blows. Nearly always during a severe sirocco the Arabs in Algeria were restless, if they did not attempt an actual rising. The solano which now and then rushes across the Mediterranean in fiery blasts from Africa, upsets every one in Spain and is the worst wind in that country. And even in the Pearl of the Antilles the fierce hot wind is such a pest that it is recorded of a family living in Havana that they made it a rule in the household to preserve absolute silence until the wind disappeared. It was the only plan they could think of to avoid family quarrels.

Profane History.

"Pop!"

"Well, what is it now? If it's foolish question No. 9,697 I'll spank you and put you to bed."

"No, pop; I just want to know what is profane history."

"Profane history, eh? Well—it's—it's just a term to distinguish it from sacred history."

"But why is it called profane, pop?"

"How the—that is, how do I know? I suppose it—say, you know when little George Washington cut down his father's pet cherry tree?"

"Yes, pop."

"Well, what little Georgie's father said to little Georgie is profane history. I should think you could get your lessons without bothering me with your fool questions."—New York Times.

Encouraging.

A Philadelphia clergyman tells of an incident in connection with his first visit to a town in Pennsylvania, where he expected to be called as pastor.

While tramping along a dusty road he was so fortunate as to encounter a man in a wagon who gave him a lift. During the conversation that ensued between the two the divine chanced to ask:

"Do the folks hereabout enjoy religion?"

"I don't know exactly," replied his companion, "but I s'pose that them that has it enjoys it."

His Angel.

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine anything so beautiful as the angel in your picture? Artist—Got an engaged man to describe his fiancee to me.—Brooklyn Life.

Not Coughing Today?

Yet you may cough tomorrow! Better be prepared for it when it comes. Ask your doctor about keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Then when the hard cold or cough first appears you have a doctor's medicine at hand. Your doctor's approval of its use will certainly set all doubt at rest. Do as he says. He knows. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Robust health is a great safeguard against attacks of throat and lung troubles, but constipation will destroy the best of health. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills.

SMASHED BY THE SEA

The Story of a Shipwreck In the English Channel.

FIERCE FURY OF THE STORM.

Wind and Wave Battered the Ship Till Only a Shattered Hulk Remained—A Battle Against the Elements That Ended In Defeat.

We had weathered the western islands and entered latitudes where the prudent mariner shortens sail and keeps a wary eye on the barometer, for the seafarer may talk lightly of mountainous seas off the Horn, but not of a winter gale in the mouth of the English channel when the coast is strewn with wreckage from the Lizard to Beachy and his imagination, accustomed to vast expanses of lonely sea, pictures all sorts of craft jostling one another in dangerous proximity.

A favoring gale from the northwest, not more vicious than the ordinary north Atlantic gale, had kept the ship lively all day and set all hands figuring on pay day. It was not until the afternoon watch that the weather outlook became really threatening. Mountainous walls of green water swung out of the darkness and buffeted her aside as they passed. Fierce squalls smote her in rapid succession, enveloping her in a smother of spray, heeling her until the yardarms dipped in the crests of the waves.

At eight bells the wind lulled and hauled a point to the westward, then hurled itself against the ship with accumulated fury. There was a sudden confusion of flying cordage, overwhelming seas hammering upon the decks and the cannonade of canvas stripped from the spars and blown like thistledown to leeward.

Relieved of her top hamper, she staggered erect, dripping like a half tide rock and shaken with the shock of the seas pounding her sides. Halfway on the upward oscillation she poised, checked by the renewed onslaught of the gale as if by the impact of a material obstacle. Rags of canvas streamed from her empty yards. Every wire of her rigging twanged and stretched under the strain.

The deck round the mainmast heaved and was starred with white fissures running along its well oiled planks. The heavy steel spar dimpled on one side, then buckled and crashed overboard in a tangle of wreckage.

The ends of severed wire whipped the air, and twisted shrouds sawed to and fro along the ruined bulwarks and struck showers of sparks from the tortured iron work. The hatch covers were stripped from their coverings, boats smashed to firewood and all the intricate superstructure of the vessel swept and broken. Shouted orders were blown back, inaudible to the men cowering under the break of the poop, and useless if audible.

What seamanship could contrive was done. Men worked for their lives, finding a foothold on the sea swept deck, hacking the jagged ends of iron wire. But the day of cutting wreckage adrift is gone with wooden spars and hempen cordage. Although the plates gaped and rivets started, the heavy spar held fast alongside, pounding against the iron hull as she rolled in that trough of the sea.

A couple of spare spars were lashed together and launched with infinite danger through the gap in the broken bulwarks. But no improvised sea anchor could hold her to windward amid the tumult of such a sea. She was no longer a ship, but a ruined fabric, crushed and sagging to leeward under the weight of the elements.

Morning brought an abatement of the fury of the gale. Standing on the poop, surveying her shattered hulk, her skipper turned quietly to his mate and asked, "Is the port lifeboat seaworthy?"

"Carpenter reports that it is, sir," replied his subordinate.

The skipper stood for awhile in silence, noting the sluggish life of the deck under his feet. "Suppose we've got to leave her," he said. "What d'ye think?"

It is the sole occasion where the master mariner will deign to consult and be advised by his inferior officer.

"She can't float much longer, sir," replied the other sympathetically. It might be that in his time he, too, would require to seek similar advice.

"Ah," said the skipper heavily, "and I saw her launched." He crossed over to the teak fife rail and laid his hand on it, fondling it affectionately. "All right, mister," he said at last. "We're right in the track of shipping. Pass the word along to put a bag of biscuit aboard and fill the breakers with water."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Short and to the Point.

One of the shortest speeches recorded in forensic annals is that of Taunton, afterward a judge. Charles Phillips, an Irish orator, had made a flowery speech in an assault case.

Taunton, who was for the defendant, said in reply, "My friend's eloquent complaint amounts, in plain English, to this—that his client has received a good, sound horsewhipping—and my defense is as short—that he richly deserved it."

The Boy and the Bear.

"Have you ever heard the story of Algy and the bear?" asked a boy of his father. "It's very short. 'Algy met a bear; the bear was bulgy; the bulge was Algy.'"—London News.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as being so oneself.—Sir Arthur Helps.

Gender of the Sword.

Among the many curious notions obtaining among the different races using the sword may be noted the gender of the weapon. In the north of Europe it was either masculine, as in Britain, or neuter, as in Germany, while in the south it was uniformly feminine. Its force and cruelty appealed to the northern mind. Its grace and elegance attracted the warriors of the sunny south. It typified to the one strength, to the other dignity.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, FEB. 18, 1910.

CIVIL WAR VETERANS.

In an unhappy mood, caused possibly by an attack of "acute indigestion," one of the most prevalent diseases in vogue these latter days, Past Commander L. L. Bullard of William B. Eaton Post, G. A. R., of Revere, declared that the Union Veterans of the War of the Rebellion, members of G. A. R. Posts, are being neglected, and turned the cold shoulder to, by the people at large. To this complaint John L. Parker of Lynn, Massachusetts Department Commander, makes reply:

"My experience is entirely different from that of Comrade Bullard. Wherever I have attended meetings of the G. A. R.—and I have traveled all over the State—I have found that the people responded cheerfully and promptly, and that the Veterans are held in the highest esteem by the people of all classes. I do not believe there is any such feeling anywhere, as Comrade Bullard speaks of, though of course I do not know about this situation in Revere."

The fact is, as everybody knows, respect and reverence for the Old Soldiers of '61-5—the G. A. R. Veterans—grows stronger and stronger year by year.

FOR THE HIGHEST HONOR.

In common with the entire population of this country, U. S. Senator Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts believes there is nothing too good for Com. Peary, the Discoverer of the Northpole. The great Explorer deserves the very best the Government has in its power to bestow, is our Senior Senator's opinion. This is the way he expressed himself on the subject:

"He (Peary) has achieved something that has brought glory to this country and of which every American should feel proud. I believe, as the Administration does, that the discoverer of the Northpole should be retired with the rank and pay of a Rear Admiral of the Navy as a suitable reward for his great service."

The way to bring to their bearings the National House of Representatives is for the whole country to rise up as one man and demand that the Allen bill for the promotion and retirement of Peary with rank and pay of a Rear Admiral shall be passed wiihout any further delay---demand it!

☞ Mr. Herbert B. Dow, Chairman of the Woburn School Board, was the "Orator of the Day" at the Lincoln Day High School celebration last Monday morning, his address being supplemented by good music, vocal and instrumental, by the school, and entertaining literary productions of a patriotic characterr Mr. Dow, Masters of the High School, teachers of the same, pupils and all those who participated in the pleasant and profitable affair, honored themselves by honoring the memory of Abraham Lincoln on that occasion. * * * Rev. Dr. H. B Williams was the principal speaker at the Lincoln Day celebration by Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. of V., at which Burbank W. R. C. 84, were the guests of honor, and he made an excellent speech. It was a good celebration of one of the most important events in the history of America. The "Sons" of the "Boys in Blue" put their best foot forward, and by them the patriotic affair was carried out in the most admirable fashion. * * * Some other Lincoln Day exercises were held in this city, at which the memory of the Great Liberator was duly honored.

☞ Last week Col. Nims, commander of Nims (not Nims's as some of the Boston papers printed it) Battery in the Civil War, at 92 years of age, locked the door of his drugstore on Cambridge street in Boston, after conducting it continuously for 46 years, or ever since the end of the War, in which he served valiantly, and announced that he would never return to it—he had got through with work. The Nims Battery served in the West, in the Missippi and Red River expeditions under Gen. Banks, and was stationed, for a long time, opposite Vicksburg, Miss. The late Capt. Jacob M. Ellis of Woburn was Lieutentant of the Battery and kept a daily record of its work during all the time it was in the service. Capt. Ellis's diary is very interesting and valuable as a part of the history of the War. He and Colonel Nims were intimate and close friends as long as the former lived.

☞ It does not seem likely, but they say it is true, that Gov. John D. Long, 75 years old and politically sour, wants to be the Republican candidate for Congress from the Brockton District to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman Lovering. The convention is to be held on March 5. Judge Robert O. Harris is pretty sure of the nomination.

☞ At last accounts the Mass. Great and General Court were still on deck and at that date struggling with Gov. Draper's bill for cheapening the necessaries of life, concerning which, and the way it ought to be done, no two people have been found in this country to agree. Last Monday live hogs sold at the Chicago stockyards for $9.25 per cwt.—the highest ever known. In all human probability, by the time Congress, the State Legislatures, and the agitators, get through with the subject or before, in the handling of which they seem to be at sea, supply and demand, with the aid of the Courts, will have brought the prices of meats and all kinds of provisions down to their nominal state, or where they ought to be.

☞ A poor man, or one fairly well off, stands a slim chance of getting to be Mayor of Boston. The late city campaign, which ended in the election of Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor, cost that gentleman, personally, $10,500, and his Campaign Committee $37,500. Possibly, a part of the Committee's output was taken from John's. The great fight cost James J. Storrow, candidate of the "Reformers," $102,000. Hibbard's cost him about $3,000. How's that for high?

☞ Plans are being matured to give former President Theodore Roosevelt a National reception on his return from Africa next June. It is expected that every city, town, village, hamlet, nook and corner of the U. S. will celebrate for all there is out, for which preparations, in many places, have already been started. The city of Washington is to be the storm centre, with President Taft as Manager; but there will be great rejoicing everywhere over Col. Roosevelt's return.

☞ Washington's Birthday comes next Tuesday, and will end the winter holidays. It is supposed that preparations are being made for a proper observance of the birthday anniversary of the "Father of his Country," the great and glorious George Washington, by patriotic societies and liberty loving people in this city, as well as throughout the Nation. We have seen no programs, as yet, for the celebration.

☞ Because of the rush of business before the Committee on Cities in the Legislature, the petition of Woburn for authority to extend financial help to the Choate Hospital was postponed last Tuesday, the date fixed for a hearing on it, to some future time. If there is any opposition to granting such authority it has failed to show itself to any considerable extent.

☞ The election of Mr. William Beggs as President of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank was the proper thing to do. He is, in every respect, well qualified for the responsible and honorable position. With Beggs as President; Holland as Treasurer; and Jaquith as Teller; the Bank, which is rated as one of the soundest in the State, is in safe hands.

☞ According to a law recently enacted by the Massachusetts Legislature, the Woburn Assessors will begin the listing of property for taxation on April 1, instead of May 1, as has long been the practice.

☞ The February Bulletin of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts contains a list of "Early American Church Silver," in which appears the 9 pieces sent to the Museum by the First Congregational church of Woburn.

☞ About 400 clerical employees of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company have received substantial increase of salaries this week, among whom are several lucky Woburn young people.

☞ Frank F. Cutting was elected Colonel of the 5th Regiment, M. V. M., last Tuesday by a majority of 2 over Lieut Col. Willis W. Stover.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Land Court Notice.
A. H. Holland—Citation.
John B. Pearson—Adm. Notice.
Woburn Cooperative Bank—Notice.

— Next regular meeting of the School Board Feb. 21.

— The funeral of Major Bancroft was private, held Tuesday.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder is expected to visit this country in June of this year.

— Mr. Charles W. Fitz, formerly of the Boston Branch, is sojourning a few weeks in Florida.

— Rev. Henry R. Rose of Brooklyn, N. Y, is to lecture before the Womans Club in Lyceum Hall this P. M.

— The Valentine party given by the Nichols's Corner Club last Monday evening was the best of the season.

— Major Bancroft was about to enter a Soldiers' Home when death came early Sunday morning, for which Capt. E F. Wyer had prepared the necessary papers.

— Ernest Lamprey, the Woburn Agent of the American Express Co., went out on a vacation last week. He was not feeling very well, so concluded to take a short rest.

— At noon last Wednesday thermometers in this city showed from 58 to 60 plus, in the shade.

— The Social Workers Circle of K. D. were graciously entertained by Miss Marguerite Smith at her home on High street last Tuesday evening.

— Esquire and Lady Edward Johnson are doing the agreeable to Gabalotte Club about this time of year at their pleasant home on Warren avenue.

— Thirty-two members of the First Baptist church attended the 17th Annual Session of the Boston East Bible School Association held at East Somerville, Wednesday.

— Smallpox has broken out anew in Wakefield, and Reading isn't wholly shut of it yet. Care should be taken by our Board of Health to prevent its appearance in Woburn.

— A large number of people assembled in Christian Science Hall last Saturday evening to enjoy the interesting and appropriate Lincoln Day services held there by the First Church of Christ, Scientist.

— Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. of V. are to attend the great reunion of the Mass. S. of V. in Boston on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, in a body. The Camp will turn out a big delegation, no doubt.

— Charles Bowers Winn Camp, 66, S of V, had W R C. 84 as guests at an entertainment given by them in observance of Union Defenders Day last Monday evening, when a fine program was carried out.

— Professor Leonard Hosmer of the Mass. Institute of Technology lectured before the Social Workers of Montvale last Tuesday evening, Feb. 15, on "Labrador" It was an able and interesting address.

— Last Saturday Mayor Murray appointed William H. Jones Secretary of the Board of Overseers of the Poor, vice, Terrence J. Maguire, who was appointed Chairman. Mr. Maguire had been Secretary 5 years.

— Lincoln Day was appropriately celebrated by the First Church of Christ, Scientists, at their rooms of worship in Savings Bank block last Saturday evening, when and where an address was delivered by H. B. Hayes.

— Please bear well in mind that the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church are to give their patriotic banquet and entertainment next Tuesday evening, at which an eminent divine from Auburndale is to make an address.

— The celebration, last Saturday evening, of the 12th anniversary of the organization of the Young Peoples Society of the Swedish Evangelical Free church was one of the best and pleasantest social events of the present winter.

— Mrs. Avis C. Powlis, formerly of this city, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs Warren P. Adams, 12 Sumner Road, Cambridge, Tuesday, Feb. 15, aged 76 years, 5 months. Funeral services were held today at 2 o'clock.

— Charles Tenney of this city has been appointed U S. wireless telegraph operator and is stationed at the Charlestown Navy Yard for the present. He was Assistant B. & M. Station Agent at Wedgemere, and they say, he is smart.

— The funeral of Palmer W. Sevrens of N. W. was held at North Congregational church Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13. The Fire Department paid proper respect to his memory, he having been a member of Hose 2, of which his father is the Captain.

— A few evenings ago Miss Hazel B. Tidd, of the Princeton University Library Staff was elected Children's Librarian of the Woburn Public Library, vice Miss Quinn, whose election recently was found to have been premature, or something like that.

— St. Valentine was honored here last Monday by the giving of parties, soirees, suppers, and a few other agreeable functions, and, on the whole, the day imposed no extra labor, except at the postoffice, for Valentine's Day does not call for dinners, banquets, etc.

— The concert given by the Amphion Club of Melrose, the oldest and most famous musical organization in the vicinity of Boston, of which Eph Cutter, a well known Boston organist, native of Woburn, is Conductor, filled Lyceum Hall to overflowing last week. It was a great concert.

— The boys and girls had splendid weather last Monday for the business of exchanging Valentines, and, from the looks of things at the postoffice, they improved it. The clerks at the Government rooms in Savings Bank block had all the work on Feb. 14 that they cared to attend to.

— If the churches in this city are suffering from a dearth of auxiliary clubs, societies, classes, etc., why don't they go to work in downright earnest and revive and set on its feet again the Young Mens Christian Association, that once flourished and did an incalculable amount of good to the young men and boys of Woburn Why not?

— Mr. W. Prior Chute, of the well known firm of Cummings, Chute & Co., coal, hay and grain merchants, and wife are passing the remainder of the winter, in the most comfortable and pleasant manner, in Florida. In their absence the big business of the firm is conducted in fine style by Miss Anna Cummings, the levelheaded bookkeeper.

— Fred Stanley's popular Boston Branch Grocery, by shaving prices on goods is doing as much as any other man to help lessen the cost of living, a subject that is attracting a great deal of attention and causing much talk just now, not mentioning what the Legislature and Congress are trying to do in the same direction. At last accounts Fred was several laps ahead of them.

— Mr. Henry C. Hayden of the First Congregational Church Quartet is a member of the celebrated Amphion Club of Melrose, and sang at their concert here last Friday night. By the way, it is rumored that First church are not to employ a Quartet much longer, but to have music furnished them by a Choir. The JOURNAL declines to vouch for the truth of the rumor.

— Attention is directed to the Co-operative Bank notice in this paper.

— Last Tuesday the mercury reached pretty near the 50 mark, and the snow melted away like morning dew before the sun. Water dripped from the eaves all the night before.

— At the Unitarian church Valentine Social last Monday evening Mildred Knapp of Pleasant street was a Gypsy Valentine, in which character she made a fine appearance.

— We are glad to be informed, as his many friends are, that Deacon Samuel Cook is at his home on Bow street, having returned from the hospital, and that permanent recovery is expected.

— Arthur Jones of Warren avenue, having successfully passed his final Harvard University examinations for graduation and degree, has entered the employ of the Old Colony Trust Co of Boston, which position was tendered him some time ago.

— Miss Elsie Heartz, a smart Bennett street lass, is to spend Washington's Birthday, next Tuesday, at Wolfboro, N. H., with her sister Grace, who is Assistant Preceptor of Franklin Academy, an old and popular institution of learning in that town of which the Granite State is properly proud.

— A highly enjoyable and successful Lincoln Day entertainment was given by the Woburn Associates in St. John's Baptist church last evening, Feb. 17. The Managers were: Allen Burrell, Eugene Keller, Archie Harris, Marlin Pettie, Albert W. White. An able address was delivered by Hon William H. Lewis, former U. S District Attorney; instrumental music; and singing by Boston and Medford vocalists.

— In one of the show windows of A. W. Whitcher's drugstore, or in part of the premises where he keeps so many ancient, unique, and curious oddities, there was exhibited last week an invitation card to the National Ball at Lincoln's second Inauguration as President of the United States on March 4, 1865, which was addressed to Mrs. E N. Blake of this city. Her husband, Hon. E N. Blake, was one of the Managers of the ball.

— A few days ago we received from Mr. L. Waldo Thompson, General Manager of the Thompson Hardware Company, inc., a copy of the Laramie, Wyoming *Republican* of Feb 2, Groundhog Day, which contained a lifelike portrait of the real animal as he appeared at noon on Candlemas Day looking for his shadow. The JOURNAL introduced and established Groundhog Day in New England 32 years ago, having brought it from the State of Illinois. Thanks.

— An entirely successful surgical operation for gallstones, with which he has been troubled for the last few weeks, was performed on Mr. Thomas Moore at the Choate Hospital last Monday morning by Dr. Thomas Caulfield, his son-in-law, assisted by a Boston surgeon of high repute. He stood the operation in the best of shape is doing finely, and will, no doubt, soon return to his merchandizing in the old Main street store. His hosts of friends congratulate Mr. Moore on his recovery.

— Miss Marie Gregory Conway, daughter of the late Dr. James H. Conway, formerly of Woburn, was operated on for appendicitus in St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, on Wednesday of last week, Feb. 9. The operation was performed by Dr Montgomery, Chief of the Medical Staff of the Hospital, and was a pronounced success, a tribute to the skill of the eminent physician The many friends of Miss Conway in Woburn will be pleased to hear that she is doing well, and expects to be out of the Hospital in about three weeks.

— Caleb H. Jaquith of Woburn announces the engagement of his daughter, Claire Marie, to Charles Warren Fowle, Harvard 1905, of the United States Embassy in Constantinople. —*Boston Transcript.* Miss Jaquith is prominent in church and benevolent work and one of the most popular young women in this city. Her fiancee, Mr. Fowle, is a son of Rev. James L. Fowle, Foreign Missionary of the First Congregational church of Woburn in Turkey, and nephew of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle, a retired Boston merchant resident of Woburn.

Electricity.

The big bright sign at No. 2 Salem street, which urges all people to "Use Edison Light" has recently had some important information added to its reading, to the effect that "IT COSTS ONLY 43 CENTS A NIGHT TO BURN THIS SIGN UNTIL 11 P. M."

This sign is now fitted with the latest improvement in incandescent electric lamps—the new Tungsten sign lamps. These lamps give much more light and cost less than one-half as much to burn as the old type of incandescent carbon lamp. This Edison sign is one of the very attractive signs on our main street. It shows how such signs burn a name into the public mind.

Allen's Lung Balsam

is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 bottles.

Major Bancroft.

In the death of Maj. Ambrose Bancroft Woburn has lost a man who, in years gone by, has been very useful to society.

He was a genial man to meet, and when younger, was always planning to help new comers to feel at home, both in the city and church to which he belonged.

I, and many others I know of, have reason to remember him with gratitude and pleasure.—C. M. S.

Don't Get All Run Down,

Weak and miserable. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, headache, pains in the back, and feel tired all over and want a pleasant herb cure, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. As a regulator it has no equal. All Druggists, 25c. Ask *to-day.* Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Books cannot always please, however good; minds are not ever craving for their food.—Crabbe.

Major Bancroft.

Last Sunday morning, Feb. 13, Major Ambrose Bancroft was found dead at his home, No. 9 Highland street in this city. He was a native of Woburn, and 77 years, 5 months and 21 days old on the date of his passing away. He had been in poor health for a year, but able to be about, and was preparing for entry into a Soldiers Home. He was one of the best known men in this community and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a wide circle of friends.

On Dec. 29, 1862, he enlisted, as a private, in the 32d Mass. Vol. Regiment, in which he served until June 29, 1865, when he was honorably discharged with the rank of Brevet Major of his Regiment. He fought in many battles. After the War he was employed for years, as long as he could work, as a carpenter, by the Boston & Lowell, and Boston & Maine Railroad Companies He had been a member of the First Congregational church of Woburn ever since 1847, a Free Mason since 1866, and a member of the Massachusetts Loyal Legion.

The funeral was held at 9 Highland street last Tuesday afternoon.

The widow of the deceased Veteran is spending the winter with their son, Dr Irving Bancroft, at Los Angeles, California; and their daughter, Annie, is a school teacher in Boston She arrived at the Bancroft home on Highland street, soon after the death of her father.

Mrs. Goddard.

Mrs. Cynthia B. Goddard, widow of the late Squire B. Goddard, dropped dead about 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, Feb. 11, 1910, in the Woburn Public Library where she went for books after having visited stores and made purchases in the city. Immediately on reaching the public delivery she was seen to tremble and sway and before assistance could come to her she fell to the floor dead. Dr. Chalmers was at once summoned and on examination said that death was instantaneous.

Mrs. Goddard was Cynthia B Frost before her marriage, born in Boston on April 15, 1838, but had lived here nearly all her life. She is survived by one son, Frank C. Goddard of Boston, and several sisters.

Mrs. Goddard, who had a wide circle of friends, was a leader in society, an active and influential member of the Unitarian church, Womans Club, and other organizations.

Rev. H. C. Parker conducted the funeral services at the late home of the deceased, 146 Pleasant street, on Monday afternoon, and a Boston Quartet furnished music. There was a large number of friends and acquaintances in attendance.

The interment was in Woodbrook.

ROADS IN CHINA.

They Are Narrow and Crooked and Edged With Ditches.

The Chinese road is private property, a strip taken from somebody's land. This is done much against the will of the owner, since he not only loses the use of it, but also still has to pay taxes on it.

One consequence is that it is wide enough for only one vehicle, and carts can pass one another only by trespassing on the cultivated land. To prevent this the farmers dig deep ditches by the roadside. As the surface wears away and the dust blows off it gradually grows lower, and after awhile it becomes a drain for the surrounding fields. A current forms in the rainy season, which still further hollows it out, and thus has arisen the proverb that a road a thousand years old becomes a river.

Those whose lands are used for roads naturally prefer to have the roads run along the edge of their farms instead of cutting across them, and this accounts for the fact that Chinese roads are often so crooked that one may have to go a considerable distance to reach a place that is in reality but a few miles away. This always interests the stranger.

Only Pursuing His Profession.

A Brooklyn magistrate recently had four darkies who were caught in a gambling raid before him. The first of the lot to be brought to the bar was an undersized man, with a comical face as black as night. The dialogue between the magistrate and the prisoner created some merriment in the court.

"What is your name?" inquired the magistrate sternly.

"Mah name's Smiff," replied the darky.

"What is your profession?"

"I's a locksmiff by trade, sah."

"What were you doing when the police broke into the room last night?"

"Judge, I was pursuin' mah profession. I was makin' a bolt for the door."

"Officer," said the magistrate, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "lock Smith up."—New York Tribune.

The Art of Overlooking.

Nobody can live long in the world and not admit that the words "nothing for nothing" contain a sad amount of truth. He is of course a fool who does not count the cost so far as the future is concerned, but scarcely less a fool is he who does not overlook past costs. If we have any good or delightful thing in this life, at all hazards let us not taint our enjoyment by considering what we gave for it. Was it more than we could afford? Never mind. We have afforded it; we have made our purchase. Let us take off the ticket with the price and burn the receipt. There are items in life's ledger which must be overlooked unless we would spend all our days in balancing closed accounts.—London Spectator.

How She Rules Him.

"Skinphlint's wife certainly has remarkable success in managing him. I wonder how she does it."

"When he undertakes to deny her anything she really wants she threatens to sue him for divorce."

"Does he care so much for her, then?"

"Oh, no, it's not that, but he figures that it is cheaper to let her have her own way than it would be to either defend the suit or pay alimony."—Chicago Post.

A Bad Start.

"A man always looks foolish when he proposes," said the frank young woman.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "and I have evidently failed to overcome the absurd impression I made on Henrietta on that occasion."—Washington Star.

THE FIRST CLOCKS.

One at Padua That Was a Wonder of Mechanism.

It was, we are told, in 1306 that the first clock known to the world was placed in the tower of San Eustorgio in Milan.

The greatest astonishment and admiration were manifested by crowds who flocked to see the timepiece In 1344 a clock was installed in the palace of the nobles at Padua. This was a wonder of mechanism indeed, for besides indicating the hours it showed the course of the sun, the revolutions of the planets, the various phases of the moon, the months and the fetes of the year.

The period of the evolution from the clock to the watch was seventy-one years—not so very long, all things considered—and the record of the first watch is 1380. A half century later an alarm clock made its appearance This, we are told, was looked upon by the people of that age as "un instrument prodigieux."

The fortunate possessor of this clock was Andrea Alciato, a councilor of Milan. The chroniclers have placed on record that this clock sounded a bell at a stated hour, and at the same time a little wax candle was lighted automatically. How this was done we are not told, but it must not be overlooked that until about seventy years ago we had no means of obtaining a light other than the tinder box, so that the Milanese must have been centuries ahead of us in this respect.

Not much progress was made with the watch until 1740, when the second hand was added.—London Globe

TEMPTED, HE ATE.

A Story of Heinrich Heine and a Toothsome Lyons Sausage.

Returning from a journey to the south of France, Heinrich Heine met a friend, a German violinist, in Lyons, who gave him a large sausage that had been made in Lyons with the request to deliver it to a mutual acquaintance, a homeopathic physician, in Paris. Heine promised to attend to the commission and intrusted the delicacy to the care of his wife, who was traveling with him. But as the postchaise was very slow and he soon became very hungry, on the advice of his wife both tasted of the sausage, which dwindled with every mile.

Arriving at Paris, Heine did not dare to send the remainder to the physician, and yet he wished to keep his promise. So he cut off the thinnest possible slice with his razor, wrapped it in a sheet of vellum paper and inclosed it in an envelope, with the following note:

Dear Doctor—From your scientific investigations we learn that the millionth part of a certain substance brings about the greatest results. I beg, therefore, your kind acceptance of the accompanying millionth part of a Lyons sausage, which our friend gave me to deliver to you. If homeopathy is a truth, then this little piece will have the same effect on you as the whole sausage. Your

HEINRICH HEINE

—Ughetti's "With Physicians and Clients."

Old Time English Elections.

In old time England each constituency gave its representative in parliament a horse to carry him to Westminister and also paid his expenses on the road. These expenses, together with an allowance for each day spent on duty at the house of commons, generally at the rate of 80 cents a day, were refunded in one lump sum when the member returned home at the end of the parliamentary year. Sir F. Delaval totaled seven votes in an attempt on Andover in the general election of 1768. An item in his election agent's bill is typical of the reckoning he had to pay: "To being thrown out of the George inn, Andover, to my legs being thereby broken, to sugeon's bill and loss of time and business, all in the service of Sir F. Delaval, £500." Lord Llandaff won Dungurvan in 1868. The item "£547 whisky," caused him to protest faintly. "Begorra," said his election agent, "if ye want to squeeze a pippin like that ye'll never do for Dungarvan."

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet. In the jaw there are tiny glands containing poison, but as the mouth is very small it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly. A European traveler witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pinchers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.

Cause of Thought.

"You look thoughtful tonight, Smith," remarked Brown as he stretched himself on two chairs.

"Yes," said Smith. "I have just got a note from the landlady."

"What does she say?"

"She says that I must pay my board at once or her daughter will sue me for breach of promise. I'm thinking what I'd better do."—London Tit-Bits.

Force of Habit.

"You know that pretty salesgirl I took home from the dance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I stole a kiss."

"What did she say?"

"'Will that be all?'"—Judge.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and, so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archaeologists, the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of that name. It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found a means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather; but, after all, the principals of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.—London Globe.

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

STANDARD SILVER PLATED SET
Full Leather Case, Satin Lined $2.50



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The Howards.

The Austrians are known to be the greatest "sticklers" for genealogy, many of the nobles tracing their descent back to almost the dawn of history. Even in Austria, however, it is generally admitted that the dukes of Norfolk represent the oldest family in the world. According to the most trustworthy authorities, the Howards are of Saxon origin, the name in those days being Hereward. As far back as 957 there are trustworthy records of the family.—London Globe.

Her Sphere.

"There is one thing which woman could understand in political matters if she had the franchise."

"What's that?"

"When sweeping reforms are on the carpet."—Baltimore American.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mind." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 9, Peter Olsen, aged 43 years, 16 days.

In this city Feb. 11, Cynthia B. Goddard, aged 71 years, 9 months, 24 days.

In this city Feb. 11, Palmer W. Sevrens, aged 25 years, 3 months, 23 days.

In this city Feb. 13, Joseph Sullivan (of Winchester,) aged 51 years.

In this city, Feb. 9, Jennie Lee Knapp, aged 59 years, 5 months, 6 days.

In this city, Feb. 11, Mary F. McDonough, aged 1 year, 1 month, 10 days.

At Athens, Me., Feb. 10, Cyrus W. Pollard, aged 74 years.

In this city, Feb. 13, Ambrose E. Bancroft, aged 77 years, 5 months, 22 days.

In this city, Feb. 13, Rose O'Brien, aged 81 years;

In this city, Feb. 10, Lilian R. Weston, aged 4 years, 6 months, 13 days.

BRECKS' REAL ESTATE AGENCY
51 & 52 NORTH MARKET ST. BOSTON.
CONNECTED WITH THEIR SEED HOUSE AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of WILLIAM L. FAXON, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Mary J. Faxon, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of February A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Melinda D. Farmer, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS Isaac D. Farmer the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-first day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth B. Faden, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Henry Bowker, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the other having declined to accept the trust, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WOBURN
Co-operative Bank.
NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

A Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank will be held on

Thursday, March 10, 1910,
At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of nominating the necessary Officers and Auditors to serve the ensuing fiscal year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

JOHN C. BUCK, Secretary.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

We advertise that "Our Prices Are Satisfactory," because so many people have been surprised that our charges are substantially less than they have paid elsewhere.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge
Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charlie A. Jones late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Emily E. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein, named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Special Sale

— OF —

National Biscuit Co.'s regular 10c package

Graham Crackers 3 for 25c.

10c. pkg. Baronets (Butter Thins) **3 for 25c.**

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER, 379 Main St., Woburn.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. I you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Vick's Seeds Yield Big Returns

To the Farmer because he is absolutely sure of profitable crops when he sows Vick Seeds.

To the Gardener because high grade garden truck commands highest prices in all markets.

Vegetables and Asters grown from Vick's Seeds are to be exhibited at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 12 to 17, 1910. No entrance fee for this exhibit—just use Vick's Seeds. Ask for particulars.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. **Write right now** for a free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER—One packet Vick's Daybreak Aster, one packet Vick's Branching Asters (mixed colors), and our valuable book "How to Grow Asters," all for 10 cents.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, 143 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Richard J. Spencer of Woburn, Randall F. Smith of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex and said Commonwealth; the heirs, devisees or legal representatives of Thomas Hastings, formerly of Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, deceased; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Jennie P. Brown of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated at the junction of Franklin street and Flagg street in said Woburn, containing 9200 square feet of land, more or less, and bounded as follows: Southerly by said Franklin street there measuring about eighty-six (86) feet; westerly by said Flagg street there measuring about one hundred and one (101) feet; northerly by land of Randall F. Smith there measuring about seventy-eight (78) feet; and easterly by land of Richard J. Spencer there measuring about one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan:

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fourteenth day of March, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of February, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Oliver F. Bryant, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Minerva R. Bryant who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of February in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Gilman, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate not already administered of said deceased, to Homer A. White, of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-eighth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Andrews, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Henry L. Andrews of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James G. Cole, late of Beaufort, in the State of South Carolina, deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John C. Andrews of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sewall Taylor, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate,

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Brazilla Taylor of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper publish d in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Catherine L. Stearns, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, Mass., deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN B. PEARSON, Adm.

Feb. 14th, 1910. Stoneham, Mass. 18-20-3



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50 cts. & $1.00 at Druggists.

WINCHESTER.

The annual Town Meeting is to be held on March 7, and the Warrant for it will be closed at 8 o'clock Monday evening, Feb 21. Are you ready for the question, Gentlemen?

Lincoln Day, Feb 12, was patriotically observed in this village, and Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, will be equally honored. All patriotic holidays are kept sacred by our people, which speaks well for their love of country.

Joseph Sullivan of this town who was so severely kicked by the horse he was driving on Christmas eve last as to necessitate the amputation of one of his legs, died at the Choate Hospital in Woburn last Sunday morning from the injuries.

Postmaster Richardson's letter in the *Star* to the public respecting the conduct of his office and discharge of his official duties was a good manly piece of writing, and would, if he needed any more, make him many friends. He is a good popular Postmaster, and our people are with him.

Mr. T. Price Wilson, Associate Editor of the *Star*, of which his father, Mr. Theodore Wilson, is the proprietor is a candidate for the office of Town Clerk and Collector with a good strong backing. He is a smart, capable honest young man, and would make a faithful and efficient Town officer. Hope he will succeed in his quest.

It seemed, on the start, as though it was going to be hard work to find candidates enough to fill the town offices, but time has changed all that and the woods are full of them. As the day for holding the annual meeting approaches men anxious to hold public positions in the town are popping up all along the line, and I don't remember when a hotter scramble for them was experienced in this town. However, the aspirants are all good men.

First Assistant Postmaster General Grandfield has given out word that Postmaster Richardson of this town, whose present term expires on March 1, prox., will be re-appointed unless good reasons are produced why he should not be, Mr. Richardson has conducted the business of the office in firstrate shape for many years, and all the people here want him to continue to be our postmaster for many years more. It appears that Ex Assistant P. M.'s protest didn't cut much ice in the P O. Dept. at Washington; nor does Congressman McCall have anything to do with the business, unless the public call for a change. Richardson will stay.

MINUTE WHALES.

A Million and a Half Could Rest on the Head of a Pin.

The completest and most perfect of whales is a whale so small that 1,500,000 such whales could find room in a space not larger than an ordinary pin's head. But in that vanishing speck of matter there is already determined just how all the innumerable cells of the future whale's body are to grow, how many of them are to be and where the bone cells, the muscle cells, the nerve cells and all its other bodily cells are to find their proper places in his body to the end of that whale's life.

But much more than that. In that one primordial cell, scarcely imaginable for its minuteness, are stored the physical memories, so to speak, of that whale's ancestors back to the first whale. Therefore as he grows he will show that whales used to walk, for legs complete to the last leg bone will be found in the adult whale in the proper place for legs, but now tucked under his skin because they are no longer usable, much as an English nobleman hangs in his hall his ancestors' coats of mail as mementos of days now gone by since the coming of rifle bullets.

Moreover, such a minute whale is nothing but a whale, because he cannot possibly grow into a fish any more than he can grow into a bird, for whales are mammals and therefore separated by an impassable biological gulf from all fishes. Lastly, in that primal cell not only does there reside the whole ancestral heritage of former whales, but there is ample provision for an indefinite number of future whales.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Everybody's.

Spohr and the Violin.

Louis Spohr, the greatest of all German violinists and a man whose name is otherwise indelibly written on the pages of musical history, was born at Brunswick on April 5, 1784, just fifteen days after his great contemporary and rival, Nicolo Paganini, first saw the light of the world. Two greater contrasts than these two men could not be imagined. Paganini, the brilliant, dazzling, comet-like apparition, overawed the masses, for whose favor he made a high bid, while the German, the serious, dignified, deep artist, appealed to the connoisseurs and cultured musicians. Spohr both by precept and example exerted a tremendous influence on violin playing and violin composition and, in fact, on composition in general. The greatest musicians of his day stood in awe of him, and even Richard Wagner, after Spohr had produced "The Flying Dutchman" at Cassel in 1843, where he was then conductor of the opera, in a letter written to the great violinist displayed a sense of gratitude of which in later years he seemed incapable. Spohr died at Cassel in 1859.—Argonaut.

Hogs Dressed

in firstclass manner. Also, Hogs bought and sold by

A. W. BOUTWELL, Butters Row, Wilmington, Mass.

JAPANESE ENGLISH.

A Sample Circular Composed by a Native Tradesman.

There comes from a correspondent in Japan this example of circulars in English that Japanese tradesmen sometimes compose:

"Dear Sir—I have the honour to write a letter for you that I have now established the meat market and its branch to deliver the meat as one of the branch of my sloughter house, as which I have many cattle, their pastures, their markets, milk houses, and a sloughter house, etc., and I will have a fresh meat with the most cheapest price from my sloughter house than other buchers and especially make you many reduction for every day purchaser for month. I beg you can soon make me your order without you servant's commission, 'as you know your servant is always making money by your meat,' I will make you the pass-book for the creditor only.

"P. S.—If you handed bad meat from your servant while you are making purchases the meat from my market every day, you will soon to let it exchange by the servant without any hesitation. Please make me your order, and if you can make me order by letter I will have the postage reduction from the count of meat with kind regards. Your truly."—Boston Transcript.

THE DELUGE.

Queer Old Australian Tradition About the Flood.

The aboriginal blacks of Australia have a queer tradition about the flood. They say that at one time there was no water on the earth at all except in the body of an immense frog, where men and women could not get at it. There was a great council on the subject, and it was found out that if the frog could be made to laugh the waters would run out of his mouth and the drought be ended.

So several animals were made to dance and caper before the frog to induce him to laugh, but he did not even smile, and so the waters remained in his body. Then some one happened to think of the queer contortions into which the eel could twist itself, and it was straightway brought before the frog, and when the frog saw the wriggling he laughed so loud that the whole earth trembled, and the waters poured out of his mouth in a great flood, in which many people were drowned.

The black people were saved from drowning by the pelican. This thoughtful bird made a big canoe and went with it among all the islands that appeared here and there above the surface of the water and gathered in the black people and saved them.

Curiosities of Superstition.

When Egypt was in the height of her power, when she was most highly civilized and delighted in being called the mistress of the land and sea, her people worshiped a black bull. There was some discrimination, however, even in this form of worship. In order to be an object of mad adoration it was necessary that the bull calf be born with a circular white spot in the exact center of his forehead, and the advent of such a creature in any herd was the signal of wild demonstrations from the Mediterranean to the border of the Lybian desert. Even as late as the time of Cleopatra, star eyed goddess, glorious sorceress of the Nile, such animals were shod with gold and had their horns tipped with the same metal. Herodotus tells of a man who died with grief because he sold a cow that soon after became the mother of a black bull calf marked with the sacred white circle in his forehead.

Lead Pencil Experiments.

An English statistician was asked how many words could be written with an English lead pencil, and, being determined to answer it, he bought a lead pencil and Scott's "Ivanhoe" and proceeded to copy the latter word by word. He wrote 95,608 words and then was obliged to stop, for the pencil had become so short that he could not use it. A German statistician who heard of this experiment was dissatisfied with it because all the lead in the pencil was not used on the work, and therefore he bought a pencil and started to copy a long German novel. When the pencil was so short that he could not handle it with his fingers he attached a holder to it, and it is said that he wrote with this one pencil 400,000 words. Possibly, however, his pencil was longer or the lead in it was of a more durable quality.

When Silence Is Deadly.

Silence is commonly the slow poison used by those who mean to murder love. There is nothing violent about it. No shock is given. Hope is not abruptly strangled, but merely dreams of evil and fights with gradually stifling shadows. When the last convulsions come they are not terrific. The frame has been weakened for dissolution. Love dies like natural decay. It seems the kindest way of doing a cruel thing.—George Meredith.

Rubbing It In.

The Bride—That nasty Mrs. Jones, next door, said I'd better try these biscuits on the dog before I gave 'em to you. The Groom—Hasn't she got a mean disposition! Why, I thought she was fond of dogs!—Cleveland Leader.

Often the Case.

Sillicus—What do you suppose caused him to go to the bad? Cynicus—Trying to be a good fellow.—Philadelphia Record.

The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue.—Ramaswami's "Indian Fables."

Presenting Arms to a Cat.

About the middle of the last century a very high English official died in a fortress at a place that is one of the centers of Brahmanic orthodoxy, and at the moment when the news of his death reached the sepoy guard at the main gate a black cat rushed out of it. The guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the flying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took so firm a hold of the locality that up to a few years ago neither exhortation or orders could prevent a Hindoo sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out at night.—Bombay Times.

Her Proof.

"Why," asked the judge, "do you think your husband is dead? You say you haven't heard from him for more than a year. Do you consider that reasonable proof that he has passed out of existence?"

"Yes, your honor. If he was still alive he'd be asking me to send him money."—Chicago Record-Herald.



In REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

The season at Keith's is proving one of the most remarkable in the history of that vaudeville theatre, and all Boston is attending the shows. For five weeks Loie Fuller's Ballet of Light has been the attraction that has never been equalled in vaudeville and next week the bill will contain a host of new features of equal importance. Nat Wills, the tramp comedian, who is now recognized as the leading humorist in this line of work, comes with an entirely new line of talk, stories that have been setting New York by the ears, and of course introducing something new about his famous affinity Hortense.

THE SHUBERT.

It is a jolly aggregation of merry-makers, singing favorites, models of beauty and grace, exponents of all sorts of terpsichorean art that keeps the audiences enthusiastically amused with "The Midnight Sons" at the Shubert Theatre. Lew Fields evidently believes in not only overpowering all possible opposition from his audience with numbers—there are 250 people in some of the scenes—but he makes a feature of the quality of his big company as well. "The Midnight Sons" starts on its third week next Monday night, February 21. It is the regular thing now for the house to be completely sold out at every performance. There will be an extra matinee performance Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22nd.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The coming week of "Shore Acres" at the Castle Square will be the third and last of the highly successful run of that popular drama of life way down East. Crowded houses have witnessed its scenes of rustic humor and emotion, and large audiences have laughed over the peculiarities of the Yankee characters, and have shown their sympathy with Uncle Nat in his struggle with his brother over the old family homestead that the one wants to retain and the other wants to sell. Not a little of the success of the production is due to Mr. Craig's acting of Uncle Nat, which is wholesome in its simplicity, and faithful in its delineation of the Yankee character. It is an achievement of which Mr. Craig may well be proud.

THE TREMONT.

Notwithstanding the phenomenal success of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" it will only be seen here for two more weeks at the Tremont Theatre in Boston. The last performance will be given March 5. Previous bookings of the theatre make it impossible to further extend the engagement and local theatregoers who have not already witnessed this, the greatest comedy drama that New England has ever produced, would do well to secure their seats at the earliest possible moment as the indications are that crowded houses will prevail throughout the remainder of the engagement and that many people will be disappointed in securing reservations. This will be the last opportunity that New England theatregoers will have to witness this play for several years.

THE BOSTON.

Klaw & Erlanger's new and greater presentment of "Ben-Hur" which inaugurated a limited engagement at the big Boston Theatre on Monday evening scored a triumph unprecedented in the amusement annals of Boston theatricals. For the premier, thirty-five hundred persons crowded New England's historic playhouse to its utmost capacity while several thousands who clamored for admission had to be turned away. It was a glorious night for the big Boston Theatre and one that will live forever in the memory of those who participated. As arranged on the vast stage of the Boston Theatre "Ben-Hur" is a dozen entertainments rolled into one. It appeals not only to regular theatregoers but to all classes of men and women. The regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given, in addition to which there will be a special holiday matinee on Tuesday, Feb. 22 (Washington's Birthday.)

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes its some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere 25c.

KANGAROO MEAT.

Why the Native Youngsters of New Guinea Refused It.

In certain parts of New Guinea the wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshing change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in an English magazine tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that, although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby before reaching a certain age it would stop their growth. These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

LACEMAKING.

An Old Legend That Tells of the Origin of the Art.

Lacemaking is by no means so old an industry as most persons suppose. There is no proof that it existed previous to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice painted by Caspaccio, who died about 1523. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows:

A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite petrified wrack grass, which he hastened to present to his fiancee; but, war breaking out, the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetion navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated his last gift to her. While absorbed in following the intricate tracery of the wrack grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hung around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the petrification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.

Too Realistic.

During a performance of "Captain Lapalisse" at a Valencia theater some years ago an incident occurred which for lifelike effect left nothing to be desired. During the said play some of the actors mingle with the spectators in order to co-operate from the body of the house. No sooner had Miralles, the actor, taken his seat in the stalls than a daring pickpocket robbed him of his gold watch. Miralles seized the man by his coat collar and called out in a deep bass voice:

"Police! Help! Thieves!"

The audience, taking this little episode to be part of the performance, roared with laughter. Even the policemen joined in without stirring hand or foot.

"This is no farce!" cried the actor in tones of despair. "The fellow has got my watch!"

The voice sounded so natural that the audience broke into loud applause at "such excellent fooling." Meanwhile the thief managed to break away from his captor and escaped.

A Judicial Expert.

The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe.

"Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout th' fuss down to th' courthouse?"

"Nope," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"

"Why, Jim Simpson has been suin' Abner Hawley for alienatin' th' affections of his wife, an' Jedge Musgrove told th' jury to bring in a verdick of 6 cents damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage was worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at th' jedge, an' he had her arrested an' put in th' cooler."

"But didn't th' jedge go a leetle too far when he fixed her value so low?"

"Not at all, not at all! You see, he was her first husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Singer and Orator.

"If I had my way," Dr. Macnamara once confessed to an interviewer, "I should be singing in 'Carmen' instead of making speeches from the treasury bench, but unfortunately the British public thinks a great deal more of a man who can make a bad speech than a man who can sing a good song."—Westminster Gazette.

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The print of a silver coin or medal may be made on silk or linen by dipping the fabric in a solution of nitrate of silver and stretching it over the face of the coin until the image is imprinted. The linen is sensitized by dipping it into a solution of nitrate of silver, made by dissolving sixty or eighty grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of water. Wet the portion of the cloth which is to receive the impression in the solution and when nearly dry draw it over the face of the coin and tie it at the back. Expose to a weak light, and in a few minutes the raised design of the coin will appear on the linen. As soon as the print is dark enough remove and wash in clear water. When nearly dry iron it smooth with a warm iron, placing a piece of tissue paper over the print. In printing from the coin or medal it is advisable to paste a piece of paper on the reverse side, so that the silver will not come in contact with the sensitized fabric.

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How I Got My Start

Story of a Man Who Made a Little Fortune In One Night.

By REGINALD D. HAVEN.

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I was working for small wages for a safe and lock company. My work was mending locks that had got out of order and doing other odd jobs that required some knowledge of the business. I was anxious to get my affairs in shape to marry my present wife, but didn't see much prospect. The concern I was with kept me tinkering all the while, and when it wanted a man to start a branch office or something like that it would choose one of the clerks in the office.

I had gone home one evening and had my supper when there was a ring at the doorbell and a boy handed me a note. It was written on a letter head of a big manufacturing firm and said that Mr. Partington, treasurer of the company I worked for, had recommended me for a special job and asked that I come around to the office as soon as convenient.

Catching up my tool bag, which I had brought home with me, I went with the boy to the office of the manufacturing company, pleased with the prospect of making a tenner, and found there a tall, handsomely dressed man, with gray hair and mutton chop whiskers, and two or three clerks sitting on stools working over ponderous books.

"Can you open that safe?" asked the man with the gray whiskers. "We've got a lot of work to do here this evening, and our cashier, who knows the combination, went out of town this afternoon."

I looked at the name of the maker in gold letters on the safe, made my observations and told the gentleman that I didn't know any way to pick the lock without drilling a hole where I could get at the tumblers and that would involve considerable expease to put his safe in order again.

"Never mind the expense," he said impatiently. "I've got to put in a bid tomorrow on a hundred thousand rifles for the army, on which I'll make half a million. The specifications are all in there. I must get them out and go over them to see that they are right. The slightest slip in any detail will throw out my bid. Come; get to work!"

I plunged my hand into my bag, got out my brace and bits, adjusted them and was soon at work.

Now, as I worked it occurred to me that here was the opportunity of my life. If this gentleman was dependent for his half million on me to get him into the safe, why shouldn't I have something more than a beggarly ten dollar bill? I saw that he was impatient and thought I might get an offer to do the work within a given limit of time.

"I'm afraid," I said, "this is going to be an all night job."

"See here, young man," said the gentleman, "is there anything you want especially that costs a lot more money than you've got?"

"Yes, there is," I replied. "I want a girl."

"Oh, I can't give you a girl!"

"I could get the girl quick enough if I had anything to marry on."

"H'm!" said the gentleman, biting at my hook. "I see. How soon can you guarantee to open the safe if it's made worth your while to hurry?"

"Three-quarters of an hour."

"Very well. If you'll do it in that time I'll give you $3,000. If you do it in thirty minutes I'll make it $5,000."

"Give me a bit of writing for that," I said. And without waiting for him to do so I began to drill furiously, my racket making a terrible sound.

"Mr. Perkins," said the gentleman to one of the clerks, "take the typewriter and write to my dictation."

One of the clerks sat down at a typewriting machine and wrote out a contract to cover the agreement made with me. When it was finished the gentleman signed it and gave it to me. I wasn't going to be fooled, so I stopped drilling and read it.

"Write at the bottom of it," I said, "the money to be paid before the said Thomas Jakeaway leaves this office."

He took the paper to his mahogany desk and wrote what I required, while I went on drilling.

"Do you have to make all that noise?" he snapped. "Can't you put some oil or something on your drill? They'll think outside there's a burglary going on in here. If they come in to investigate I'd have to explain, and there'd be a lot of delay."

"The faster I work," I said, "the more noise."

"Mr. Perkins, you go on typewriting Never mind what you write. Make enough clatter to drown this boring."

"All right, sir." And the young man began to pound the keys so hard that I thought he would break something.

I was working like a beaver when the gentleman came and stood over me, watching me. Suddenly my brace slipped, and as I was pressing hard against it in a stooping position I lost my balance and fell against him. Something dropped at my feet. I picked it up and felt the soft smoothness of wax. The gentleman snatched it from me, and without looking up at him I readjusted my brace and went to work again.

It is singular how quick the reasoning process will develop results in one's brain. In less time than it takes to tell it I had made a deduction. This "gentleman" was a fake. He was made up to personate the head of the concern. He was wearing a wax nose. I had joggled him, and it had fallen off his face. Had I looked up I would have seen him with his own natural nose, but this would have betrayed the fact that I had got on to his scheme. He had purloined the letter head on which he had written me, and his two clerks were confederates.

I pretended to work all the faster after this incident, but in reality accomplished very little. I didn't dare lessen the pressure of my bit on the steel, for the diminution of noise would have betrayed me, but I bored to make the hole larger instead of deeper. I couldn't see my man's face, but he was evidently at least partly reassured. At any rate, he said nothing.

And while I worked I thought. Here was I unwittingly participating in a burglary. All other considerations were lost in my horror of having to share the punishment that these men were likely to get in the end. My whole mind was at once bent on outwitting them. The moment they suspected that I had got on to their scheme I would be forced to continue my work at the muzzle of a revolver. What should I do? Anything I should do to attract attention without would fall upon me as well as on the burglars.

I saw but one possible way of defeating their purpose. That was to finish the drilling, get at the tumblers and put them so out of gear that to get them in order again would require taking out the whole apparatus. On this course I resolved.

Having come to a decision, I was anxious to get through as soon as possible, fearing as much as they that we might be caught in the act. I therefore worked with all my vigor, the typewriter pounding the while. My employer, seeing that I was doing my best, seemed to regain any confidence he might have lost by his mishap.

"You're all right, young man. You're sure to win. Ten minutes yet to make your $5,000. I'll do better. I'll make it $10,000."

He didn't need to make it $10,000 to induce me to hurry. If any one should interrupt the proceedings I didn't see how I would escape the penitentiary. So I worked as hard as I could, but in order to inspire confidence I purposely lost the $10,000 by two minutes.

"That's all right," said the chief in response to my look of disappointment. "Two minutes don't make any difference to a man who will make as much out of your work as I will. I'll give you the whole amount. Now open the door."

"The most important work yet remains," I replied. "These tumblers are complicated affairs. If I get them out of gear I'll lose this fortune and my girl too."

"Well, be careful," he said anxiously.

Meanwhile my brain had been as busy as my hands. I saw that more depended on my deceiving them than in throwing the lock out of gear. If I could persuade them to give up their job without my throwing the lock out of gear it might help me in the story I would tell after all was over. I worked on for awhile, then let a piece of steel in the lock drop in its place with a click. With an exclamation and an assumed look of horror I turned toward the men.

"What is it?" cried the chief.

"I've done it."

"What?"

"I couldn't open it now if you'd give me a million. I've lost! I've lost!"

"I believe you're fooling," said the man.

He called the two "clerks" together for a consultation. I knew very well that they were discussing the feasibility of forcing me at the point of a pistol to go on. I also saw from their expressions that two of them believed my story and the third was doubtful. Finally the two convinced the third, and the chief, approaching me, said:

"You've done the best you could, and I'm sorry you've lost your prize. If you'll come around in the morning I'll make you a handsome present. I can't do it now because all the money is in the safe. You can go now. Goodby."

I thanked him, picked up my bag and was about to leave when the man who had doubted by sincerity approached the chief excitedly and said:

"You don't mean to say you're going to let him go out first and send cops in here after us."

From this point they threw off all idea of deceiving me. The leader said to me: "You stay here for ten minutes. Ten minutes—do you hear? One of us will be waiting outside, and if you come before ten minutes you're a dead man. See?"

I feigned to be very much astonished and frightened and told them I would stay as long as they wished. Then they turned out the lights and went away. I knew their ten minutes for me to stay didn't mean anything, and after I was satisfied they were off I went out myself and in a drug store looked up the residence of the president of the company. Then I went to his house and told him the whole story, handing him my written promise of $5,000 if I opened the safe within a given time. The next day he gave me a check for the $10,000 I had been promised verbally. There was $200,000 in the safe.

It is needless to say that I got married, furnished a house plainly and had plenty left to set up in business in the hardware line, making locks, electric bells, etc., a specialty. I am now well off and the father of six children.

One Cold Saved.

Logic is logic, whether it touches the affairs of nations or a cold in the head. The conviction, says London Tit-Bits, was forced upon a Liverpool woman whose coachman, although he had been ill for several days, appeared one morning with his hair closely cropped.

"Why, Dennis," said the mistress, "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?"

"Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair cut I take a bad cowld, so I thought to meself that now, while I had the cowld on to me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cowld. Do you see the power of me reasonin', mum?"

Littlest Father.

The woman who came to clean up was telling how she left her boy to take care of the baby. The boy was two and one-half years old. The baby was six months.

"That's the youngest little father I ever heard of," said the flat dweller she was cleaning up for. "Do you lock them in?"

"Yes," said the cleaning woman.

"Poor little fellow!" said the flat dweller. "Locked in to burn in case of fire! Some day when you are cleaning up for me I want to go over and see that little father, who ought to be in the cradle himself, taking care of the six-month-old baby. I want to just sit there and look on awhile. Poor little fellow!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

What Accountancy Means.

Accountancy is not and never can be a matter of abstract knowledge to be transferred by means of lectures, but is the art of knowing how to apply that knowledge to the requirements of business under very varying conditions. It is essentially something that cannot be taught in lectures or classes, but can only be acquired as a result of careful individual study and a reasonable amount of actual practice.—Bookkeeping.

A CHANGE OF HEADS.

The Trick a Dusky Ruler Wanted a Magician to Perform.

Thurston, the magician, had many interesting experiences during his professional tour of the globe several years ago. He went to all sorts of outlandish places and appeared before rulers of many strange lands and communities. On one occasion his manager had arranged that Thurston should give an exhibition before the ruler of a province called Pagopago, in the Fiji islands. In the crowd that saw the exhibition were many of the black and yellow slaves of the chieftain. All the spectators were amazed at the many strange manifestations of the black art that Thurston offered, but no trick appealed so strongly to the assembled retinue and to the chieftain as that in which a white duck was made to appear with a black head and a black duck, after a moment's manipulation, with the head of the white duck. The trick had to be repeated, and then the chieftain engaged in a long whispered conversation with the interpreter.

"What is desired?" queried the obliging trick player.

The interpreter coughed apologetically and then responded: "Respected sir, our honored sire wishes you to take two of his slaves and put a yellow head on a black man and the black head on the body of a yellow servitor. Our honored sire thinks it would be very funny."

"Tell his royal higness," Thurston replied, "that I could give a yellow man a black eye, but I would not like to attempt to make his entire head black."—Philadelphia Record.

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Rapid Wing Movement Does Not Always Imply Speed.

Birds have different modes of flight, just as men have different gaits in walking or running. Rapid wing movement does not always imply speed in flight any more than rapid leg movement implies speed in walking or running. With us it is the length of the stride that tells ultimately. What, apart from wing movement, tells in the bird's flight is not known.

Speaking broadly, long winged birds are strong and swift fliers; short winged birds are feeble in flight. When we consider that a cumbrous, slow moving bird like the heron moves its wings twice per second when in flight it is evident that many birds have a very rapid wing movement. Most small birds have this rapid wing movement with feeble powers of flight. The common wren and the dipper, for instance, have a flight like that of a young bird.

Many of our smaller migrants seem but to flit from bush to bush or from tree to tree. Members of the thrush family are low fliers, the blackbird in particular, with its hasty, hurried flight, often just avoiding fences and no more. Wagtails have a beautiful undulating flight with little apparent use of their wings. They look like greyhounds bounding through the air. Nearly all birds sail or float occasionally without the slightest movement of their wings. Even a large bird like a pheasant will glide in this way for more than two hundred yards.

Grouse have a rapid wing motion without any great speed, but when they sail, coming down with the wind, as they prefer to do, they go very fast. Before alighting they flap their wings several times very rapidly, like the clapping of hands. Most birds after gliding do this. Does it correspond to putting on the brakes or reversing the engine in the case of mechanical locomotion? With little apparent use of its wings the wood pigeon flies very strongly and rapidly. It never seems to "bring up" much before alighting, but crashes into a tree at full speed. When it rises its wings crack like pistol shots.

Ducks are strong on the wing and often fly in single file. Geese will fly wedge or arrowhead shape, generally at a considerable height. So do many gulls and other sea birds, in a stately, measured fashion, their calls occasionally sounding like "Left, right, left, right.

Kestrels have a beautiful, clean cut, clipping motion of their wings and look like yachts sailing through the air, while their hovering in the air is one of the mysteries of bird life. Peesweeps, which are so graceful in their motions on the ground, look like enormous bats when in flight. Swallows and in a very marked degree swifts have rapid wing movement with great speed and extraordinary power of flight.—Scotsman.

The Tears In Books.

It is not hard to understand why when a book makes you laugh, you want to read it, and to read it over and over again. But it is rather puzzling to find that one also enjoys reading and rereading books that make one want to cry. What can there be in us that likes to be made to feel unhappy? In real life we don't try to do things that will make us suffer—not at all. But there are books that you cannot think of once you have read them without tears coming to your eyes, and yet you will find that you love those books perhaps more than any others.

To feel deeply is one of the best things in life, and there maybe lies the explanation of why we do love sad stories. They make us unhappy in a way, but they do not leave behind any bitterness or sense of personal loss. And they usually have a special beauty of their own.—St. Nicholas.

Trials of a Host.

"I suppose you will give some elaborate entertainments this season?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "I think we'll improve on those of last season."

"Weren't they all successful?"

"Nope. It was my fault. I tried to make everybody have a good time, and the first thing I knew mother and the girls were complaining because they weren't sufficiently high class and formal."—Washington Star.

Why He Stopped.

"You used to be an awful spend thrift."

"Yep. But I ain't any longer."

"Ah! Reformed?"

"No; spent it all."—Cleveland Leader.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—Boiste.

Might Mob Him.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed.

"I hear them," he answered. "Show me the quickest way to get out of here."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—A. Clarke.

KILLED THE COBRA.

Methods of a Mongoose In Attacking the Big Snake.

I had the good fortune to witness a fight between a four foot cobra de capello and a mongoose.

On first catching sight of the cobra, rikki tik (as Rudyard Kipling calls the Indian mongoose) quietly smelled its tail and then hung around awaiting events with curiosity, but he had not long to wait, for the cobra spread its hood, hissed out its death sentence and prepared to dart from its coil at its natural and hated enemy.

Now commenced a most interesting and deadly battle of feint and counter feint by the mongoose and strike and lightning-like recovery by his adversary, who was also on the defensive, all the time watching for the opportunity to get in his properly aimed bite.

Time after time rikki tik squirmed slowly up to within reach of those terrible fangs, belly on ground, with every gray hair of his body erect with anger and excitement, his eyes glaring from his head, which, by the way, he invariably held sideways during this approach and attack, but the moment the cobra struck in a flash back sprang master mongoose, and, although often it appeared as if impossible that he could have escaped the dreaded fangs, ne'er a scratch harmed him, and there he would be again wearing the cobra out and pressing his advantage inch by inch. At last, with a growl and sharp rikki cry, the plucky little beast flew in, avoided the strike and seized the snake behind the head, never for a moment getting under his mouth, but right at the nape of the neck and head, which he scrunched with a loud cracking sound despite the struggles and twisting and turning of the cobra. Again and again rikki returned to the now writhing reptile and bit its head and body until it lay dying.

Finally he ate three or four inches of his mortal foe, but carefully avoided eating the fangs and poison glands, which I picked up by a stick and found them broken, but with the venom sacks attached.

Contrary to popular belief, I am of opinion the mongoose is not immune from snake poison, else why should he so particularly and carefully avoid being bitten? It is only by his marvelous activity that he escapes the spring and darting strike of his deadly enemy, the cobra de capello.—Ceylon Times.

VERY FINE BIRDS.

His Wife's Comment on the Result of His Hunting Trip.

The braggadocio of the common variety of husbands generally sooner or later falls before the keen insight that most women have of human nature in general and bragging husbands in particular. A witty southern woman was married to such a man, who, though invariably unsuccessful as a hunter, was continually boasting of his kill ings.

As he was returning home one evening after an all day hunting trip it occurred to him that the usual accompaniment of an empty game bag was not in accordance with his oft boasted skill as a hunter and that his wife would again have the joke on him, so he went to the market and purchased two brace of partridges.

As he entered the house he threw them on the table with great eclat and exclaimed, "Well, you dear old doubter, you see that I am handier with the gun than you give me credit for being, after all; now don't you?"

Milady picked up the birds and examined them very carefully. As she looked up after the examination he said:

"Fine birds, my dear—very fine birds, are they not?"

"Robert," responded the wife, turning up her nose, "you were only just in time in shooting those birds today. Tomorrow it would have been everlastingly too late."—St. Louis Republic.

EATING AN APPLE.

What You Take Into Your System With the Fruit.

"Do you know what you're eating?" said the doctor to the girl.

"An apple, of course."

"You are eating," said the doctor, "albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, fiber, water and phosphorus."

"I hope those things are good. They sound alarming."

"Nothing could be better. You ate, I observed, rather too much meat at dinner. The malic acid of apples neutralizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat and thereby helps to keep you young. Apples are good for your complexion. Their acids drive out the noxious matters which cause skin eruptions. They are good for your brain, which those same noxious matters if retained render sluggish. Moreover, the acids of the apple diminish the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion. The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger percentage than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal column. Oh, the ancients were not wrong when they esteemed the apple the food of the gods—the magic renewer of youth to which the gods resorted when they felt themselves growing old and feeble. I think I'll have an apple," concluded the doctor."—New York Tribune.

Queer Creatures.

There are microscopic creatures which live in roof gutters and on the bark of trees and are known as water bears and wheel animalculae. If allowed to dry up under the microscope they can be seen to shrivel into shapeless masses, which may be kept for years uninjured in the dried state. On being placed, after this long interval, in water they gradually plump up, resume their proper shape and move about in search of food just as if nothing had happened. Much the same is true for the minute worms which, from the substances in which they live, are known as paste and vinegar eels. Well known is the famous case of the desert snail which, retracted into its shell, was fastened to a tablet in the British museum and showed no sign of life for seven years, when one morning it was found crawling hungrily about the glass case that formed its prison.—Westminster Gazette.

Saluting With the Hat.

Before the invention of wigs the hat was rarely removed except to salute others, especially royal personages. It was worn at table when ladies or persons of rank were present. Except when saluting royalty it was the custom merely to raise the hand to the hat somewhat after the manner of a military salute. When it became the mode to wear a profusion of false hair the hat was less needed as a protection for the head and was carried under the arm.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—First Quarter, For Feb. 20, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. vii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 7, 8—Golden Text, Matt. vii, 12—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

When any truth is brought home to us by the Spirit how prone we are to ask: Does any one do it? What about such a one who makes a great profession of having no anxious care? Do you know if they really practice it at home? Do you think that the preacher himself lives that way? So it goes, and instead of seeing Jesus only we are prone to see everybody but Jesus. Hence the admonition of our lesson, "Judge not that ye be not judged," or, as it is elsewhere, "Let us not therefore judge one another any more" (Rom. xiv, 13). Because, as in the context, all believers shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ and every one of us shall give account of himself to God. We are so peculiar that it is generally easier to see the mote in another's eye than the beam that is in our own eye, whereas if we ourselves were right with God we would have only love for all others, and, being very conscious of our own infirmities, we would have only prayerful compassion for those of others. Christ for us in our stead on the cross obtained for us eternal redemption; Christ for us in heaven at the right hand of the Father makes victory over sin our privilege, but because we do not know as we should the power of Christ in us by His Spirit we are more often stumbling blocks than samples of what the life of Christ really is. Yet the one thing we are here for is so to live that the world may know and believe that Jesus lives.

In our last year's studies in the Acts of the Apostles some of us were much impressed by the words "Jesus shewed Himself alive" in connection with those other resurrection words, "Jesus shewed Himself" (Acts i, 3; John xxi, 1, 14). His own testimony was that He came not to condemn, but to save. To one sinner He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." To another, "Thy sins are forgiven" (John iii, 17; viii, 11; Luke vii, 48). He did condemn the self righteous, fault finding, hypocritical Pharisees, but He never had even a seemingly harsh word for the penitent sinners or for any truly desirous to be His disciples. Such love as His is heavenly; all else is from the pit. In us it is either Christ or self.

The Spirit through Peter speaks of those who knew the way of righteousness, but did not walk therein, though professing to do so, as dogs and swine (II Pet. iii, 21, 22). See also Prov. xxvi, 11, 12. If one cannot speak even to many among the redeemed of the deep things of God (see I Cor. iii, 1, 2; Heb. v, 12, 13), how much less should we think of talking spiritual things to natural people to whom they are only foolishness. Such are spoken of finally as being "without," having no right to the tree of life (Rev. xxii, 14, 15), but if those who are "in Christ" would walk honestly toward them that are without, without Christ and without God (I Thess. iv, 12; Eph. ii, 12), who can tell how many who are now "without" might become "within" by His grace.

This life which will commend Christ to others can only be by the Spirit of God, by a wisdom which is not of this world, but in verse 11, along with Luke xi, 13, we learn that God is more willing to give us His Spirit, the fullness of His Spirit, than parents are to give good things to their children. In Jas. i, 5, 6, we learn that this wisdom is to be had for the asking, but it must be an asking in faith and, according to Jas. iv, 3, with nothing of self seeking, but wholly for the glory of God, that the life of Jesus may be made manifest. The asking, seeking, knocking, with that end in view will surely find an abundant response. We must remember that asking so as to receive means that we are abiding, keeping His commandments and doing the things that are pleasing in His sight (John xv, 7; I John iii, 22). The seeking that finds is explained in Jer. xxix. 13, "Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye search for Me with all your heart." As to knocking, consider Rev. iii, 20, and Luke xii, 36, and tremble at the possibility of our keeping Him knocking at our door when He so longs to take full possession of us and lavish upon us the wealth of His love. Too many are like the elder brother, unhappy and blaming the father for it, when all the time the father is saying, "All that I have is thine;" "All things are yours."

In reference to the last verse (12), which is also the golden text, note that it is, like all the rest, a message for believers or those who profess to be such that they may prove the reality of their faith. For unsaved people to take this verse and call it their religion is simply a going about to establish their own righteousness without submitting themselves to the righteousness of God (Rom. x, 3). We must be righteous before we can do righteously, but, having believed the love of God to us and received the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, then it becomes us to manifest Christ by loving our neighbor as ourselves (Lev. xix, 18; Gal. vi, 14). No condemnation in Christ is the blood bought standing of every believer, but it is in order that the righteousness of the law may be fulfilled in us.

He Obeyed Orders.

Old world domestics make the best possible servants because they work like machines, never forgetting an order and doing exactly as they are told, without presuming to think for themselves. But once in awhile this literal adherence to duty produces some awkward results. An American woman living in India, with native servants, once told her butler to see that there was always a napkin at the bottom of the fruit dish, cake basket, etc., when these were brought to the table. The napkin was thereafter always seen in its place. But one day a tureen of vegetable soup was served, and the hostess began to wield the long, old fashioned silver ladle about in it. Something very like a fringed rag made its appearance in the first plateful. The butler was summoned to remove the dish. "It cannot be that the mem sahib found no napkin at the bottom," he hazarded, much distressed because of this unexplained disapproval, "for I myself placed there the largest one I could find."

A SECOND MEETING.

The Earl of Stanhope and the Trusting Highwayman.

One night when the Earl of Stanhope was walking alone in the Kentish lanes a man jumped out of the hedge, leveled a pistol and demanded his purse.

"My good man, I have no money with me," said Lord Stanhope in his remarkably slow tones. The robber laid hands on his watch.

"No," Lord Stanhope went on; "that watch you must not have. It was given to me by one I love. It is worth £100. If you will trust me, I will go back to Chevening and bring a £100 note and place it in the hollow of that tree I cannot lose my watch."

The man did trust him. The earl did bring the note. Years after Lord Stanhope was at a city dinner, and next to him sat a London alderman of great wealth, a man widely respected. He and the earl talked of many things and found each other mutually entertaining.

Next day Lord Stanhope received a letter, out of which dropped a £100 note. "It was your lordship's kind loan of this sum," said the letter, "that started me in life and enabled me to have the honor of sitting next to your lordship at dinner."

A strange story, but the Stanhopes are a strange race, and things happen to them that never did or could occur to other people.—London Spectator.

A TURKISH LEGEND.

The Red Rose Sprang From a Drop of Mohammed's Blood.

"A truly religious Turk looks upon the rose with great reverence," said a florist. "The rose is beyond question the prettiest flower that blooms, and it was so considered by the Turks many years before the conquest of Granada. There is a religious legend generally believed in throughout Turkey that the red rose sprang from a drop of the great prophet Mohammed's blood. Everything beautiful in nature is ascribed to him. The Turks, therefore, have great reverence for the flower and allow it to bloom and die untouched, except on state occasions and for the purpose of making rosewater.

"After the conquest by the Turks they would not worship in any church until the walls were cleansed and washed with rosewater and thus purified by the blood of the prophet. It is used on the body for the same purpose. A Turk whose conscience is stung by some act or deed he has committed will caress and pay reverence to the rose to appease the wrath of the prophet and Allah.

"With these ideas inculcated in him from youth it would shock him severely to see the pretty flower strewn in the path of a bridal couple, thrown on the public stage or banked up in hundreds at a swell reception or party to be crushed and spoiled in an evening."

A STORY OF MEISSONIER.

The Painter's Two Breakfasts With a Stingy Art Patron.

Meissonier once got acquainted with a Parisian grandee, very wealthy, very fond of posing as an art patron, but slightly penurious. One day Meissonier, breakfasting with the grandee, was struck by the beauty of the texture of the tablecloth. "One could draw upon it," he remarked, and, suiting the action to the word, he produced a pencil and made on the smooth, snowy nap a wonderfully able sketch of a man's head. The particular tablecloth in question never went to the wash. The "economical swell" had the head carefully cut out of the damask and hastened to frame and glaze his prize. A few weeks afterward Meissonier again breakfasted with his patron and found by the side of his plate at the corner of the table assigned to him a neat little sheaf of crayons and holders with a penknife and some india rubber.

While the guests, at the conclusion of the repast, were enjoying their coffee and cigarettes the host saw with delight "from the corner of his eye" that Messonier was hard at work on the tablecloth, this time with a superb little full length of a mediaeval halberdier. The party broke up, the guests departed, and the "economical swell" rushed back to the dining room to secure his treasure. But, alas, the painter had for once shown himself as economical as his patron! He had made disastrously good use of the penknife, and one corner of the tablecloth was gone, halberdier and all!

Bismarck on the Throne of France.

Bismarck was once spoken of in that connection, and by Napoleon too! It was during the detention of the dethroned emperor at Wilhelmshohe in 1871, when Napoleon and some members of his staff were discussing the probability of Napoleon reascending the French throne and news of the doings of the commune was brought in.

"Horrible—too horrible!" exclaimed le petit empereur.

And then after a long silence he resumed, "I know a man who if on the French throne would be master of Germany in six months."

"His name, sire?" asked his nephew, Prince Murat.

"Bismarck," replied the emperor as he turned on his heel.

Slow but Inexorable Justice.

In October, 1900, Pietro Giaconi and Marie Bonelli were tried at Rome on a charge of sextuple murder by poisoning committed thirty-one years before. In England Eugene Aram was hanged for the murder of Clarke fourteen years after the offense. A man named Herne was executed for the murder of his child in the eighteenth century no less than thirty-five years after the offense. There is also the well known case of Governor Wall, who was executed in 1802 for a murder committed in 1782. Sherward was hanged at Norwich for the murder of his wife after a lapse of twenty years But Sir Fitzjames Stephens recalls what is the most remarkable case of all. He prosecuted as counsel for the crown in 1863 a man who was charged with stealing a leaf from a parish register sixty years before—that is, in 1803. In this case the prisoner was acquitted.—London Standard.

Prohibited Coffee Houses.

So many coffee houses sprang into existence in England during the reign of Charles II, that he, entertaining a belief that many political intrigues had their beginning in those places, issued an edict ordering them to be closed In this proclamation the following words occurred: "The retailing of coffee or tea might be an innocent trade but it was said to nourish sedition spread lies and scandalize great men It might also be a common nuisance."

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Cornerat *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m, then 11.00 p m)
SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Woburn, Mass

She Wasn't Afraid.

A crowd gathered on the street to watch a handsome fox terrier that was running about, nose in air. White froth was running from the dog's mouth.

"He's mad!" yelled a fat man.

The fox terrier stood in the center of the group with wide open eyes, either too mad or too frightened to move.

At this juncture the policeman arrived. A dozen voices began to tell him that the dog was mad; that it must be killed; that it had been snapping at the children; that it began to froth when it passed a pool of water, and how best to shoot.

A tall, quiet looking woman pushed through the crowd and started toward the dog. A dozen men yelled at her. Two or three men grabbed at her.

She picked the dog up and started out of the crowd. The policeman stopped her with:

"Madam, that dog is mad. He must be shot. Look at the foam coming out of his mouth."

"Foam!" she said contemptuously "That's a cream puff he was eating."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 15

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.55, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 2.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.20, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
12	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
24	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
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912	Megge & Cobb and C. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

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MONEY IN JUNK.

The Stuff Is Always In Demand, and the Profits Are Large.

Up and down the dirty back alleys drives the junkman, singing his mournful, nasal cry, loading his rickety wagon with broken scraps and pieces of old iron, an object of pity or of ridicule to most of the uninformed public.

Let him be admired or envied, rather, for if not he himself, at least his employer, is probably making more money than nine out of ten professional men.

Few things are more depressing and unsightly than a little pile of junk as high as a two story building. One may see such piles in every city, and, so far as the casual observer can determine, none of the stuff is ever moved. The piles increase apparently from month to month and grow rustier and rustier, but the men in the business keep on buying.

How are they able to keep so much money tied up? Where do they get the large amount of capital which seems to be necessary?

They borrow from the banks, like any other business man, on the security of their stock in trade.

"No better security," the president of almost any bank will declare. "It can neither burn nor blow away. It can't be damaged by water or smoke. Where is there a collateral like that? It is absolutely safe. The foundries and the nut and bolt works and the stove factories can't get along without it. It pays the largest profits of any business to which we lend money, and these profits fluctuate very little. Junk is always in demand. The men in that business are excellent customers."—Technical World Magazine.

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Friday Morning

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An Aeroplane Elopement

A Story of 1935

By JASON JUDSON

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It was the old story with a variation only to occur in these days when our wealthier classes have money. Miss Anita Beriton loved a poor man, and her father desired that she should wed a rich one. Young Van Damm Follansbee had but a beggarly ten million, while the old widower Plankinham Porkenpaker possessed a cool billion. Follansbee should have seen the impropriety of asking for a girl he could not support in the style to which she had been accustomed, but he came of an old Dutch family on his mother's side, and the Dutchmen who settled New York were proverbially obstinate and stupid.

One would suppose that the Beritons, who owned a railroad starting from New York, running to New Orleans and thence around the Pacific coast and back through Canada, might afford to let their daughter marry a poor man. But a panic at the time of the courtship had reduced their dividends to 20 per cent, and they felt unusually poor. Mrs. Beriton, who had married her husband when he was a brakeman on one of the railroads which he afterward united in the circular coast line system and became that system's owner, sympathized with her daughter, but Beriton swore a round oath that he would have no beggars in his family.

On the morning of June 10, 1935, Miss Anita Beriton was sitting with her mother and a younger sister in the spacious roof garden of her father's residence occupying the four blocks between Five Hundred and Tenth and Five Hundred and Fourteenth streets and avenues D and H, New York when Mrs. Beriton proposed a ride. One of the family aeroplanes was called and in a few minutes lit upon the roof garden. Mr. Beriton, fearing that his daughter Anita might in some of these rides elope with Follansbee, had given orders that August Spindleton, a driver of his own choosing, should at all times conduct the machine, and on this occasion Spindleton was in his accustomed seat.

Mrs. Beriton and her two daughters entered the machine, which rose, lightly circling upward for a thousand feet, when Spindleton was directed to proceed southward along the coast for a brief trip to Annapolis. They were moving at a moderate pace of some sixty miles an hour, when Spindleton cast a glance to the right and, seeing a machine coming toward the party, clapped on double speed.

Mr. Beriton's fears had proved to be well grounded. Mr. Van Damm Follansbee was out in a machine of a new pattern and was bearing down upon them. It was evident that Follansbee was intending to get into communication with Mrs. Anita Beriton.

Spindleton was true to his employer. He drove his machine at its best speed, passing over cities, bays and rivers, but his aeroplane was gradually gained upon by Follansbee. Hovering over Philadelphia, Spindleton endeavored to descend, but Follansbee glanced down like a bird and reached a plane beneath him. Spindleton then rose and made a bee line for Baltimore. But Follansbee, evidently with the determination to drive him out to sea, got to the west of him and forced him over Chesapeake bay. In a few minutes more the pursuer had the party over Fortress Monroe, flying due east.

The race was won. Spindleton was not prepared to cross the ocean, and there was no way for him to get back except by encountering Follansbee Spindleton slowed down, and Follansbee glided up beside the Beriton aeroplane. A conference took place, after which Mrs. Beriton and her two daughters stepped from their own aeroplane into that of Mr. Follansbee.

Meanwhile Mr. Beriton had left the roof of his office building downtown in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, intending to go home. Soon after rising he saw in the direction of his mansion an aeroplane starting, and, seizing a glass he always carried in the smoking room of his capacious bird-car, brought it to bear on the one just setting out. Discovering that its occupants were his wife and daughters with his own aviator in control, he was about to lay aside his glass when he saw another aeroplane hovering near his home. Bringing his glass to bear on this machine, he saw Follansbee alone in it and just starting for the one occupied by the Beritons.

Mr. Beriton noticed that Follansbee's aeroplane was of a kind he had not seen before. It was of the bird type, and on its prow was a sharp ram. The merchant was at once filled with apprehension. It was plain that Follansbee was bent on some course connected with the Beriton family, but it was impossible to imagine what that course would be. It was not to be expected that he would run down the Beriton car and thereby precipitate the girl he loved to a distance of some 500 feet. Nevertheless he was soon in full chase. Mr. Beriton directed his aviator to follow the two aeroplanes.

Unfortunately for Mr. Beriton's success in overtaking the others, his car was equipped with several apartments fitted up luxuriously and carrying a large supply of food and drinkables. Though furnished with the latest pattern of engines, it was not to be expected that this machine could compete for speed with the lighter machines. However, he followed close on their heels, getting near them at Trenton, losing them over Wilmington, again coming in sight of them at Baltimore. While passing over Virginia his aviator slowed up to tighten a loose nut, and after this the fugitives were lost to him entirely.

After Spindleton's surrender he was permitted to go where he liked. Making a bee line for Richmond, he met his employer over the peninsula. The two drew up side by side, and while hovering the aviator gave Mr. Beriton an account of what had happened.

"What are the best points of your machine?" asked the latter.

"Quick rising and an ability to fly in thin air."

"Good! To fight this pauper we must get above him. To bring him to terms we must have bombs to drop on him."

"But the bombs will annihilate your own wife and daughter as well as Mr. Follansbee."

"He cannot sacrifice them to his own covetousness. Our success depends on our obtaining a commanding position."

Stepping into the Spindleton machine, he permitted the one he left to go where it liked—to the moon if it chose—and he and Spindleton started for the nearest city, Richmond. There they procured bombs and, rising, started in the direction Spindleton had left Follansbee and the Beritons.

There was a hubbub in Follansbee's aeroplane as soon as Spindleton left. Mrs. Beriton, sympathizing with Miss Anita, would have been glad to give her consent that the party should swoop down for a clergyman that the lovers might be married, but she feared her husband's displeasure. The younger Miss Beriton was indifferent. The lovers finally prevailed over the elder lady's caution, and it was decided that the marriage should take place.

Being a couple of hundred miles out at sea, not a likely place to find a clergyman, Follansbee turned his machine toward the land. But time had been spent in coming to a decision, and he was too late. When fifty miles off Norfolk the machine bearing Mr. Beriton, driven by Spindleton, appeared over Virginia beach, like a seagull, standing northeast.

Follansbee considered.

A great deal of power had been used in his machine since starting, and he knew it had not the capacity for a long quick run with the coming aeroplane. It was to supply this very defect—in other words, to be ready to turn and fight—that he had provided his bird with a ram. If the worst came he would smash the pursuing flier and drop its owner into the waves below. But he hoped this would not be necessary. However, in order that the contest should take place over water he made a pretense of flight.

When Mr. Beriton reached a point some two miles distant from Follansbee the latter saw his machine suddenly rise in a spiral. He divined the upshot of the maneuver in a moment. Bombs had been so long used that it was evident the enemy had procured them and, getting on a higher plane, would command the situation. The Beriton car climbed a thousand feet; then Spindleton, who was a splendid aviator, made for a point directly over Follansbee.

The lover knew his enemy's determined nature and that he would place him in a position to be bombed or to yield. Of course he would have to yield. He therefore put on all speed, but, of course, moved slowly, losing ground because it was essential that he move on a rising incline.

Notwithstanding the power of Follansbee's aeroplane to rise in this gradual fashion, Mr. Beriton maintained a position above him. Mrs. Beriton begged Follansbee to give up the flight, but the young man was contending for a half billion dollar bride and was not to be discouraged. When Mr. Beriton was a mile away and 500 feet above him Follansbee lighted a fuse, threw the end over the car and waited. The other end of the fuse was attached to a rocket-like firework, fixed to the bottom of the car, which in a few moment was ignited, and, blowing off a great quantity of burning powder, the aeroplane shot rapidly upward.

When this sudden ascent ceased Follansbee was on a level with his enemy and but fifty yards away.

"I'm about to ram you, sir!" cried Follansbee.

"Don't!" pleaded Mrs. Beriton.

There was a pause. Mr. Beriton saw that the game was lost.

"What's your terms?" he asked.

"Consent to my marriage with your daughter."

"Very well," replied the merchant. "I will consent, but positively refuse to give her a dowry of more than a hundred millions."

The terms were accepted, and both aeroplanes started for the Beriton residence, where the past was forgotten and Beriton expressed his admiration of his future son-in-law's ability to beat him in the game of aerial ships. The wedding took place with great brilliancy, another $100,000,000 being added to the settlement in order to enable the young couple to maintain their position in the highest circles.

It was determined to celebrate the nuptials by an aeroplane cruise consisting of the vast concourse of machines owned by the first circles of New York society. On a bright afternoon a thousand aeroplanes rose from various points in the city, hovered for awhile, then, led by the motor of the bridal couple, started westward across the continent. After a trip of a week, during which all the principal points of interest in the United States, Canada and Mexico were visited, the wedding party returned to New York.

Social Paradox.

"It's impossible for me to dress on $5,000 a year."

"Well, my love, you must wear less."

"Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that the less I wear the more it costs."—Judge's Library.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Stops Falling Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor is composed of sulphur, glycerin, quinin, sodium chlorid, capsicum, sage, alcohol, water, and perfume. Not a single injurious ingredient in this list. Ask your doctor if this is not so. Follow his advice. A hair food, a hair tonic, a hair dressing. Promptly checks falling hair. Completely destroys all dandruff.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Does not Color the Hair

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

THE MICROBES.

But For Them All Green Plants Would Vanish From the Earth.

Few persons can realize at first what an immense number and variety of microbes there are not only around us in the air and dust and water, but also in us and on us and in and on every living thing. The work, the huge system of chemical change and the circulation of the elements—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and sulphur—which they carry on is incessant, varied and complex. Those five elements are the main and essential constituents of all living things. Supposing there were no microbes, there would be no putrefaction, no breaking down of the dead bodies of animals and plants which were once alive into gas and substances soluble in water.

They by a series of steps in which different kinds of bacteria or microbes are successively concerned convert the proteids and the fats and sugars of dead plants and animals into less elaborate bodies, organic acids, aromatic bodies and other compounds (some highly poisonous to man), and at last, when what were highly complex combinations of hundreds of atoms in each molecule have been reduced by the action of first one and then of another kind of microbe into comparatively simple substances of twenty or thirty atoms to the molecule, the coup de grace is given by certain special microbes, which convert these later compounds into still simpler combinations—namely, ammonia and nitrates, which are fairly stable, so that the whole elaborate chemical fabric of living matter in a few hours or days after death is broken down until it reaches the stable "mineral" condition, practically carbonate and nitrate of ammonia—smelling salts.

If there were no microbes this would never occur. The earth would be cumbered with the dead bodies of past generations of animals and plants—undecomposed. And very soon all the organic elements, all the carbon and nitrogen, if not all the hydrogen and oxygen, on the face of the earth would be fixed in these corpses, and the green plants would perish from the whole world for want of sustenance, for it is the green plants which feed on and absolutely must have as their food the carbonic acid, ammonia and nitrates into which the microbes resolve all living things when dead. It is the green plants which from those simple compounds build up again the more complex molecules, the sugars, fats, albumens and proteids and provide for the nourishment and increase of the most complex of all—the living matter hidden in protoplasm.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

The Perverse Comma.

That curious and now stereotyped blunder of punctuation which gives us "God rest you, merry gentlemen," as an inferior substitute for the quaint old greeting, "God rest you merry, gentlemen," turns up regularly every Christmas. It is a pity for the ancient formula to be thus perverted since "God rest you merry" or "Rest you merry" was a recognized form of salutation in Elizabethan days and may be found in the works of Shakespeare and of many contemporary writers, while for the modernized form, which obscures the original sense of the phrase, there is, of course, no authority whatever. If any one will have the curiosity to look up the old Christmas carol which begins with the words in question he will find them correctly punctuated.—London World.

Alaskan Glaciers.

An interesting fact about Alaskan glaciers is that some are "dead" and others are "alive." Davidson glacier, which is really a tongue of the Muir glacier, has been ascended by travelers for a number of years. It is a dead glacier, having a moraine of several miles between it and the sea. Looking at it from the boat, it represents a kaleidoscopic appearance as the sun shines upon it, and the surface seems scratched with tiny pin lines. These are in reality deep crevices, which must be approached cautiously, for they are lurking pitfalls for the unwary.—Vancouver Providence.

A Man of Straw.

Many years ago in England men could easily be found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required, and some of these persons walked openly in Westminster hall with a straw in one of their shoes to signify they wanted employment as witnesses. This was the origin of the saying, "He is a man of straw." But the custom has high antiquity. A writer in the Quarterly Review says that such were common in Greece.

One on Him.

"Pardon me," said a gentleman at the entrance to a downtown restaurant. "I have something on you."

"And may I ask what it is?"

"My hat."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Point of View.

"What part of the railway train do you regard as the most dangerous?" inquired the nervous man.

"The dining car," answered the dyspeptic.—Washington Star.

Desolate.

Lawyer—Am I to understand that your wife left your bed and board? Uncle Ephraim—Not 'xactly, boss. She dun tuk mah bed an' bo'd along wif her.—Puck.

LIGHT AND THE EYES

We Do Not Always See Things as They Really Are.

COLORS WE CANNOT DISCERN

Normal Vision Is Not Able to Penetrate to the Regions Beyond the Violet—Some Results That Have Been Attained With the Camera.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to possess normal eyes are apt to feel instinctively that we see things as they are. This is a mistake. The appearance of the world at large is merely the result of the circumstance that the human eye perceives only a comparatively small part of the total radiation which comes from the sun or is given out by a lamp.

To make this a little clearer we may consider one of the oldest experiments in optics, the passage of a ray of light through a prism.

When a beam of sunlight passes through a prism of glass such as is often found on old fashioned chandeliers the rays are spread out, forming a spectrum, which we see as a rainbow colored band upon the wall. The colors of the spectrum merge into one another by insensible gradations, though the older physicists were in the habit of recognizing seven—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

These colors which the eye perceives are by no means the only ones present in the spectrum. If we perform the experiment in a dark room and place a photographic plate in such a position as to receive the image of the spectrum we find that it extends to a considerable distance beyond the violet.

In other words, there is a region beyond the violet which the eye cannot see, but which the sensitive plate is able to photograph. This region is termed the ultra violet, and the light from virtually all sources contains a greater or less amount of this ultra violet light.

The only difference between this ultra violet light and ordinary visible light is in the length of the wave, which is, in fact, the only difference between the different colors of the visible spectrum. If, instead of using a glass prism for forming our spectrum, we use one cut from a quartz crystal we find that the ultra violet spectrum is very much longer, which shows us that the shortest waves of light are not transmitted even by the clearest glass.

If your eyes were sensitive to this region of the spectrum instead of to the other the appearance of things would appear black, our windows would be as opaque as sheets of iron, and polished silver would resemble anthracite coal. In other words, things appear as they do merely from the circumstance that in the process of evolution our eyes have developed a sensibility to a certain region of the total spectrum of the light which comes to us from the sun.

If we have used an ordinary photographic plate in our experiment we shall find that it has received no impression from the red and yellow parts of the spectrum and very little from the green. The plate therefore suffers from the same defect as our eye. It is sensitive only to a limited region. Recently, however, means have been found of rendering plates sensitive to the entire visible spectrum and to a certain extent to the infra red or the extension beyond the red analogous to the one beyond the violet.

With a photographic plate rendered sensitive to the entire spectrum we could obtain an idea of how things would appear if our eyes were sensitive to regions other than the one adopted by nature by excluding from the lens of the camera all rays other than the ones with which we wish to operate. This is done to a limited extent every day by all photographers who employ color screens in their work, and it is well known that increased contrast can often be obtained in this way.

If, for example, we attempt to photograph white clouds against a blue sky without the use of such a screen we get scarcely any trace of the clouds at all, whereas if we place a yellow glass in front of the lens the clouds come out snow white on a very dark background.

We can see this same effect by viewing the clouds first through a piece of deep blue glass, which is what the photographic plate "sees," and then through the yellow plate.

At my laboratory at East Hampton, N. Y., I have pushed this principle to the extreme and have obtained photographs both by the infra red and the ultra violet invisible rays.—Robert William Wood in Century.

A Mechanical Answer.

The well to do patron of the place had been attentive to the cashier for some time, and now, business being slack for a few moments, he deemed the time propitious to speak.

"If you will be mine," he urged as he leaned over the desk, "every comfort that you may desire will be yours. True, I am no longer young, but I have money, and I can provide for you as few young men could, and surely the material side of the marriage question is worthy of some consideration."

She said nothing, but gently touched the cash register, and the words "No Sale" sprang into view.

With a sigh he left.—Chicago Post.

Self laudation abounds among the unpolished, but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill bred.—Buxton.

Bunched His Blunders.

"John," said Mrs. Billus after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so."

"What do you mean, Maria?" asked Mr. Billus.

"I didn't mind your telling her that you were ten years older than I, but you followed it up a minute later by letting it slip out that you were fifty-two."—Chicago Tribune.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25, 1910.

THE CHOATE HOSPITAL.

We have not been advised of the exact nature of the appeal for for legislative authority to allow the City of Woburn to help the Charitable Society carry on the noble work now being engaged in at the Choate Memorial Hospital; nor is such information essential, although desired.

The work of the Hospital ought not only to be maintained at its present highwater mark, but its facilities should be enlarged and increased, and that at once. The wards and rooms are filled, and additional accomodations for patients and attendants would be immediately occupied, if any were at the disposal of the Trustees and Managers. Some of the nurses are, at present, obliged to go to neighboring dwellings to sleep.

Power to aid the Hospital should be granted the city, and citizens should do their best individually to support it.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The Great George Washington, "Father of his Country," Liberator of the American Colonies from the British Yoke, of whom it is written in history that he was "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen," was born in Virginia on February 22, 1732, and the 178th anniversary of that important event was celebrated in Woburn last Tuesday in the usual patriotic manner. All business was suspended, and a holiday made of the occasion.

LODGE IS CHAIRMAN.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is Chairman of the Congressional Committee appointed to probe and find a remedy for the high cost of living now prevailing in this country. This ought to be an easy task:

Condition: outrageous prices for all kinds of food.

Cause: Trusts.

Remedy: Something that can beat brains, plus money, minus conscience.

Can our esteemed Senior U. S. Senator find it?

A FAILURE.

It is reported that the meat boycott is a total failure in Boston. Well, what of it? The tea boycott there in 1775 was not an unqualified success.

If tradition is true, there were Colonial Dames of high social standing and patriotic pretensions who were wont often to sip slyly, with their favorite seedcakes, steaming cups of fragrant Bohea, or delicious Shoushong, a beverage which, the poet says, cheers but not inebriates.

AMES'S INTERURBAN.

Last Friday the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners denied the petition of the Boston, Lowell & Lawrence Electric Railroad Co. (Congressman Butler Ames) to build a line of railway from Boston, via Woburn, to Lowell, which ends a long hot contest, and now the Lowell statesman may as well hang up his fiddle, and drop the visionary scheme for good and all.

☞ A Peabody correspondent said in a recent issue of the Salem *Evening News* that "the Gentlemen's Night of Bethia Southwick Chapter, D. R., in the rooms of the Historical Society, last evening, was a very pleasant occasion, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather which kept many away. The speaker of the evening was Robert H. Gowing, whose subject was, 'The Royalists of Massachusetts,' and he gave the subject a broad and sympathetic treatment." Mr. Gowing is a prominent citizen of Wilmington, and a double cousin of Dr. Fred Gowing of Boston, a resident of Woburn, their fathers having been brothers, and their mothers sisters.

☞ The JOURNAL gladly improves the opportunity hereby furnished to gratefully acknowledge the receipt, last Saturday morning, of six elegantly illustrated booklets from the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, the texts of which are devoted to interesting and valuable descriptions of Woburn, Winchester, Arlington, Stoneham, Lexington and Bedford. Their artistic and mechanical merits entitle these beautiful booklets to an honored spot on the parlor centretable, and there is where they may be found in our domicile.

☞ Last Monday morning the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the largest and strongest organization of the kind in this country, announced the completion of their Committee appointments and on that on Foreign Trade appears the name of Elwyn G. Preston. He is, also, one of the Directors of the Chamber.

☞ William M. Wood, Esq., of Boston, President of the American Woolen Company, made a speech last week in opposition to the Federal Incorporation Bill, now before Congress, from which we take the following paragraph:

"I would advise the young men of the country who have any business ambition along the line of executive capacity each to write to his Senator and Representative in Congress, and to protest against the bill in its present form. Undoubtedly it is expected that the bill will be criticised and corrected."

☞ The Blackmar Club, composed of the men and women of Boston and vicinity who attended the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Denver, Colorado, in the fall of 1905, held their 4th annual reunion and banquet at the Revere House in Boston on the evening of Feb. 17, at which about 60 members were present. John L. Parker, Department Commander of Massachusetts, G. A. R., presided, and Captain Edwin F. Wyer of Woburn delivered a postprandial address. There were, also, speeches by other members.

☞ In a speech delivered at Northampton the other day ex-Gov. Bates named 19 reasons for the increase of the cost of living which had been given by 19 prominent writers and speakers, each one of which was radically different from the 18 others, and the most of them too weak to stand alone. Wonder what sort of a verdict Governor Draper's probe committee will bring in on the subject?

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. H. Emerson—Lost.
A. H. Holland—Citation.
Dr. Fred Gowing—Osteopathy.

— Please read the notice of the Woburn Cooperative Bank in this paper.

— The Board of Aldermen held a meeting last evening to act on Mayor Murray's budget.

— Rev. Mr. Cutter of the Montvale church held religious services at the Home for Aged Women, N. W., last Sunday.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer and Hon. A. S. Wood attended the meeting of the S. A. R. at the Vendome, Boston, last Tuesday.

— After a heavy fog and powerful rain last Monday morning, one of the most delightful spring days that could be imagined followed.

— Hon. W. E. Blodgett and Lady have got home from Cuba, W. I., where they have been enjoying semi-tropical weather for a month past.

— Mr. Terrence J. Maguire has been reappointed City Almoner at a salary of $800. He has filled the office with credit for the last 5 years.

— Rep. George F. Bean was in Cleveland, Ohio, last week, where he had a case in the U. S. Circuit Court to try as Counsellor for one of the parties.

— Co. G, M. V. M., always patriotic and loyal to the memory of George Washington, observed last Tuesday's holiday by giving a fine dance in the Armory.

— Tax Collector Golden thinks that one Deputy is not enough to properly do the business of gathering in the polltaxes, and has therefore asked for a second one.

— The moon fulled last Wednesday, and now that that useful luminary is on the wane, according to an ancient proverb, violent storms of rain, or snow, or both, may be expected.

— One of the very best of many good things given by the Alpha Club of Burlington at their entertainment last Tuesday evening was Mrs. Martha Sewall Curtis's original poem, "The Old School Boy."

— The alarm from box 26 at 10 30 Wednesday morning was for a fire that did considerable damage to the dwellinghouse owned by Baldwin Coolidge on Main street, near the railroad crossing at North Woburn.

— The Alpha Club of Burlington gave a fine entertainment on Washington's Birthday evening. There is a plenty of musical and literary talent in Burlington, and they are in the habit of improving it to the best advantage.

— No intelligent reader of the JOURNAL will rush out to the garden behind the house just yet to see if the first crocus of the season has made its appearance, simply because a flock of wild geese were discovered flying north over this city last week.

— On Thursday P. M. at 5 o'clock, March 3, Miss Eleanor Good of Boston, will speak before the Alliance Branch of the Unitarian church on "Social Welfare of a Department Store." Miss Good comes from Filenes. Public invited. Supper and entertainment by the Covenant Club.

— It was a great snowstorm we had last Tuesday afternoon. It was so wet and heavy, and covered the trees in such thick robes of virgin white, which clung tenaciously to every limb and bough, that, under the brilliant electric lights in the evening, and sunlight on Wednesday morning, they rivalled the rare exhibition of ice jewels spoken of in another item in these columns.

— After sunup last Friday morning, following a night storm of sleet, the trees presented a brilliant and beautiful appearance. Pendant from every limb and twig of them were crystal jewels, which, bathed in sunbeams, were a splendid sight to behold. A singular thing about the effects of the storm was the electrical exhibition from 4 to 5 A. M., during which the whole heavens were almost continuously illuminated by waves, flashes and shootings of intensely brilliant flame. It was not real lightning, however, but was caused by ice on the electric wires.

— It was only 10 degrees above zero yesterday morning.

— The Woman's Christian Temperance Union at its regular meeting Monday afternoon will celebrate the birthday of their National President, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens. A special program will be provided. All ladies are cordially invited.

— Harry F. Parker of Church avenue Court, who occupies a B. & M. R. clerk's desk at the North Station, went out on his annual fortnight vacation yesterday, during which he is to visit at St. Albans, Vt., Albany, N. Y., and other points of the compass.

— Last Tuesday Henry Kee of 17 Franklin street, Woburn, a steam fitter employed by the B. & M. Railroad Co., saved himself from a fall of 60 feet from a house at Cambridge, and, probably, from instant death, by clinging to a hot steampipe until rescued by his companions. He was badly burned, and was about to fall when saved.

— The funeral of Mr. Mark C. Felch was held at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 22. Rev. H. C. Parker conducted the funeral services. The pallbearers were: E. Gerry Barker, Judge Edward F. Johnson of the District Court, Edward Caldwell, John M. Wallace, H. S. Dickinson, A. P. Tabor. Notwithstanding the severe storm, many people attended.

— Special consideration is asked of the professional card of Dr. Fred Gowing in this paper. Woburn patients are frequently seen at Huntington Chambers, Boston, where, also, many Boston and Metropolitan District people go for medical treatment. Dr. Gowing has a large practice at Providence, R. I., which city he visits regularly one day in each week.

— At a meeting of the School Board last Monday evening Miss Long of the Hanson School was promoted to the 8th grade, and Bertha M. Dean, on motion of Miss Lawyer Grace Norris, and recommendation of Mrs. Dr. Seth W. Kelley, was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy. She is a graduate of the Woburn High School and Lowell Normal School, and has taught in Mass. and N. H.

— In making up their jewels for the current year the Middlesex Sportsmen's Association, at their annual meeting held in Arlington last week, elected Mr. Fred J. Brown of Woburn one of their Vice Presidents, which was an honor eminently deserved by our esteemed townsman who, as a sportsman, has but few, if any, peers in Middlesex (Mass.) county, or anywhere else.

— Mrs. Nichols, wife of ex Ald. B. H. Nichols of Warren avenue, is pleased to learn that her relative, Major General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Commander of the Department of the East, with headquarters at New York, has recovered from the effects of a severe surgical operation, and is ready for work, to which, a few months ago, it was feared he would never be able to return.

Allen's Lung Balsam

has been used successfully for years for deep-seated coughs, colds and bronchitis. Everybody should know about it. It is simple, safe and sure.

First Church Fair.

The First Congregational church of Woburn, organized in 642, with Rev. Mr. Carter for their Minister celebrated the 178th anniversary of Washington's Birthday, last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in the way and manner they have observed the memory of the "Father of his Country" for many years past, that is to say, by banquets, music, speeches and popular entertainments.

They had grand suppers, exhibitions and social pleasures in the vestries of the meetinghouse this week, when and where many hundreds of people were present to engage in them. Weather conditions cut no figure at all in First Parish's annual festivities and they did'nt this year, for everybody in the city seemed to be there and to relish the "feast of reason and flow of soul," the music, entertainments, choice foods drinks, plays, etc, hugely.

Fair women and girls, all smartly attired, presided at numerous tables laden with all sorts of beautiful, fancy, and useful merchandize, and at them trade was lively on both evenings. They must have enriched the old Parish to a highly pleasing extent.

It sometimes occurs to us to wish that set addresses, postprandial, or otherwise, might be tabooed at such otherwise delightful affairs; but we fear that happy time will never come.

The children's entertainment was very interesting indeed, and the great crowd enjoyed it to the fullest extent.

From every point of view the annual Fair and Feast of First church for the year 1910 was a most gratifying success, and Washington's Birthday was duly honored by this ancient religious organization.

Patriotic Supper.

Those excellent Methodist women knew just as well as could be that, if they advertised chickenpie as the leader, or star dish, at their Patriotic Supper last Tuesday evening—Washington's Birthday—the whole town would be there, (just what the lady managers wanted) and there would have to be an overflow meeting, or "second table," which would amount to the same thing, for the entire population of this burg had learned, from the most pleasing experience, and fully appreciated the value of such knowledge, that nobody under the sun can make and bake such delicious chickenpies as do those good Methodist sisters, when they set out to do their level best, as they did last Tuesday, and never fail to do on every coming of the Washington Birthday anniversary.

Wouldn't G. W. have enjoyed those meaty, juicy, flaky pies (some of the enthusiastic people gathered around the banquet boards declared that they fairly "melted in their mouths,") for it is said of him that he was "heavy on the trencher," and dearly loved yellow-legged pullets cooked in this fashion.

And the tables groaned under the weight of mashed potatoes, salads, pickles,—but why attempt to catalogue the luxuries of those tables?

Suffice it to say that it was a great Patriotic supper which hundreds of people enjoyed, and a great Washington's Birthday celebration.

Benjamin Cutter, M. D.

Now that Tuberculosis is attracting so much attention all over the world it may interest some of this generation to know that the present methods used to effect a cure were understood by some physicians more than eighty years ago.

Dr. Benjamin Cutter, then a young physician, in the beginning of his practice in Woburn, had discovered the value of fresh air for people "in consumption" as it was then called. Early in his medical career he was called to the daughter of Deacon Hale on the west side of Woburn. She was thought to be in a settled consumption, in the phraseology of those days; there was the terrible hectic fever, the exhausting night sweats, and other symptoms of the disease then deemed fatal. It was only hoped the new Doctor could relieve her distress for breath. But he at once began a curative course of treatment, getting into the close room all the fresh air possible; ordering the tenderest of beef steak, and fresh fruits, instead of jelly and broth; and discarding the powerful drugs. To the amazement of all, she grew so strong she could leave her room and sit out of doors; could ride; and at last, even on horseback. She was cured! Some time after, she married Col. Thomas Niles of Arlington, where she lived to old age, and was the mother of a large family of fine strong sons and daughters.

Another case was Miss Cherry Locke, sister of the late Mrs. Jotham Hill of Woburn. She lived on the Locke Hills near Arlington, and was a schoolmate and friend of my aunt, who was with her when Dr. Cutter first called. As he entered the close room he said "open that window," in those quick, low tones so familiar to those who can still remember the beloved Physician. The bright young girl was lying in bed panting for breath, she was too weak to sit up, but each day was carried out and by the Doctor's order p'aced in the warm August sunshine. By autumn she was able to travel, and by the advice of Dr. Cutter went to some friends in the South for the winter. Her health was fully restored and the South became her permanent home, for she married there, was the mother of children, and lived to an advanced age.

My grandmother has told me these incidents in the practice of Dr. Benjamin Cutter; and some others where he was able, by his advanced methods, to avert a fatal ending of this dread disease.

M. W. C. FIELD, Grinnell, Iowa, Feb. 17, 1910.

The Budget.

At a meeting of the City Council on Feb. 17, on the Mayor's estimates, the following sums were recommended by the Standing Committee on Finance to be appropriated to carry on the city government for the year 1910:

DEPARTMENT	APPROPRIATION
Abatement and Overlaying, 1907	$ 1,657 62
Abatement and Overlaying, 1908	1,346 91
Abatement and Overlaying, 1909	10.108 37
Almshouse	4.802 10
Con. Fund, Board of Public Works	49 90
Con. Fund, Mayor	100 00
Election Expenses	1,675 00
Fire Department	14,000 00
Grand Stand, Library Park	568 50
Health	1.000 00
Lockup	190 90
Memorial Day	450 00
Miscellaneous	157 91
Municipal Building	1.225 00
New Pump	10,344 25
Old Burial Ground	50 00
Playground	1,327 35
Police	14,000 00
Printing and Stationary	1,800 00
Shade Trees	16 71
Public Property	1.061 00
Hose House Repairs	924 95
Relief of Poor	4.817 68
Salaries	10,074 32
Schools	66,001 74
Soldiers Relief	1.085 11
Street Lights	14.000 00
Public Library	5.144 89
Sewer Maintenance	1,000 00
Water Meters	5,000 00
Totals	$166.980 21

Of this sum $33,480 21 consists of unexpended balances left over from last year leaving $133,500 to be raised by taxes.

Mark C. Felch,

Mr. Felch had been a prominent, highly esteemed, and successful Woburn citizen since 1875, when he came here from Somerville after a residence of three years in that city. His occupation had been that of a meat and hay and grain merchant.

Mark C. Felch was born at Francestown, N. H., on March 4, 1848, and spent his early years on his father's farm there. He died at his home on Beach street in this city last Saturday morning, Feb. 19, 1910, and the funeral was held and generally attended by business men, and others, on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 14.

Mr. Felch had served on the Board of Aldermen, where he was faithful, a good worker, and, due to his sound common sense, influential. He held the office of Woburn Sinking Fund Commissioners up to last year, and was regarded as a safe financier. The last sad rites were honored by the presence of numerous Free Masons, of which he was a respected member.

Although he had been in failing health for the last three years, the death of Mr. Felch was unexpected, and a severe shock to his family and friends, who have the sympathy of this community in their deep sorrow.

The deceased is survived by his widow Sarah J., his four children, Mrs. Emma L. Durward, Mrs. Ernest G. Wellman, Mrs. Henry Kenty, Miss Edna Felch, and two granddaughters, Emily Hazel Kimball and Laura Durward. One brother, Lewis of Francestown, N. H., and two sisters, Mrs. Nathaniel Locke of Salem, and Mrs. David Kennedy of Medford.

To Mothers In This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Mr. Keith has sprung another sensation on the vaudeville public in Albert Hole, the wonderful boy soprano who appeared at his theatre in Boston last week and has created such a furore, not only among the musical fraternity, but among the ladies and children, that he is being held over. Master Hole is probably the greatest boy soprano this world has ever known. But vaudeville has claimed him for its own through Mr. Keith, and the result in Boston during the week has fully justified the venture.

HOLLIS STREET.

A theatrical event of sufficient interest to attract every playgoer in Boston and vicinity is the appearance at the Hollis Street Theatre for two weeks only, beginning Monday, February 28, of Henrietta Crosman, the foremost American Comedienne, in her recent New York comedy success, "Sham." From every city where Miss Crosman has appeared in this play comes the report that "Sham" is the best comedy that has been seen in years. For six months it attracted crowds to Wallack's Theatre, New York. In Chicago it remained for three months; in Philadelphia it was enjoyed for six weeks, and now Miss Crosman is coming to captivate Boston. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

THE SHUBERT.

The theatregoers of Boston and New England have not in years been roused to quite such a high pitch of enthusiasm as over Lew Fields's mammoth musical comedy production, "The Midnight Sons," which starts on its fourth week at the Shubert Theatre next Monday night, February 28. It is the same story night after night—late comers find the seats all sold, and hundreds at every performance are glad to be able to secure standing room. There is only one satisfactory way to do if you are planning to see "The Midnight Sons," and that is to secure seats in advance. In this way you cannot only make sure of having your seats for the performance you choose, but can get them in the location of the house you prefer.

CASTLE SQUARE.

The production of "The Spitfire" at the Castle Square will bring an entirely new play to Boston. It is a comedy in four acts by Edward Peple, dramatized by him from his popular novel of the same name. All who have read that novel will remember its romance and scenes aboard a yacht in midocean, the sudden arrival of the hero apparently from nowhere, the heroine and her stolen gems, and the storm that finally casts yacht and passengers on the sandy shores of New Jersey. The play is a novelty from beginning to end, and in producing it at the Castle Square, Mr. Craig is undoubtedly starting it on a long and prosperous career as one of the most successful plays of the present day.

THE BOSTON.

The exceptional interest manifested in the engagement of "Ben-Hur" at the Boston Theatre attests its popularity among theatre patrons generally throughout New England. Now in its eleventh year and still at the head of all dramatic spectacles is a tribute which mildly expresses the wonderful possibilities of the Wallace romance and its universal appeal. The third week at the Boston Theatre begins Monday the 28th instant. Owing to the immensity of the production "Ben-Hur" cannot be seen elsewhere in New England. When first produced at the Broadway Theatre in New York City, in the autumn of 1890, the late Bishop Potter characterized it as "a mighty play." The curtain is raised promptly at 1.45 on the matinees and at 7.45 at night and during the beautiful opening tableau of "The Star of Bethlehem" late comers will not be seated. Seats can only be secured one week in advance for the engagement is strictly limited.

Burlington.

The Alpha Club gave a successful entertainment in the church, Tuesday evening. Among the features of the program were Grecian Art Tableaux by Misses Dorothy and Ethel Dinsmore, Elva Taylor, Arline and Nathalie Rogan, Helen McIntire, Melba Battis, Miss Harris and Miss Bamberg, a quartet by Mesdames Bennett and Getchell, Mr. Getchell and Mr. Skelton, songs by Violet Twining, Mr. Earl Smith and Miss Jessie Dinsmore, clarinet solo by Mr. Smith and piano solos by Masters Wilmot Pearsons, Raymond Twining and Lloyd Boston and Misses McIntire, Arline and Nathalie Rogan and other pupils of Miss Ethelle E. Chute, and a trio by Misses Dorothy Foster, Freda Walker and Jessie Dinsmore. Mrs. M. E. S. Curtis recited an original poem, "The Old School Boy" in which she depicted a day at school with the veteran school master, the late Abner Shed, and his daughter "Miry," followed by a foxhunt in which Abner and Sumner Shed, Wyman Skelton, and other old time hunters figured, with the noted foxhounds, Drummer and Susie J.

Glassware and Hardware.

On occasions of impending danger people sometimes do what seems to them most absurd at other moments. When the steamship America, which carried one of the Ziegler exploring expeditions to Franz Josef Land in 1903, was being crushed by ice the following winter it became necessary to abandon the ship in haste. Orders were given to unload upon the ice everything that would be of use in the long winter yet before the men. The work must be done with dispatch.

While the crew was passing the bags over the side of the ship the cook, who was of an excitable nature, suddenly appeared at the rail with a large bag, which he heaved over with all his strength. It struck the ice below with a resounding crash, causing one of the sailor's to exclaim:

"Hello, cook, what was that?"

"Oh, that is all right," he answered. "It was lamp chimneys and flatirons."

But it was hardly all right, for during the winter they were obliged to cut the bottoms out of pickle bottles and use them in place of chimneys that had been broken.

WHITE FACES.

Effect They Produce When First Seen by Colored Races.

Either Stanley or Livingstone perhaps told the world that after long living in Africa the sight of white faces produced something like fear. (And the evil spirits of Africa are white.) Well, even after a few months along with black faces I have felt that feeling of uncomfortableness at the sight of white faces. Something ghostly, terrible, seemed to have come into those faces that I had never imagined possible before. I felt for a moment the black man's terror of the white. At least I think I partly realized what it was.

You remember the Romans lost their first battles with the north through sheer fear. The fairer the weirder, the more spectral the more terrible. Beauty there is in the north, of its kind. But it is surely not comparable with the wonderful beauty of color in other races.

* * * * * * *

To appreciate the beauty of colored skins it is not simply enough to travel. One must become familiar with the sight of them through months and years. (So strong our prejudices are!) And at last when you perceive there are human skins of real gold (living statues of gold with blue hair, like the Carib half breeds) and all fruit tints of skins, orange and yellow and peach red and lustrous browns of countless shades, and all colors of metals, too—bronzes of every tone—one begins to doubt whether a white skin is so fine. (If you don't believe these colors, just refer to Broca's pattern books, where you will find that all jewel colors exist in eyes and all fruit colors and metal colors in skins. I could not believe my own eyes till I saw Broca.)

I have seen people who had grass green emeralds instead of eyes and topazes and rubies for eyes. And I have seen races with blue hair.—Cor. Lafcadio Hearn in Atlantic.

TRICK ANIMALS.

Sometimes the Trainer Has to Do His Work Quickly.

"You wouldn't believe how fast you have to work to train an animal," said the man who has broken everything from elephants to geese the other day. "Why, I can tell just how many hours it is going to take to break in any kind of animal you might mention.

"A woman came to me the other day and said: 'I want a trained goose for my magic act. How much will you charge me to break one?'

"'Sixty dollars,' said I.

"'Well, how do you figure that out?' she asked.

"'Why, it's very simple,' I said. 'It's $1 an hour, and it will take me just sixty hours.'

"'Yes, sir; I can train a goose—that is, to follow me around and do some simple tricks—in sixty hours, a pig in thirty hours, and so on. But as for a peafowl and a guinea hen—they can't be trained in a hundred years.

"Now, you take a troupe of trained dogs. That doesn't take half as long to do as people suppose. No, sir; a man with an animal show has got to work fast. Why, maybe the boss comes around on a Monday morning and says: 'Here—here's a bunch of six dogs. Now make an act out of it for next Monday's show.'

"There are six green dogs to make into a troupe in a week. Can't be done, you say? Sure, it can! One dog—one trick—one day. That's the principle, and you can do it too. Each dog will learn a trick each day all right. One will learn a back somersault, one a front somersault, one to walk on his hind legs, one on his front legs, one to roll over, and so on. Then by the end of the week you've got a nice little act, and all the people are acclaiming about your years of patience and that sort of stuff. Patience is a good thing, of course, but the secret is just 'know how;' that's all."—New York Post.

Telling Eggs.

The problem of telling eggs is not an easy one by any means. Very few of us know how to do it properly. On the other hand, there are those who think they should not be told at all, but that is old fashioned nonsense, inspired entirely by false modesty. It is safe to say that eggs should be told at as early an age as possible consistent with their temperament. If allowed to go too long there is grave danger that the egg will become bad and when an egg becomes bad it is hopeless. The world is full of bad eggs which might have been saved if they had been told in time.—Lippincott's.

Wasted Effort.

At a fire recently a brave fireman came gasping and panting from the burning building with his beard and eyebrows singed in the flames. Under one arm he carried a small but heavy box, which he deposited in a place of safety with the air of a man who had saved a box of government bonds from destruction. On opening the box it was found to contain six bottles of a new patent fire extinguisher.—Argonaut.

The Last Word.

"You should bear in mind," said the publisher, "that four-fifths of the people who read novels are women."

"That's why I call my new story 'The Last Word,'" replied the novelist. "Every woman will want it."—Philadelphia Record.

Impoverished.

Newlywed—What, $30 for a hat! Why, it's simply ridiculous, my dear!

Mrs. Newlywed—That's what I thought, Harold; but you said it was all we could afford.—Lippincott's.

Tuning Forks.

The tuning fork was the invention of John Stone, royal trumpeter, in 1811. Though the pitch of forks varies slightly with changes of the temperature or by rust, they are the most accurate means of determining pitch. Tuning forks are capable of being made of any pitch within certain limits, but those commonly used are the notes A and C, giving the sounds represented by the second and third spaces in the treble stave.

An Incentive.

"Won't you try to love me?" he sighed.

"I have tried," she replied kindly, but firmly.

"My rich aunt has just died," he went on.

"In that case, dear, I will try again."—Puck.

The Other Half.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No. That is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

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Clarence—Pa, what is a volcano?

Mr. Calipers—A volcano, my son, is a cramped and feverish mountain which belches forth fire, smoke, lava, statistics, adjectives and "copy" for the newspapers for two years or more after the first eruption and beggars description every time it is described.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christ Jesus."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School.
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree
Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

At Lowell, Mass., Feb. 13, by Rev. C. H. Demeritt, D. D., Mr. George N. Geanaris of Woburn and Miss Dina Vorila of Lowell.

In this city, Feb. 17, by Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Mr. Birrill Hudson Ayer and Miss Ida May Hendrickson, both of Winchester, Mass.

In this city, Feb. 17, by Rev. Wm. H. Osmond, Mr. William J. Thompson of Winchester, Mass., and Margaret Morrow of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 17, James Murphy, aged 73 years.
In this city Feb. 18, George F. Hayden of Burlington, aged 75 years, 2 months, 25 days.
In this city Feb. 19, Patrick J. McDonough, aged 37 years.
In this city Feb. 19, Mark C. Felch, aged 61 years, 11 months, 12 days.
In this city, Feb. 20, Helen J. Geary, aged 8 years, 3 months, 4 days.
In this city, Feb. 20, John S. Bonnell, aged 55 years, 1 month, 2 days.

BRECKS' REAL ESTATE AGENCY
51 & 52 NORTH MARKET ST. BOSTON.
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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Murphy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Katie F. Murray of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LOST.

Left in a Woburn Trolley Car at Stoneham Square about Feb. 11, a small shallow pasteboard box with Portraits and other Stoneham Pictures. Whoever knows of whereabouts and will return the above to Haywood & Fox, Druggists, Stoneham Square, will be suitably rewarded and no questions asked. Of no special value to strangers.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Charlie A. Jones late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Emily E. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth B. Faden, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Henry Bowker, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the other having declined to accept the trust, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WOBURN Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

A Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank will be held on

Thursday, March 10, 1910,
At 7.30 P. M.,

in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, for the purpose of nominating the necessary Officers and Auditors to serve the ensuing fiscal year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

JOHN C. BUCK, Secretary.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

The Lenses, of course, are the important part of the Glasses. Yet perfect lenses may be spoiled by poor mounting. We can serve you well with Glasses perfectly correct at all points.

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Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. **Write right now** for a free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER—One packet Vick's Daybreak Aster, one packet Vick's Branching Asters (mixed colors), and our valuable book "How to Grow Asters," all for 10 cents.

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Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Richard J. Spencer of Woburn, Randall F. Smith of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; the heirs, devisees or legal representatives of Thomas Hastings, formerly of Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, deceased; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Jennie P. Brown of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated at the junction of Franklin street and Flagg street in said Woburn, containing 9200 square feet of land, more or less, and bounded as follows: Southerly by said Franklin street there measuring about eighty-six (86) feet; westerly by said Flagg street there measuring about one hundred and one (101) feet; northerly by land of Randall F. Smith there measuring about seventy-eight (78) feet; and easterly by land of Richard J. Spencer there measuring about one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan:

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fourteenth day of March, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of February, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Oliver F. Bryant, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Minerva R. Bryant who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of February in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Gilman, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate not already administered of said deceased, to Homer A. White, of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex, without requiring a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-eighth day of February, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary E. Andrews, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Henry L. Andrews of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James G. Cole, late of Beaufort, in the State of South Carolina, deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John C. Andrews of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sewall Taylor, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate,

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Brazilla Taylor of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper publish d in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Catherine L. Stearns, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, Mass., deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN B. PEARSON, Adm.
Stoneham, Mass.

Feb. 14th, 1910. 18-25-4



WINCHESTER.

Sleighing parties have been fashionable here this winter, especially on moonlight nights, for "Oh, what fun it is to ride in a 1-horse open sleigh!"

Our next Town Meeting promises to be the largest ever. Many additions have been made to the list of voters, which indicates a big turnout on election day.

There is going to be a plenty of hustling at Town Hall on election day, and don't you forget it! Some more surprises may bob up when the ballots are counted at night.

Washington's Birthday was duly observed by the people of this town, who, if not patriotic to the backbone, are nothing. We keep all the holidays in a proper and becoming manner.

The annual Town Meeting is to be held on Monday, March 7. With a very few exceptions the candidates of the Citizens Caucus are very good men, and, it is likely, that the most of them will be chosen.

The Legislature wisely decided the other day, that Winchester don't need a Board of Public Works. What did anybody want such a Board for? Next thing, somebody will pop up and ask that the town be made a city!

At the annual meeting of the Middlesex Sportsmen's Association held at Arlington last Thursday, C A. Lane was elected one of the Vicepresidents and Dr. H. L Shepard and E S. Baker, members of the Executive Committee, all 3 of Winchester.

The annual Citizens Caucus to nominate candidates to be voted for at the Town eeting was held on the evening of Feb. 17, and resulted in a few genuine surprizes, one of which was the nomination of William Rooney over T. Price Wilson, Jr., whom it was generally believed would be the choice of the caucus. Wilson has taken out papers and many think he will be elected Tax Collector at the polls George H Carter has taken out papers for Town Clerk, and stands a good show for getting the office.

As about everybody in this town supposed would be the case, the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, last week, refused to grant to the Boston, L & L. Elec R. Co. the right to build their proposed electric road from Lowell to Boston, to be called the Interurban Electric line As planned it was a wild project that never could have been made to work, and the people here are glad that it slumped through. It was Congressman Butler Ames's scheme, and he ought to thank his stars that he is out of it.

This Is An Easy Test.

Shake Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

RESERVE HORSES FOR WAR.

Switzerland's Method of Preparing For Rapid Mobilization.

In Switzerland the state is part owner of horses used by reserves. It purchases a remount at three and a half years old, and the soldier pays half the cost of the horse to the government, together with the difference between its cost and the price that the horse fetches at auction, for all horses are sold by auction to the men.

After every year of training the government refunds one-tenth of the original half cost to the man, and at the end of ten years the horse becomes the absolute property of the soldier. In this manner the soldier is not only always well mounted, but as he keeps his horse with him at his home his mobilization problem is of the simplest nature.

The average price of these Swiss troop horses is about £45, says Baily's Magazine, and as most of these horses are imported from Ireland and north Germany their price is considerably higher than it would be in Great Britain. Thus the state secures the services of a horse for an annual outlay of about £4 10s. But there are certain other expenses which must be included in this estimate, such as the cost of the establishment for remount depots, etc., which raises the total cost of horses for the Swiss government to about £8 12s. a year.

A Reluctant Candidate.

During a local election in a German town only one man appeared at the nomination desk.

"Whom do you nominate?" inquired the official.

"Myself," was the answer.

"Do you accept the nomination?"

"Well, no."

The officer laughed and said:

"Then we must try again. Whom do you nominate?"

"Myself."

"You accept the nomination?"

"No."

A subdued "Donnerwetter!" escaped the lips of the perplexed official, but he went on:

"For the third time, whom do you nominate?"

"Myself," came the invariable reply

"Do you accept the nomination?"

The man rose up, and a smile of satisfaction spread over his face as he answered proudly:

"Having been three times solicited by my fellow citizens to accept the nomination, I can no longer decline to accede to their wishes." He then retired.

Hogs Dressed

in firstclass manner. Also, Hogs bought and sold by

A. W. BOUTWELL,
Butters Row, Wilmington, Mass.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

The Original of Squeers Died of a Broken Heart.

The grossest injury which Dickens ever inflicted on a fellow being was his too accurate portrait of an innocent man in his Squeers. That Yorkshire schoolmasters were, as a rule, cruel and wicked enough it is true, but the particular schoolmaster who was recognized and who recognized himself as the original Squeers seems to have been an exception to the rule.

It will be remembered that Dickens and his illustrator traveled together to the north of England for the purpose of collecting material for "Nickleby" and especially for the Dotheboys espisode. At Great Bridge they visited a boarding school known as Bowes academy. The master, William Shaw, received the strangers with some hauteur and did not as much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of penmaking during the interview.

Phiz sketched him in the act; Dickens described the act. The personal peculiarities of William Shaw were recognized in Squeers. Shaw became a butt of popular ridicule, lost his pupils and finally died of a broken heart. Yet there is abundant evidence to prove that he was a really excellent and kind hearted man, who was made to suffer for the misdeeds of his neighbors.—Exchange.

BOTH WANTED TO KNOW.

But the Beautiful Daughter Got the Better of the Contest.

"Maria," said the choleric father of a beautiful daughter, "who was that young fool who called on you last night and stayed until midnight? I want to know at once."

"You shall know in due time," said Maria, "but first I want to know something. Was he a young fool simply because he called on me?"

"What"—

"Or was he a young fool because he thought me attractive enough to talk to until midnight?"

"Why"—

"I suppose you think that any young man who comes to this house at all is a young fool, but why?"

"Now, see here"—

"Is it because there are so many girls who have sensible fathers that any young man who calls on the daughter of an ill natured old curmudgeon is a young fool?"

"For goodness' sake"—

"But I suppose—(sob)—I ought to—(gurgle)—be grateful—(sob)—because you didn't call him a fool to his face for coming to see me. I know you despise me (boo-hoo-hoo), but"—

But Maria was talking to space. The choleric father had fled to the cyclone cellar.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Versatile Garden.

The dwellers in a seaport town of Massachusetts are justly proud of their gardens. It remained for a visitor from a tiny village "way round the Cape" to say the first slightly disparaging word of these gardens. "Isn't this beautiful?" his hostess asked as she paused under a rose arbor and looked back over the stately ranks of larkspur, monk's hood, hollyhocks and many other favorites.

"It's a handsome gardin—of its kind," said the visitor dispassionately, "but it ain't quite up to the mark when you consider our gardins."

"Indeed!" and the lady looked at him, too amazed to be angry. "What sort of gardens have you, please?"

"Well," said her Cape visitor calmly, "what we call a good gardin is one where you can start out with two big baskets and a hoe, step through the flower gardin part, past the vegetables, down to the water; dig your clams fust, pick your sweet corn, lay your posies on top o' that and hand the whole lot over at the kitchen door. There's your shore dinner and trimmin's all from one gardin."—Youth's Companion.

The Wise Woodpecker.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and a knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorns remain intact, but, becoming saturated, are predisposed to decay, when they are attacked by maggots, which seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided at a time when the ground being covered with snow, he would experience difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food —Cleveland Leader.

Not Tending to Business.

A country doctor was recently called upon to visit a patient some way from his office. Driving to where the sick man lived, he tied his horse to a tree in front of the house and started to walk across the ground. It happened that work was in progress on a new well, of which the doctor knew nothing until he found himself sinking into the earth. He fell just far enough to be unable to get out of the hole unassisted and lustily yelled for help.

When he was finally pulled up the hired man remarked to him:

"I say, doc, you had no business down there."

"No; I don't think I had," replied the doctor.

"Don't you know," continued the hired man, "you ought leave the well alone and take care of the sick?"—Lippincott's.

Inherited Dreams.

A medical scientist claims that many dreams are really hereditary—that is to say, they come down to us from ancestors. Many persons have a dream which they dream over and over again. This and some others that are frequent, according to the authority referred to, are inherited. The doctor observed, for instance, that a child of six years after an attack of typhoid fever saw in its slumber a figure clad in black, which advanced to the foot of the bed and fixed upon him its shining eyes. It was found that the father of the child had frequently dreamed that dream, although he had never mentioned it to his child. The grandfather dreamed the same dream although he had told no one about it. Evidently there is more than our philosophy can fathom in "the stuff that dreams are made of."

"Fight today's temptation as it comes" is good advice. And if it seems to be only trifling fight it the harder.

FRENCH DETECTIVES.

They Are Trained For Their Duties In a Regular Police School.

In Paris aspirants for positions in the detective force are taught in a regular school, where day after day they are put through various exercises until they become proficient and receive appointments or show that they have not the detective instinct in them.

The students first are trained in the use of their eyes and their hands. One of the lessons consists in placing the pupil in a brilliantly lighted room full of furniture and ornaments. Then he is taken to another room and required to make a sketch of the room he just has left, indicating the position of all the objects in it. He is allowed to look at a face for a minute and then required to describe the color of the hair, the eyes, the general form, etc. He afterward is required to pick out a photograph of the face from among several hundred others.

In educating the hand the student is placed in a dark room in which are many curious and unusual objects. These he feels over and then writes a description of them. He must remember even the slightest details. One test is to let him handle gems in the dark and then tell what they are, whether diamonds, rubies or what not. This is, of course, an exercise for the more advanced pupils.

CHINESE PRINTING.

The Compositors Are Staid and Dignified and Never Rush.

A font of type in the Chinese language requires 11,000 spaces, and in the large and spacious rack each word, instead of each letter, as in English, has a place by itself. There is also a peculiar grouping or classification of symbols into groups to further facilitate the mental labors of the typesetters. Thus in the immediate vicinity of the symbol for fish would be found the symbols of scales, net, fins, tail, gills. This simplifies the labor, which in any event must be so strenuous that it is evident that the compositor's end of the Chinese newspaper should, if perfect justice ruled, be the highest paid.

The compositor is a staid and dignified individual, and as he slowly walks from symbol to symbol, picking up those which he requires with provoking calmness, the American compositor might well wonder when the work would be completed, and to set up the type required for a small four page daily paper the constant labors of eight or nine skilled Chinamen are required for twelve or thirteen hours, the entire work in every department being the antipodes of the rush and whir, and marvelous celerity of the modern American publication.

OUR SENSE OF SPACE.

Experiments With Infants to Show That It Is Innate.

There are many optical illusions which show that our perception of distance, height and space are acquired rather than instinctive, and in the domain of psychological physiology one of the standing controversies touches this point. The German school of Leipzig is inclined to affirm that all our perceptions of distance, area and solidity and our ability to distinguish between right and left, up and down, before and behind, are acquired as a result of long practice and experience.

A person blind from birth who has learned to distinguish triangles, squares, circles and objects of other forms by touch is not able immediately after the acquisition of sight to distinguish these familiar objects by sight alone. He or she is still compelled to rely on feeling. In the beginning all objects appear to such a person (and perhaps they do so in the case of babies) as shapeless, tremulous spots of color situated close to the eye.

In the course of the debate that raged in Germany some experiments were made with babies. It appeared that in babies what must be described for want of a better term as a sense of space seems to exist. The infant was held in the arms of the experimenters for about a minute, at the end of which interval the child was permitted to drop upon its bed. In every instance the child exhibited a dread or panic when it felt the arms of the persons holding it relax. The babe, even at the age of one month, seemed to understand that its support was departing. It held, or, rather, clutched, at anything it could reach, whether the arm, neck or collar of the person holding it.

From these experiments it has been inferred that there must exist a sense of space almost from infancy. What is the dread of falling but a manifestation of an innate sense of space?—London Post.

Tit For Tat.

A newspaper man who called on a local manufacturer the other day to pay a friendly visit found the latter in no mood for friendly calls. He was in a white heat.

"What's the matter?" asked the visitor. "You don't seem pleased to see me."

"Oh, I would be pleased to see you," said the other, "if I wasn't so mighty mad at the meanest piece of petty holdup I ever saw. Here's a check from a fellow who owed me a bill for ninety days, and darned if he hasn't mailed the check at last and subtracted the 2 cents for the postage stamp that brought the letter."

"Can you beat that?" exclaimed the visitor as he eyed the check.

"I can," said the other as he reached for a telegraph blank. "I am going to wire him a receipt in full, and I'll wire it collect."—Newark Call.

Supreme Court Ways.

When the supreme court of the United States assembles at 12 o'clock on each Monday the room is filled with lawyers, clerks, newspaper men and spectators. Routine announcements are made by the chief justice in a voice no one can understand. Decisions of great moment are rendered by other justices in mumbled words which are not heard. Lawyers, clerks, newspaper men and spectators stare hard at the honorable justice who may be talking or reading, some with hands curved into a round board so that they can catch a few words if possible. But no one in the courtroom shouts "Louder!" No one would last very long if he did. And should a person be sentenced for contempt of the supreme court it would be the end. As an old colored employee once said, "Dere ain't no appeal from dis cote."—St. Louis Star.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.

PLENTY OF ROOM.

No Trouble to Find a Place For Him to Rest In Sleep.

His blanket the soldier takes along on the march, but usually not his tent. Usage soon makes the ground as soft a bed as he wants. The case is pretty nearly the same with the prospector and the frontiersman. In writing of the "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" Mr. Clifton Johnson tells of the practice on the ranches of the west. He was the guest of an early settler

While we were chatting a laborer passed, shouldering a roll of blankets. The butcher had come to the door, and he pointed to the passer and said: "You see that fellow, don't you? Well, when I first reached here from the east I thought a man with a bed on his back was the funniest thing I'd ever come across.

"A rancher in this country won't take his hired man into his house. They've got to furnish their own blankets and usually sleep on the hay in the barn.

"I know a fellow who, when he'd just arrived and didn't understand the way they manage, got a job harvesting on a big wheat ranch. The help usually sleep in the straw stacks then, and it's precious little time they get to sleep anywhere. But he didn't know anything about that, and he was sitting around in the evening and finally said to the rancher, 'Where am I to sleep tonight?'

"'Why, I don't care where you sleep,' said the rancher. 'I've got 960 acres of land around here, and if you can't find a place to sleep on that I'll get my next neighbor to lend me a piece of his.'"

TOWER OF BABEL.

Traditions as to the Height of the Famous Structure.

The actual height at which the last stone of that famous structure, the tower of Babel, rested cannot, on account of the remoteness of the times at which it is said to have existed, ever become more than a matter of merest conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,700 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers raised one above another, each seventy-five feet in height, but whether this ruin was the remains of the tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these seventy-five foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition, a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about twelve miles. In Ceylonese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant.—London Saturday Review.

THE FIRST CHOICE.

It Was Right, Too, Because the Bravest Are the Tenderest.

Some years ago the excursion steamer returning from Alaska to Seattle dislocated its propeller in a dreary portion of the inner passage and came to a forced stop. For two days the vessel's engineers and machinists labored to repair the break, but without success. Two of the boats were manned and dispatched for aid to Victoria, 300 miles away. In the meantime it was discovered that the ship's stores were not abundant. Alarm bred in the minds of pessimistic passengers, and the contagion spread. Starvation might assail the vessel before help arrived.

A former California official took it on himself to reassure his timid companions, but his effort was not perfectly adapted to raise drooping spirits. In fact, his closing sentences but added to the gloom. "Let us be brave," he said. "If the worst comes and that dread necessity which in such misadventures has met others must be faced by us, let us remember that it is good to die that our friends may live. The one or more that may be sacrificed will be consoled by that thought."

There was a moment's silence, awful in its intensity, then a cheerful voice was heard. "You should be taken first, Governor Booth. You know the bravest are the tenderest." And even the terror stricken smiled once more.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Raising of Rice.

The cultivation of rice extends back into the dim past, and there are no authentic records as to when it first began. Evidence points, however, to the Chinese having been among the earliest people to cultivate it, and such great value was attached to it that in the annual ceremonial sowing of important plants inaugurated by the Emperor Chinnong so far back in the past as 2800 B. C. the rice had to be sown only by the emperor himself, while the four other plants of the ceremony might be sown by the princes of his family. In India rice has been cultivated from time immemorial. It was introduced at an early period into Syria, Egypt and other parts of northern Africa. In more modern times rice has been sown in Spain, France and Italy, the first cultivation in the last named country being stated to have been near Pisa in 1468. The plant is believed to have been introduced into America in 1647, when Sir William Berkeley raised a crop of sixteen bushels from half a bushel of seed.

The Waiter's Tip.

"Splitting a five dollar bill with a waiter when you reach a hotel and promising him the other piece when you leave if well served is a poor game," said a veteran waiter in one of New York's biggest hotels.

"A man tried it on me once, and it made me sore. I took pains to serve him poorly, showing that I did not care for his money. I was so careless that when he was leaving he refused me the other half. I had him sized up for a cheap skate, so I pointed out to him that the piece he had was no good to him as it was and offered to buy it from him for $2. He thought deeply a minute and declined. Then I offered to sell my half for $3. Somehow or other this appealed to him, and he bought it and seemed happy. I'll bet he hasn't stopped figuring out yet whether he won or lost. One thing he's sure of—he didn't tip the waiter."—New York Sun.

ESTABLISHED 1884

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SPECIAL INACTIVE ACCOUNTS.

INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over, which remain with the Bank one month or longer.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

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I represent the Fireman's Fund Ins. Co. of San Francisco, Calif.

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439 MAIN STREET.

Between You And Your Watch

There should be some sort of an understanding. It agrees to give an exact, unfailing service, and you promise to let us keep it in good running order.

That's being fair to your watch. Under that plan your watch will have no cause to complain—neither will you.

This repair department of ours understands all watch movements. It is capable of giving a high-priced watch the skilful care it should receive, and of course anything simpler it attends to with still greater ease.

Be fair with your Watch.

Smith & Varney.

No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN

A Jewelry Store since 1871.

☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

A Daring Argument.

A quick witted and daring lawyer once saved a guilty client from sure conviction on a charge of poisoning. It was proved that the poisoning had been done by means of certain cakes, a portion of which was produced in court. When the counsel for the prisoner had finished his speech he said: "And these, gentlemen of the jury, are some of the alleged poisoned cakes. We declare to you, gentlemen of the jury, that they are not poisoned cakes. They are as harmless cakes as ever were made, and in order, gentlemen of the jury, to show you that these cakes are not poisoned I will eat one of them right here in your presence." And he did eat one. He took good care, however, to leave the room at the earliest opportunity and to make a bee line for an adjoining room, where he had an emetic in readiness and an antidote. But the jury never heard about the emetic or the antidote until the lawyer's client had been acquitted.

Musical.

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OLD GAMBLING CLUBS

Famous Resorts of the Betting Fraternity In London.

THE WAY FOX WAS TRICKED.

A Scheme That Allowed Him to Be Cheated by Lord Barrymore—Watier's, Commended by Lord Byron and Patronized by Beau Brummel.

In America such a thing as a proprietary club owned and managed by one man is almost unknown. In London it is the usual thing, and almost all the medium sized clubs which are devoted to some special purpose, such as card playing, are proprietary.

In the old days this was a money making enterprise, and some immense fortunes were piled up by the proprietors of London card clubs. But now whenever a club shows signs of unusual prosperity the members get together and insist on forming some sort of governing body which shall have power to pass upon the proposals for membership. They also see to it that the proprietor spends a proper proportion of his profits on the comfort of the members instead of putting everything in his pocket.

The fashions in the card clubs continually change with the years and with the games that are the rage. A century ago it was against the rules in many of the best clubs to play cards before dinner, whereas nowadays the principal play is between the hours of 4 and 7. The income of the proprietor today is from the annual subscriptions and from the fixed fees for card money. In the old days the largest source of revenue was from the counters picked up from the floor after the game was over.

George Raggett, the owner of White's, one of the most famous gambling clubs in the world, situated on St. James' street, made it his rule to attend to his guests in person whenever exceptionally high play was in progress, knowing that he would be well repaid for his time. Upon one occasion, after picking up counters to the value of nearly $1,000 from the floor, he received a gift of almost as much from Harvey Combe, who had been playing from Monday evening until 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, Sir John Malcolm, Tippoo Smith and Ward, the member of parliament for London, being the other players at the table.

Some of the proprietary clubs adopted curious rules to attract and keep their customers. One of the chief difficulties then, as now, was to insure a game from any one that might happen to drop in at odd hours. One of these, nicknamed the Nerve Ending club, had a bylaw that no player should quit a table until a fresh arrival was ready to take his place.

One very popular feature was to provide light silken curtains which could be drawn between the faces of the players so as to conceal from an adversary any unguarded expression of disappointment or of triumph upon picking up a hand or following the course of play.

It was at this club that Fox lost a large sum of money to Lord Barrymore, who took advantage of the concealment of his own face to study the reflection of Fox's cards in the large polished steel buttons which he wore upon his coat.

At the corner of Bolton street and Piccadilly was Watier's club, which Byron records was a "superb club" in 1815. Beau Brummel played here regularly for ten or twelve years, but the club eventually fell into disrepute through the want of proper supervision of the admissions to membership.

Swinburne says in his "Courts of Europe" that it was in this club that a player upon seeing the witty Lord Alvanley enter the room and, dreading his satirical tongue, laid down his cards and pulled out a pair of pistols, which he laid on the table beside him. The only comment of Alvanley was:

"I hope you don't expect your adversary to follow suit?"

Every visitor to London who has passed down Piccadilly has probably remarked the imposing home of the Devonshire club at the southwest corner of St. James' street. Within this building the highest gambling in the world has probably taken place, the sums won and lost at Monte Carlo being nothing to those that changed hands here. The entrance was originally from the Piccadilly side, and many changes have been made in the interior arrangements, but some of the gilt chairs that were used by the high rollers of seventy years ago are still preserved in the clubrooms.

The proprietor of this club was originally a small fishmonger named William Crockford, who had a shop near Temple Bar. His first venture in club proprietorship was to take Watier's old house, where hazard, the American game of craps, was the chief attraction. In this he had a partner named Taylor, and they both made money, but at the end of a year they separated, and Crockford went to St. James' street, where he prospered so well that he instructed the Wyatts to prepare plans for a new building.

This was opened in 1827, and, although it was a proprietary club, Crockford was shrewd enough to invest a committee with the right of election to membership, a move to which many persons attribute his immense success. Among the first of the names presented was that of the Duke of Wellington, and almost every man of note in England was either a member or a guest at some time or other.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pensions From Napoleon.

Paris has a dozen old soldiers who draw pensions that come to them from the great Emperor Napoleon I. These are not heroes of his epoch, for the last of those died long years ago. But Napoleon by his will devised several millions of francs to his companions in arms, and this capital in default of heirs of the grand army was deposited in the public treasury. Today the revenue this fund produces is paid out in the form of pensions of 200 francs each to old soldiers in French territory, and Paris has twelve of these beneficiaries to whom at the first of the year these little pensions are remitted.—Paris Figaro.

A Wise Woman.

Mr. Snaggle (snappishly)—Don't be correcting that boy always, Sarah. Let nature take its course, won't you? Mrs. Snaggle (laying aside the shingle)—I'll do nothing of the sort, Mr. Snaggle. I don't intend that any woman shall have such a husband as I've got if I can prevent it.

SIR MARK'S HOTEL BILL.

Relic of an Early Nineteenth Century Election in Ireland.

During the time of a contested election in Meath, Ireland, in the early part of the last century, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all that should vote for him, for which he received the following bill, which he got framed, and it still hangs in Somerville House, County Meath:

April 16th, 1826.

MY BILL.

	£	s.	d.
To tenting sixteen freeholders above stairs for Sir Mark, at 2s 3d a head, is to me	2	12	0
To eating sixteen more below stairs, and two more after supper, is to me	2	15	9
To eighteen horses and five mules about my yard all night at 13s every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night, is to me	5	5	0
To six beds in one room, and four in another, at two guineas every bed, and not more than four in any bed at any time, cheap enough, God knows, is to me....	22	15	0
For breakfast on tay in the morning, for every one of them, and as many more as they brought in, as near as I can guess, is to me	4	12	0
To raw whisky and punch, without talking of pipes and tobacco, as well as for breaking a pot above stairs and other glasses and delph for the first day and night, I am not very sure, but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it, and to be very exact, it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess, and not to be too particular, is to me at least.	79	15	9
For shaving and cropping off the heads of forth-nine freeholders for Sir Mark, at 13d for every head of them by my brother, who has a vote, is to me	2	13	1
For a womit and nurse for poor Tom Kernan, in the middle of the night, when he was not expected, is to me.....			
ten hogs, I don't talk of the piper for keeping him sober as long as he was sober, is to me.....			
	110	18	7

Signed in the place of Jemmy Cars wife, his Mark X

Bryan and Geraghty's Mark X

You may say ill, so your honour Sir Mark send me this Eleven Hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in Trim, so no more at present.

The hotel keeper must have got weary as he neared the end of his long bill, for his account becomes as wabbly as some of his guests must have been when the crash of glass and delph accompanied their deep potation of raw whisky and punch.

NOTHING WAS LOST.

An Omission In a Wedding Ceremony That Didn't Count.

A distinguished officer of the United States navy once told this story on himself:

At the time of his marriage he had been through the civil war and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept courage and remained as calm as a brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the full naval wedding, the officer was all but stampeded, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was over and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said; "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bridegroom with something of astonishment in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' several times, and despite my efforts you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment, and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said. "She didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."—Exchange.

Protracted.

"Hello, Barker!" said Smitkin, meeting his friend on the street. "How goes it?"

"All right, I guess," said Barker.

"Seen Bobbie Sponger lately?"

"Yes; Bobbie is down at my place at Westhampton now. I invited him down for the week end"—

"Why, I thought that was three weeks ago!"

"It was," said Barker, "but, you know, Bobbie is an expert at making both ends meet."—Harper's Weekly.

Damascus of Marvelous View.

The view of Damascus from the mountain where Mohammed made his great renunciation is one of the marvelous views of the world. Again and again I deserted the mosques, the bazaars, the marble baths, the courts of the fountains, the shadowy khans and the gardens by the streams for that bare height on which Abraham is said to have had the unity of God revealed to him.—Robert Hichens in Century.

Imitation.

"Why, Gladys, you are spoiling your dolly."

"No, mamma; I am painting its cheeks with the same color that you use."—Judge.

An aspiration is joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

To Reform Him.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is? Miss Beauti—It's young Mr. Bondclipper. Minister—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits. Miss Beauti—Yes; his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.

Anticipation.

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eyefly is putting into her house next door?"

"Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

Taught Him a Lesson.

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?"

"I tried that once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It belongs to great men to have great defects.—French Proverb.

HUMOR OF THE GREEKS

Wit That Helped the Ancients Drive Dull Care Away.

SOME FIFTH CENTURY JOKES

The Absentminded Professor Was a Prolific Source of Merriment to the Jesters of Those Days—The Source of Many Modern Jokes.

The maxim that there is nothing new under the sun applies, it would seem, more truly to jokes and wittidifferent differences between the jests of one generation and that of another lie mainly in their form. The kernel is practically the same. Nevertheless it is interesting to exhume some of these ancient jokes and to recognize in them the ancestors of the things at which we laugh today in the pages of our humorous publications.

Some humorous writers dearly love to make fun of the absentminded, unpractical university professor, who outside of his own subject lets his wits wander and is very slow to grasp anything in ordinary life. Such jokes as these were cracked centuries ago by the students and graduates of the great universities in ancient Greece, for it is a mistake to suppose that what we now call "college life" was unknown to the ancients.

As a matter of fact, the student at the University of Athens or at the University of Alexandria was very much the same sort of mortal as is the student today, and his professors were not so very different.

A witty Greek named Hierocles, a graduate of Alexandria, collected some time in the fifth century a volume of jests which were current among the students with regard to the woolgathering type of professor. A number of them are translated here as being of considerable interest in the history of humor and especially of college humor:

A professor, wishing to swim, was nearly drowned, whereupon he swore that he would never touch water again until he had learned how to swim.

Of twin brothers, one died. A professor thereupon, meeting the survivor, asked, "Is it you that died or your brother?"

A professor, learning that a raven would live for more than 200 years, bought one to test the matter.

A professor, wishing to cross a river, went on board the boat on horseback. When some one asked the reason he answered that he wanted to get over in a hurry.

A professor, looking out of the window of a house which he had bought, asked the passersby whether the house was becoming to him.

A professor, meeting another professor, said, "I heard you were dead." "And yet," replied the other, "you see that I am still alive." "Well," said the first in perplexity, "I don't know what to believe, for the man who told me about it is a much more truthful man than you!"

A professor, in danger of being shipwrecked, called for his tablets that he might make his will. Seeing thereupon his slaves lamenting their fate, he said, "Do not grieve, for I am going to set you free."

A professor dreamed that he had trodden on a nail and that the wound pained him. On waking he bound up his foot. Another professor, having learned the cause, remarked, "It served you right, for why do you sleep without sandals?"

A professor, meeting a doctor, hid himself behind a wall. Some one asking the cause, he answered, "I have not been sick for so long a time I am ashamed to come into the sight of a physician."

A professor, wishing to teach his horse to be a small eater, gave him no food at all. At length, the horse having starved to death, the professor exclaimed, "I have suffered a great loss for just as he had learned not to eat he died!"

A professor, visiting a sick person, inquired about his health. The invalid, however, was not able to reply. Thereupon the professor, being angry and scolding the man, said, "I hope that I shall be sick some of these days, and then when you come to ask how I am I will not answer."

A professor sealed up a vessel of wine which he had bought. His servant having made a hole in the vessel beneath and drawn off some of the wine, the professor was astonished to see the contents diminished while the seals remained unbroken. A neighbor having told him to look whether it had not been taken out from below, he replied, "Why, you fool, it's the upper part of the wine and not the lower that is missing!"

A professor, a bald man and a barber traveling together agreed to keep watch in turn four hours, each while the others slept. The barber's turn came first. He quietly shaved the head of the sleeping professor and when the time elapsed awoke him. The latter, scratching his head as he got up and finding it bare, cried out: "What a rascal that barber is! He's waked the bald man instead of me!"—Exchange.

Legal Advice.

"Prisoner," said the justice, "you are charged with having struck the defendant."

"Yes, judge; I poked him, but he called me a liar."

"That's no excuse."

"Well, judge, it was my first experience. What do you do in such cases?"—Judge's Library.

Diplomatic.

The late Lord Savile used to say that high diplomatists had always to be on their guard against intriguing women, mainly Russian agents, who would use any wile to extract information. During the Russo-Turkish war, when Europe was always on the verge of a crisis and Russian statesmen were most anxious to know what England would do under given circumstances, a lady came up to him suddenly at a ball and said:

"I hear that the Russians have made a forced march and entered Constantinople," hoping, no doubt, that he would be surprised into some indiscreet expression.

He merely replied:

"Indeed! And I suppose the sultan has conferred on them the order of the Turkish bath!"

The lady continued gravely:

"And they say in Paris that if England does not interfere the eastern question is settled in favor of Russia."

"And that," replied his excellency, "is, I suppose, the new judgment of Paris."

A COMEDIAN'S TRICK.

Ruse by Which He Escaped Arrest and Had His Debts Paid.

Many amusing stories are told of Joe Haines, a comedian of the time of Charles II., sometimes called "Count" Haines. It is said that he was arrested one morning by two bailiffs for a debt of £20, when he saw a bishop to whom he was related passing along in his coach. With ready resource he immediately saw a loophole for escape, and, turning to the men, he said, "Let me speak to his lordship, to whom I am well known, and he will pay the debt and your charges into the bargain."

The bailiffs thought they might venture this, as they were within two or three yards of the coach, and acceded to the request. Joe boldly advanced and took off his hat to the bishop. His lordship ordered the coach to stop, when Joe whispered to the divine that the two men were suffering from such scruples of conscience that he feared they would hang themselves, suggesting that his lordship should invite them to his house and promise to satisfy them. The bishop agreed, and, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men come to me tomorrow morning, and I will satisfy you!"

The men bowed and went away pleased, and early the next day waited on his lordship, who, when they were ushered in, said, "Well, my men, what are these scruples of conscience?"

"Scruples?" replied one of them. "We have no scruples! We are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for a debt of £20, and your lordship kindly promised to satisfy us."

The trick was strange, but the result was stranger, for his lordship, either appreciating its cleverness or considering himself bound by the promise he had unintentionally given, there and then settled with the men in full.

A CHINESE SOLOMON.

His Decision In a Case of a Woman With Two Husbands.

There was a Chinese judge named Wang, who was as wise as Solomon. Before Wang two men and a woman appeared. The older man was the woman's first husband. He had gone to the wars and been reported dead. Now he returned alive to claim his wife. But she meanwhile had married the younger man, who refused to give her up; hence all three came before Wang that he might decide this truly difficult case.

"Yang Ki," said the judge to the woman, "which of these two men made the better husband?"

"Both were perfect husbands, my lord judge," Yang Ki modestly replied.

So the judge told the men that he would keep the woman by him for a week, examining her thoroughly, and a week hence he would decide the case. Well, the week passed, and the two husbands came once more before the judge. He shook his head gravely and said to them:

"The woman, Yang Ki, has died. There is no case. Let her original husband take the body away from my house and pay for the burial."

"Ho, not I!" said the original husband. And, so saying, he darted from the court and was soon lost to view.

"You, then," said the judge to the other man, "must stand these burial expenses."

"Yes," the man answered, "that is just, and I will give this woman, who was good and kind, the finest burial my purse will allow."

The judge clapped his hands. Yang Ki, blushing and smiling, entered the courtroom in a rich dress of gold brocade.

"Take her," said the wise judge, "for you and not the other merit her love and service."

How the Rash Comes.

In measles a rash appears on the fourth day of the fever. It is first seen on the forehead, face and neck, afterward over the whole body. It consists of raised red spots. In scarlet fever the rash appears on the second day of the fever, commencing on the upper part of the chest and neck, whence it spreads over the body. In smallpox an eruption is seen on the third or fourth day on the face, neck and wrists. In chicken pox the eruption is made of small blebs. In typhoid fever the rash rarely shows itself before the seventh day of the fever. The spots are rose colored, and they disappear on pressure.

Diplomatic Politeness.

There are two kinds of politeness, politeness to yourself and politeness to others.

When you come home late at night, for example, even if you are very tired, always remove you hat and coat before getting into bed. It is little attentions like this that constitute you a gentleman. At the same time, do not disturb your wife if you can possibly avoid it. It is the height of rudeness to awaken a sleeping lady.—Thomas L. Masson in Lippincott's.

Confidence.

Mr. Golding—So you want to marry my daughter. Do you think that you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Jack Winsome—No, sir, but I can support her in a good deal better style than you lived in the first five years after you were married.—Somerville Journal.

An Easier Dose.

Johnny—The medicine ain't so nasty as it useter be, mommer. I'm gettin' used to it. Mommer—Do you take a whole spoonful every hour? Johnny—No'm; I couldn't find a spoon, so I'm usin' a fork.—Cleveland Leader.

Why Hindoos Don't Go Mad.

Why are there so few lunatic asylums and so small a proportion of insane persons in India? That is a question which many a traveler has wonderingly asked. The Hindoos regulate their lives entirely in accordance with their religion—that is, their working, eating, sleeping, as well as what we usually regard as our "life" in the religious sense of the word. Everything is arranged for them, and they follow the rules now just as they did 2,000 years ago. This constant observance of the same rules for twenty centuries has molded the brains of the race into one shape, as it were, and, although their rites are queer enough, yet there is but an occasional example of that striking deviation from the common which is called insanity in countries inhabited by the white race. They are fatalists too. With them it is a case of "what is to be will be" carried to the extreme. This has in time given them the power to take all things calmly and so freed them from the anxiety that drives so many white men into the lunatic asylums.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—First Quarter, For Feb. 27, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. vii, 13-29. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Matt. vii, 21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Life eternal is the gift of God in Christ Jesus and can be obtained only as a free gift wholly apart from any works or merit of ours. But He came to give us not merely life, but life abundantly (Rom. vi, 23; John x, 10). All who have eternal life shall enter the kingdom, but there may be an abundant entrance into the kingdom (John iii, 3, 5; II Pet. i, 10, 11). There may be a saved soul and a lost life, a saved soul and no service to be rewarded, no crowns to cast at His feet, but such is not His desire for His redeemed (I Cor. iii, 11-15; II John 8; Rev. iv, 10). Concerning life as the gift of God, Jesus Christ Himself is the way, and the only way, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved (John xiv, 6; Acts iv, 12). While any one who will may enter through this strait gate upon this narrow way, comparatively few find it because few are willing to acknowledge themselves lost and deserving of hell and, pleading guilty, put all their trust in the precious blood of Christ.

The gate is entirely too strait for any who insist upon bringing with them a single shred of their own righteousness, and the way is too narrow to permit any but the Lord Himself and those who are wholly His to walk with us in it. Let us, however, praise God for the words "Him that cometh" and "whosoever will." In Luke xiii, 24, 25, we read that a time will come when many will seek to enter in and shall not be able, but that time is not yet, for the door is still open and the Lord waits to be gracious. He has not yet risen up to shut the door. The false prophets are abounding more than ever in these days, concerning whom the Lord said long ago, "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied;" "They are prophets of the deceit of their own heart" (Jer. xxiii, 21, 26). Those who deny the supernatural birth of Christ or His deity or His suffering in the sinner's stead or His literal resurrection from the dead are not bearing messages from God, but from the great adversary. Yet multitudes are willingly deceived by the god of this world, who is in so many ways blinding the minds of them who believe not.

Many of those who deceive and are being deceived seem to bear a form of good fruit, but that cannot be good fruit in the sight of God which does not proceed from the True Vine. The Lord Jesus said that false Christs and false prophets should arise who would show great signs and wonders and, if possible, deceive the very elect (Matt. xxiv, 24). The Spirit through Paul said that Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light (II Cor. xi, 14).

While it is true that God gives eternal life as a free gift to all who truly believe, apart from any works of ours, as the Spirit teaches everywhere, yet it is equally true that no mere word of mouth which is not born of the heart amounts to anything, and where there is a living faith, a faith that saves, there will be a life corresponding. "Not every one that saith, but he that doeth." The light must shine, the works must be manifest, according to Eph. ii, 10; Tit. iii, 8. But these works must be works wrought by God through us; otherwise, however good they may seem to men, they will not stand. According to verse 22, there may be teaching and casting out demons and many wonderful works, but all disowned of God. Note carefully this teacher who says, "Many will say to me in that day; * * * then will I profess to them: I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." He is the same King who will say to some, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels" (xxv, 41). He is the appointed judge of all mankind, to whom every one shall give account, either at His judgment seat for believers or at the great white throne a thousand years later. Jesus is God, the only Saviour of sinners, the Great Head of the church, the Messiah of Israel, the King of kings and Lord of lords, the only one with whom we have to do, and with us it is a question of life or death.

Shall we hear His word and believe it and receive Him and live, or shall we turn our backs upon Him and His word and make lies our refuge and perish? His word is truth; He is the truth and the only foundation. All else is a lie and from the adversary, but His wrath shall sweep away the refuge of lies (Isa. xxviii, 16, 17). We are either in the ark and safe from the coming storm or outside and under the wrath of God. We do not wonder that the people recognized an unusual power in His words, for in Him was fulfilled the prophecy, "I will put My words in His mouth, and He shall speak them unto them all that I shall command Him" (Deut. xviii, 18). If we are His faithful messengers and will speak only His message we can count upon His honoring His own word, even as He assured Jeremiah (Jer. i, 7-9) and the apostles (Matt. x, 20, 40) and manifested it in Stephen and the others (Acts ii, 41; vi, 10; x, 44; xiv, 1).

Fair Exchange, Yet a Robbery.

While Gustave Dore was at Ischl and wandering about the mountains he became much interested in a country wedding and sketched it on the spot. He put the sketch into a book in the pocket of his paletot and went back to the hotel to dinner. After dinner he looked for the sketch. It was gone. Angry at the theft, the artist called the landlord and made complaint, but no trace of the book was found. From Ischl Dore went to Vienna, and there he found a letter and a parcel awaiting him. The letter, which was anonymous, read thus:

"Sir, I stole your book at Ischl. The sketch was so charming that I could not resist the temptation of having it in my possession, and I knew very well you would never consent to sell it to me. But theft is neither my trade nor my habit, and I beg you to accept as a souvenir of my crime and my enthusiasm for your talent the walking stick which will reach you at the same time as this letter."

The cane was one with a massive gold head in which was set a gem of value.

PIE FOR BREAKFAST.

Once Considered as Much a Virtue as Early Rising.

I am aware that, according to the latest edition of the revised statutes, eating pie at breakfast is now a penitentiary offense, punishable by hard labor on the farm for a period not exceeding eighty-five years. But it once shared with early rising the reputation of a virtuous act. There are people today who are well thought of in the community—who even "dress for dinner," bless your heart—who have, none the less, eaten pie for breakfast and have tipped back on their chairs' hind legs and sat thus with such a smile upon their faces as spoke of peace with all the world, themselves included.

But nowadays merely to talk of so much fried stuff, pork and eggs and potatoes and pancakes and so much sweet stuff, molasses, fruit preserves, coffee cup a puddle of sugar, pie and all that, sends us who hear it to the kitchen cupboard, where the cooking soda is, first aid to the indigestive. To eat such a meal seems hardly less barbarous than wearing feathers in a scalp lock. But remember that we didn't work all day yesterday from before daylight till after dark. We didn't tumble into bed and fall sound asleep ere ever our heads had touched the pillow, so anxious was the night shift of the body's repair gang to get on the job of tearing out old tissues and putting in new. We didn't waken in the morning to find a hurry order for more raw material hanging on the hook, and we didn't put an edge like a broken bottle on that hurry call by stirring around at fifty-seven kinds of temper snarling chores.

We haven't before us a whole long morning with a mall and glut, splitting rails or breaking up new ground with a balky team—a morning so long that it becomes a young eternity about 10:30 o'clock, when the front of the body below the waist begins again to chafe and grind on the backbone in spite of all the fats and sweeps that can be put in between at breakfast to act as fender.—Everybody's Magazine.

FIRST CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Sheets of Horn Protected the Pages From Soiled Fingers.

The earliest English book for children was "The Babies' Book, or a Lyttl Report of How Young People Should Behave." The horn books existed in Elizabeth's reign. The writing was covered with a sheet of horn in order to protect the lettering from contact with dirty fingers.

The chap book contained most of the familiar nursery rhymes and stories which have appertained to nursery lore for generations. They exhibit very crude woodcuts, often daubed with inappropriate color, and the commonest paper as a rule was used. They were hawked about by the chapman or peddler and cost only a few pence apiece.

They served to perpetuate such familiar ditties as "Sing a Song of Six pence," which dates from the sixteenth century; "Three Blind Mice," in use, with music, in 1609; "The Frog and the Mouse," in existence in 1580, and "Girls and Boys Come Out to Play," which was sung by the villagers in the time of Charles II. "Little Jack Horner," we know, is older than the seventeenth century, and last, but not least, "Lucy Locket," the tune from which originated "Yankee Doodle."

A few of what were called "battledoor books" have been handed down to us. They were three leaved cards which were folded up into oblong pocket shaped volumes. These taught reading and numerals in the dame schools in town and country. The little gilt books, as they were called, adorned on the outside with gilt Dutch paper colored flowers, were much prized gift books of that period. Children were employed coloring such picture books by hand, one child doing all the red in the series of illustrations, another all the blue, and so on. Of course they gained precision by repetition, but we very often find the tints overlapping as if carried out by an inexperienced hand.—London Queen.

SUPPRESSED.

A Story That Won a Prize and Yet Was Never Published.

A number of years ago a series of prizes for the best detective story was offered by a certain well known western newspaper, and the late F. R. Burton, in collaboration with a fellow craftsman, entered the competition. Their story, the theme of which involved an ingenious method of robbing a safe in spite of the protection afforded by a time lock, was one of the five which won prizes, and the authors' portraits were duly published in the issue of the paper which announced the result of the competition. The prize money, constituting a considerable sum, was promptly paid over, but to the author's surprise, although the other four winning stories were published, that of the time lock failed to appear. After a few weeks a representative of the paper called upon Mr. Burton, explaining that the editor was anxious to know what authority he had for his story and whether it would really be possible to rob a bank after the fashion that he had set forth. With the help of a pencil and a few diagrams Mr. Burton easily proved the accuracy of the method to the apparent satisfaction of his interviewer and thereafter looked forward to a prompt appearance of the story. But a few days later the secret of the delay was revealed. A special envoy of the paper waited upon him, full of consternation and apology, and prepared to make any amends within reason, but was emphatic in announcing that it was absolutely impossible to publish the story, because after expert investigation they had become convinced that if it should appear in print it would destroy the protective power of every time lock safe in the country, and the representative of the newspaper did not take his leave until he had obtained what Mr. Burton under the circumstances easily granted—a signed agreement releasing the paper from its obligation to publish the story and solemnly pledging himself not to attempt to publish it elsewhere. Accordingly the curiosity piqued by this bit of inside history is likely never to be gratified.—Bookman

Her Mild Complaint.

Patient Parent—Georgie, what do you think I found in my bed last night? Georgie—What was it, mamma? Patient Parent—A railroad train and a fire engine.—Harper's Bazar.

Sure.

Mrs. Church—Are your children being brought up to help themselves? Mrs. Gotham—Oh, yes; I never lock the cooky jar!—Yonkers Statesman.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 8 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5 25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9 25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 25 p m until 9 55 p m) 10 25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6 55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 55 p m, 10 25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6 32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12 32 p m until 9 32 p m SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9 32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6 02 and every 60 minutes until 11 02 p m, then 11 32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2 02 p m until 11 32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7 32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11 02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5 22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1 22 p m until 10 22 p m., then 11 00 p m)

SUNDAYS—6 52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10 22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Woburn, Mass

His Tokens of Farewell.

Among the legends that have gathered around Sir Alfred Jones' name is one to the effect that he was in the habit of signifying to an office visitor by offering him a banana, that he desired to end the interview. If the banana was accepted and the call prolonged Sir Alfred arose and presented his visitor with a fine flower from one of the glass stands in his office. But, supposing his visitor stayed after the flower—well, the legend continues. Sir Alfred then offered a pass to the West Indies on one of his small steamers, with a free holiday for six weeks at his hotel.

It is told, however, that on one occasion Sir Alfred got the worst of the banana trick. A young reporter called on him to learn on behalf of his newspaper something about the shipping conflict. When, after a ten seconds' conversation regarding the weather, Sir Alfred's hand was straying toward the banana plate, the reporter hooked a couple of bananas out of his own pocket. In the sweetest tone of innocence he said, "Will you have a banana, Sir Alfred?"—Westminster Gazette.

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VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 16

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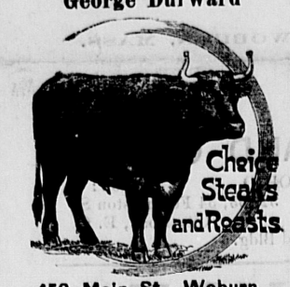
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.39 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.45, 3.45, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5. m., 2.30, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 9.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.30, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 9.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 9.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 9.45 a. m., 2.40, 6.30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

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Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at .30 p. m. Saturday at 5.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

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13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
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23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Veraes St.
44	Montvale Ave., opp. Green street.
46	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
47	Central St. opp. school-house (Montvale).
48	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
49	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
51	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
52	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
53	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
54	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
55	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
56	Main Street near Ash street.
57	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
58	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
59	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
61	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
62	Main St., opp. Salem St.
63	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
67	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
68	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
69	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
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This manner of expressing difference of rank prevailed under Louis XIV and his successors down to the French revolution. To the chairs elaborately carved succeeded the armchair, so called in these times, which, with unimportant variations, is much the same as in the reign of Louis XIV. Specimens of the stools used by the favorites and ladies of honor of the king and queen may still be seen in the royal palaces of France. They were changed into the modern parlor chair by simply adding a back, which has hardly made them more comfortable.—Westminster Gazette.

Glory is, after all, the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity.—Renan.

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Revealed By Fire

What a Discarded Lover's Heroism and Sacrifice Brought Him.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.

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The full September moon shone down upon a little cabin on the dry prairies of western Kansas, lighting up the faces of a young man and woman who were slowly walking up and down the open space before the door.

"I was so happy, Rachel," the man said, glancing at the strong, beautiful face of his companion, "when I heard your school up in the Wyoming mountains was closed and you were coming home. I thought you were coming to stay this time. I hope so, for, Rachel, I've loved you a long time."

Dan Southard leaned toward the girl to study the effect of his avowal on her.

But Rachel Winton betrayed no emotion.

She merely turned her dark eyes from the man's eager face and looked off across the moonlit prairie.

"I've been working and waiting, Rachel," he continued, his voice husky with feeling, "until I had something to offer you. I was sure you wouldn't give up teaching for just anything—you're not that kind.

"But I've loved you ever since two years ago, when we all came out to these prairies together in our covered wagons. I remember, after we were here, how bravely you worked to help your parents get started off comfortably before you went with your uncle to Wyoming to teach that ranch school."

"Dan," she exclaimed almost sternly, "I haven't ceased to remember our old house, which father lost on that security debt, the home we were forced to leave when we came here. Mother and I were not very brave, for we shed tears most of the way, though no one knew it. We came because it was the only thing to do, but this pioneer life is a hard, hard one.

"In my heart I am at war with it and always have been. It takes away youth and kills all high and noble ambitions. See how mother has aged during the two years we have lived here. It makes me bitter. That's why I go back to teach. I'm going to make enough to take them away from this life."

"But, Rachel," he pleaded, "you shall never work as your mother has had to, I promise it," then suddenly, with a catch in his voice, "Say, girlie, there's no truth in the report about your caring for that rich Wyoming ranchman?"

"Mr. Miles has been very kind to me," she answered without pretending not to understand. "He has offered to let father and mother have the lovely home he owns in Denver if I'll marry him. It would be an ideal place for them to end their days in."

"My God, girlie! I couldn't stand it to see you the wife of another!" the young man cried, his strong frame shaken with emotion.

"You mustn't care so much, Dan," she returned, tender pity for his suffering making her tones kind. "Get a better girl to share your home—one who will love you enough to make the best of this hard life."

"Never, never, Rachel!" he answered, with passion. "I love only you. If you could but read my heart and see how much you would surely care just a little for me. Your ranchman, rich as he is, will never love you as I do, Rachel! Never!"

"I couldn't love any man well enough to give up all I enjoy and settle down to this isolated life, this continual treadmill of drudgery," she retorted, turning away, then in a milder tone, "Forget me, Dan."

Forget her! That he would never do—he never could. There was a time—it was when they lived in their covered wagons and camped at night by the trail; yes, and even after they were settled here—that he had thought she cared for him.

Those had been the happiest days in Southard's life. He had never dreamed that she hated those free, rolling prairies so intensely.

Blind to this, he had been toiling on his new claim to get things in good shape before asking her to marry him.

Bitterly now he felt that it was all labor lost, for without Rachel Winton nothing was worth while.

After gazing at the girl a moment in silent reproach Southard walked over to his tethered horse, mounted and rode away.

The moon climbed higher as Rachel stood looking after the vanishing horseman.

"Poor Dan!" she murmured. "He is so strong and good. Father and mother love him like a son, but I just can't, can't!" And the tears gathered in her eyes.

"I was intended for something better. If I wasn't, why should I dislike the rough, crude ways of pioneer life so terribly?"

With this question on her lips Rachel Winton entered the cabin, where her parents were already asleep, and sought her couch.

For a long time she lay awake, her mind, much against her will, busy comparing young Southard and Mr. Niles.

Dan's clear cut but somewhat boyish face lost nothing by comparison with that of the bearded, middle aged ranchman who had been wooing her persistently for the past year.

Life with one meant the unceasing drudgery of the prairie farm; with the other, wealth to enable her to live wherever she might choose herself and also give her parents a comfortable home.

But which of the men held the key to her heart?

Really she could not tell, but she grew drowsy making herself believe she would be able in any event to compel her mind with its power of judging wisely to control her heart.

Toward midnight she was aroused by a strange pungent smell pervading her little room. Her breathing was not quite free. What could it mean?

She lay for a minute dazed, yet with what sense she could command, trying to discover the cause of the odor that was gaining in strength and stifling power.

Suddenly a great crimson light illumined the small window. With a quick movement Rachel sprang from bed, and as she did so there came to her ears the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs on the prairie road.

Then she heard Dan's voice burdened with awful import.

"Rachel!" he called. "Mr. Winton! Get up! Get up quick! The prairie is on fire!"

"Father! Mother!" the girl called, running to their bed. "Get up! Do you hear? There is a big fire. Yes, Dan," she called from the window as she helped her mother to dress.

"There's not a minute to lose," Southard called back. "The fire is sweeping this way as fast as a strong wind can bring it."

There had been no rain for three weeks, and everything was dry as tinder.

The Wintons understood the terrible danger impending.

Not only the cabin, but stock, crops, even they themselves, were at the mercy of those leaping flames.

"Bring the blankets, quick!" shouted Southard. Obeying him instantly, Rachel dragged every blanket out of the house.

Dan had ridden his horse to the little spring in the hollow and was rapidly filling every pail he had been able to find about the place.

Acting under his directions, the girl mounted her father's pony, and she and Dan carried water for Mr. and Mrs. Winton to wet the blankets, this being their only means of fighting the fire.

How they worked and fought! It seemed as if the whole world was arrayed against them, and all the while the moon looked down, cold and uncaring, while the fire swept fiercely onward until it caught in a row of dry cornstalks that reached nearly to the cabin. Here the battle must be fought with renewed energy.

The smoke of the burning grass and grain assailed their nostrils, scorched their throats and blinded their eyes, but with hands torn and blistered they toiled on.

When the old couple fell back overcome Dan and Rachel took their places with the heavy wet blankets and worked side by side. Inch by inch they beat back the angry flames.

Even in that terrible situation the girl felt a singular strength and coolness in working by Southard's side. She felt that the enemy must yield to such grand and compelling superiority.

When the fire attacked them from another vulnerable point it was Dan's exhaustless energy that saved the day.

By sacrificing a patch of ripe grain through a prompt back fire, the foe was met and made to recoil in wrathful flames upon itself.

After a time the great body of the fire swept away northward, having consumed everything of the Wintons' except cabin and stock.

With a thankfulness in their hearts for the preservation of these, the old couple entered the house and threw themselves upon the floor.

Then Southard and Rachel came back with weary, lagging feet from their last successful onslaught.

"Everything's safe now, Rachel," he said huskily, starting toward his horse.

"Dan," she questioned, a queer choking in her throat, "you are not going now?"

He stopped and looked at her. She had never appeared more beautiful to him than now, with the marks of that great fire battle upon her face and tattered dress.

"All we have left we owe to you, Dan," she went on, noting his scorched face, bleeding hands and burned clothing.

Then she placed her blackened hand on his shoulder. How he trembled under that touch.

"I don't feel as if I could bear to have you leave us, Dan." There was a tender pleading in her tones.

"The danger's over, Rachel," he reassured her, "and I must ride all the way to Westfield before daybreak."

"Why to Westfield?" she asked.

Without a word he pointed across the blackened prairie toward his claim.

Only a mass of smoking ruins marked the place where his house and stable had been. She understood.

"You left all you had to come to us, Dan," she said, with a sob. "Now you have nothing left. Without your help everything here, even our lives, would have been sacrificed. Oh, Dan, the light of that fire has given me a sight of my own heart! I see that the true life for me is right here, and if you'll let me I'll help you make another home."

"Rachel!" he cried. "You can't mean it! Do you really love me?"

"I have loved you all the time, my knight of the prairies," she answered as his strong arms gathered her to his breast.

Conceited.

Phyllis—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met. Maud—What makes you think so? Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual and in every respect a paragon, and then he wants me to marry him!

Tickling in the Throat

"Just a little tickling in the throat!" Is that what troubles you? But it hangs on! Can't get rid of it! Home remedies don't take hold. You need something stronger—a regular medicine, a doctor's medicine. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral contains healing, quieting, and soothing properties of the highest order. Ask your doctor about this. No alcohol in this cough medicine. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

Constipation positively prevents good health. Then why allow it to continue? An active liver is a great preventive of disease. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. What does your doctor say?

A WOMAN'S TACT.

The Actress Spoiled a Scene, but Soothed the Angry Star.

There is a pretty story of Modjeska and a new leading woman who was to play the part of Elizabeth in Schiller's dreary play, "Mary Stuart."

The new leading woman, who was to assume the part of the red haired sovereign, was a beautiful young person whose acting experience had been limited to a few seasons in modern society plays. On the night of the first performance, in the most important scene of the drama, where the captive Mary confronts Elizabeth in Fotheringay park, all was not well. The new leading woman, wearing a wig for the first time in her career and looking uncomfortable in the high Elizabethan ruff, was ill at ease in the beginning, and, losing one of the chief words and thereby the meter from her opening lines, she began to flounder and soon "dried up" completely.

This left Schiller's unhappy Mary standing in the center of the stage waiting to be adequately insulted. But Elizabeth's mind was a blank, madam could see that, and, jumping to her last speech, the curtain was brought down. Everybody on the stage was distressed. But instantly the beautiful young woman, disguised as the irate Elizabeth, rushed to the star's side and said:

"Dear madam, I am so sorry, but you know you do look so lovable in this part it was impossible for me to say those terrible things to you!"

For a second there was a mixed expression on Modjeska's face, and then she forgivingly patted the speaker's cheek and walked away.—Metropolitan Magazine.

THE STAGE DRINK.

Some Sarcastic Comments Upon Its Terrific Potency.

What we have always noticed about the stage drink is its terrific potency. That there are other points of interest in this thing we do not deny, and we are inclined to agree with a writer in one of the weekly papers who says that "our actors, even the best and most experienced of them, haven't the faintest notion of how to drink naturally and with the air of men who are enjoying the process." And we have frequently noted that curious unspillable quality in the musical comedy drink. In this particular type of potation, which is set to music and which we may call the gay drink, the careless gestures of the flagon holders, who do not actually drink until they have waved the goblet upside down, have been known to make strong and thirsty galleryites burst into tears, commingled with reproaches. When falsely accused Frederick suffers a momentary attack of depression and decides to set out for territories exclusively canine he pours into a small liquor glass a little very pale brandy and, with a desperate cry of frenzy and despair, drinks it at one go. Sometimes it is half a glass of noncorporeal claret. But the result is the same. Falsely accused Frederick instantly starts his Apache dance with the grand pianoforte, and friends who believed in him, entering at that moment, say, "Good heavens, he's drunk!" The drink is potent. It cannot always be a case of weakness of head.—London Globe.

No Beggars In Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is a city of 500,000 inhabitants. During a week's stay I have seen no seller of matches or boot laces, no gutter merchant, no blind or other afflicted persons about the streets asking for alms—not one single sign of distress due to poverty. I have explored the artisans' quarters by day and late at night. There is not a single spot in the whole of Copenhagen that could be compared even remotely to the slums in our large towns. There are no unemployed hanging about the street corners, no unkempt women standing idly at the doors, no ragged and dirty children playing in the gutter. There are no dirty houses, with dirty or broken windows, mended with bits of paper and a ragged apron or a torn bedcloth doing duty for a curtain.—Denmark Letter in London Express.

An Ancient Greek Relic.

As a memorial of their victory in their final and desperate struggle at Palatea to hurl back the invading east the ancient Greeks made a tripod from the golden cups of the Persians' table and the bronze of their soldiers' armor. It bore on its sides the names of every city whose soldiers fought and fell in the supreme moment of a nation's life. That tripod still exists at Constantinople, a national relic which has endured longer than the states whose deeds it consecrated.

A Paradoxical Reply.

"Doctor, do you think eyeglasses will alter my appearance?" inquired Mrs. Gunson anxiously.

"I shall at least expect them to improve your looks," replied the physician.—Lippincott's.

The Boy's Bit.

"You seem to have got your boys interested in mythology very nicely."

"Yes; I explained to them that Hercules held a championship."—Washington Herald.

Sure Test.

She—They held a mirror over her face to see if she was alive. I don't understand that. He—Why, you see, if she was alive she'd open her eyes and look in it.

GUARDED BY ICY WIND

A Frigid Convict Station In the Northeast of Siberia.

THE COLDEST SPOT ON EARTH

No Precautions Are Necessary Against Escape at Verhoyansk—When the Wind Blows, Half an Hour In the Fierce, Biting Cold Means Death.

The coldest place in the world one would naturally expect to be either the north or the south pole, but it is not. It is a village in the northeast of Siberia named Verhoyansk.

There the average temperature of the three worst winter months is 53 degrees F. below zero, which means 85 degrees of frost. During January the average temperature is 56 degrees below zero, or 88 degrees of frost. On one occasion the thermometer registered the remarkable figure of 120 degrees of frost! The average January figure for London, on the other hand, is 7 degrees above freezing point.

But in Verhoyansk most months are winter months. July, curiously enough, is as hot there as in London, but the shadow of the terrible winter hangs over even the warmest months.

Even in midsummer the forests which surround the desolate plain in the center of which Verhoyansk stands are withered and gray. The grass is colorless. The few flowers are odorless. The bare soil of the plain itself refuses to produce vegetables of any kind. The ground is frozen hard to an incredible depth.

No farming, of course, is possible. There are no cattle or poultry. All food is imported. Why, then, does this little village exist? It is a convict station, and its population of 400 is made up of officials and exiles.

No precautions against escapes are needed. Prisoners are known to have gone mad with the loneliness of the place. But no one has ever been mad enough to try to escape. Verhoyansk, strange though it sounds, is guarded by the wind. A gale when the thermometer stands at 30 or more below zero will destroy every living thing that is not under shelter.

One of the many curious facts about cold is that intense cold is in itself easy to bear provided the air is still. One traveler has declared that he has often felt colder in Piccadilly on a damp day in November than during his entire stay in Verhoyansk, where the thermometer sometimes showed 90 degrees of frost.

The reason is that at Verhoyansk the air is intensely dry, and dry cold does not penetrate far. With a tent at night and warm furs in the daytime one can be quite comfortable, however low the temperature.

But let a wind once rise and things are different. As Verhoyansk is the coldest place in the world, the few winds that come must bring warmth. But then all winds carry moisture. And so we have the curious fact that, though one may be quite comfortable with the thermometer showing 60 degrees of frost, if a wind springs up and adds 20 or 30 degrees of warmth to the air one has to fly for dear life to shelter.

Half an hour in that fierce, biting cold means death. But the intense dry cold that is Verhoyansk's normal weather is, if not so dangerous, quite as powerful in its effects. In that icy stillness an iron ax head dropped on the ground smashes like glass. A board of unseasoned wood, on the other hand, freezes hard as iron.

De Windt in his travels in this region carried his milk in solid cubes in a net attached to his sleigh. His thermometers all burst, for at the Verhoyansk temperatures quicksilver freezes and can be hammered like copper. It has indeed been turned into bullets and shot through a deal board.

All he could find of a case of claret were a few lumps of red ice and some splintered glass. But what troubled him most was the discovery that it was impossible to smoke. At 40 degrees below zero frozen nicotine blocks the stem of the pipe, while cigarettes or cigars freeze to the lips.

It must be embarrassing to find, as one does when the thermometer reaches 80 below, that one's very breath falls at one's feet in a fine white powder. A mustache becomes a torture—a heavy, solid lump of ice. To lay a bare hand on metal means that the skin will stay where it touches. A careless traveler once witlessly left a shirt outside his hut to dry. When he picked it up again it bent and almost broke. When swung through the air it made a noise like theatrical thunder.

At these temperatures many usually trusty articles, such as combs and razors and knife handles, shrivel or bend or break.

Verhoyansk is a huddle of mud plastered huts along one straggling street. The windows are of ice, so that candles are needed both summer and winter. Twenty miles away, across a dismal plain of snow, lies a low, black line of pine forests.

On the other side is the frozen river, from which dense, unhealthy mists roll up for weeks together in the autumn. There are not flowers in spring, and summer is dingy. Perhaps they are right at Verhoyansk in looking forward to the long months of winter. But it is not a cheerful place.—Pearson's Weekly.

The order of society is founded on human misery and imbecility, and these are foundations which will never crumble.—Anatole France.

Enlightening Rollo.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is an egotist?"

"An egotist, my son, is a burnt match that thinks it was the whole fireworks."—Washington Star.

The Medium.

"Papa, what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender, my son."—Exchange.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1910.

ENDORSED.

The Editorially expressed disbelief of the JOURNAL, published a few weeks ago, in the effect of forests on rivers running through, or on waters near, them, has lately received unqualified endorsement by no less a renowned scientific observer and experimenter than Chief Moore of the U. S. Weather Bureau, an authority which no one will be likely to dispute. In a learned paper recently read by him he proved conclusively that "Forestation does not effect River Flow," thus coinciding in the JOURNAL'S opinion and endorsing the conclusions of the Commission appointed by the German government a few years ago to thoroughly investigate and report on the subject. After four years of experimenting the Commission reported that forests have no effect on waterflow.

FOR RECORD ONLY.

The call of the Naval Committee for Commander Peary's notes, data, maps, etc., taken in his successful progress to and discovery of the Northpole, does not mean, as some suppose, that any doubts exist as to the report of his great discovery, but are wanted merely as an official record to be incorporated in the Committee's forthcoming report to Congress on the subject of the finding of the Pole by Peary. Up to the time of the call for one no official record had been received by the Committee, and to make a complete report to Congress one was necessary.

That was all the request for an official record from Peary meant.

AN IMPORTANT CANVAS.

The oldest and leading Republican newspaper in the Middle West, the Chicago *Tribune*, is engaged in the praiseworthy task, just at present, of making a canvas of the Editorial Fraternity of the U. S., with a view of ascertaining the opinion of the Craft on the subject of the reelection of Speaker Joe Cannon to the next National House of Representatives, an office which he now fills with signal ability, impartiality, and honor; and, also, to obtain the preference of the Scribes for the Presidential candidate in 1912.

The result of the *Tribune's* canvas will make "mighty interesting reading," as the late lamented Horace Greeley was wont to say.

☞ The annual meeting and banquet of Towanda Club last Monday night was the best one they have ever enjoyed. The attendance was uncommonly large even for a banquet feast, and a fine fraternal spirit prevailed. In point of viands and service the supper was all that the most exacting epicure could ask for. It was partaken of with a keen relish by the scores of guests at the heavily laden tables. The after-dinner speeches were of the best and pleased the audience immensely. They were made by John W. Johnson, Herbert B. Dow, Frank B. Richardson, A. H. Linscott, Samuel W. Mendum, Frank Wetherel, George H. Evans, each one of which was heartily cheered. Hon. W. F. Davis, President of the Club, presided, and delivered an admirable address. There was good music, and pleasant social intercourse galore. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: William F. Davis, President; W. H. Fowle, H. B. Dow, Vice Presidents; J. C. Andrews, Secretary; Harry Brown, Treasurer; D. R. Beggs, Robert Duncan and W. A. Hubbard, directors. Officers' reports showed the club is in a prosperous condition.

☞ For an afterdinner speech at the Towanda Club annual election last Monday night Mr. John W. Johnson, President of the Woburn National Bank, took as a text: Woburn capital for establishing and promoting Woburn industries and interests: and he gave sound reasons for the adoption and maintenance of such a policy. Mr. Johnson has full faith in the future growth of Woburn in population, business, wealth and importance as a trade and manufacturing centre, and would, therefore, hasten the adoption of measures calculated to accomplish that desirable end. The business policy recommended and urged by Mr. Johnson for this city is a sound one and deserves, as it, no doubt, will receive the active endorsement of every business man and friend of the city. Within the last two or three years Mr. Johnson has furnished ample proof of his faith and confidence in the future prosperity and growth of his native town by large purchases of valuable business real estate, and the erection of buildings.

☞ One year ago to-day William Taft was inaugurated President of the United States to succeed Theodore Roosevelt, one of the best Presidents this Nation has ever had. Taft has done reasonably well so far, but has not had sufficient time to fully show what he is.

☞ The Irish residents of the National Capital are getting thin-skinned. They threaten war on the Postoffice Department to compel it to declare unmailable souvenir postcards that "ridicule Irishmen." Perhaps, they have forgotten "Yankee Adams," "Yankee Locke," "Yankee Loomis," and other playactors, who travelled all over the country, years age, and gave public exhibitions of the character, peculiarities of speech —the nasal and Yankee twang, drawl, dress, gait, etc.—who, in short, "ridiculed" the natives of New England, and never failed to draw big crowds of Yankees to see and hear them. And, later, how did the "Dutchmen" fare at the hands of funmakers?

☞ At a meeting of the City Council on the evening of Feb. 25, the petition of Tax Collector Golden for an additional Deputy for the collection of the poll taxes was denied. There were two reports from the Committee to be acted on, and on motion of Ald. Harold P. Johnson, who seems to carry a good, sound business head around with him, the minority report, which opposed the appointment of another Assistant Collector, was accepted and approved. Ald. Johnson made a strong point when he protested that the appointment would be a step towards creating a new office.

☞ Last week a prominent Democrat took advantage of his position as a witness before a Legislative Committee to renew the attack on the Middlesex county officers and to urge an early and thorough investigation of their official conduct and the condition of the county's financial affairs. He hinted at corruption, to which Chairman Gould of the County Commissioners and Sheriff Fairbain replied that such charges had no basis to stand on. They needn't have gone to that trouble, for everybody knows that Middlesex county's business is ably and honestly transacted.

☞ Mayor Hugh Murray has been invited by the Committee of Arrangements to attend the anniversary celebration of the birth of Robert Emmet, the great Irish Patriot, to be held under the auspices of the Clan na Gael of Greater Boston in Tremont Theatre, Boston, next Sunday, March 6. Hon. James H. Vahey is to preside at the celebration, and Hon. James M. Sullivan of New York, a distinguished Irish orator, is to deliver an address. It is expected that a large number of Woburn citizens will attend the anniversary exercises next Sunday.

☞ The Committee on Cities gave a hearing at the State House last Tuesday on a petition to allow Woburn to appropriate annually $2,000 towards the support of the Choate Hospital. The petition should be granted, for the Hospital cannot long maintain its usefulness without help from the city, either by an annual appropriation, or direct taxation, in which latter case it would be obliged to take over the Hospital and make it a city institution.

☞ Hon. Robert Luce of Somerville has inculcated another scheme for the settlement of labor disputes. As near as we can get at it the bill he has drawn up and is now before the House amounts to compulsory arbitration by employers and employees, and on that there exists a variety and diversity of public sentiment. The Labor Unions are opposed to this bill of Luce's, which he asks the JOURNAL to print. We'll look it over more carefully first.

☞ William R. Buchanan of Brockton stands more than an even chance of securing the Republican nomination at the 14th District Congressional convention tomorrow for a candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman Lovering. He is a newspaper man, and was Governor Douglas's private secretary. Judge Harris is a close second for the nomination.

☞ Tomorrow, March 5, the Republicans of the 14th Congressional District of Massachusetts are to hold a convention to nominate a candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman Lovering a few weeks ago. Gov. John D. Long does not seem to be in it for the nomination.

☞ We have received, with feelings of gratitude, from the Bureau of Statistics of the Commonwealth of Mass., "Municipal Bulletin No. 1," which is devoted to "Munical Receipts and Expenditures," and makes very entertaining reading indeed.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

William Davis—Citation.
New England Telephone.
Norris & Norris—Citation.
Johnson & North—Citation.
Edmund C. Coleman—Hay.
Carpenter-Morton Co.—Varnish.

— Mrs. A. B. Phillips has changed her residence from Littleton to 508 Main street, Woburn.

— The authorities of Wakefield and Reading have publicly determined that smallpox no longer exists in those fair, but lately afflicted, towns.

— Miss Annie A. Skinner has returned to her home on Montvale avenue from a visit to relatives at Birmingham, Ala.

— The Baraca Classes of several of the city churches have formed a Baraca gymnasium for the benefit of the young men who are pupils of the Sunday Schools.

— Easter Sunday is announced to arrive here on March 27, and it is high time the girls were looking over new stocks and selecting Easter bonnets.

— Since the completion of a new building for the manufacture of that chemical the Merrimac Works at N W. have turned out daily 10 tons of Arsenate of Lead.

— Mr. Coll Flint, a former Woburn resident, has moved to this city and will occupy the residence owned and formerly occupied by Thomas J. Feeney, off Warren avenue.

— A week ago today, the President, Mrs. Maria Cotton, read a paper before the Maternal Association in the First Congregational parlor on "The Bible in the House."

— The Woburn Grange entertained visitors from Wilmington and Billerica in 33 G. A. R. Hall last Monday evening, where was held a large and highly enjoyable Grange meeting.

— A meeting of the shareholders of the Woburn Cooperative Bank is to be held at 7 30 P. M., March 10, 1910, in the Bank's rooms in Dow's block, according to Secretary Buck's notice.

— A rainstorm 48 hours long ought to satisfy the most fastidious mortal out of jail. Such was about the size of the one that commenced operations here at 7 o'clock last Monday evening.

— The address of Eleanor Goode before the Alliance of the Unitarian church, which was announced in the JOURNAL on Feb. 25, to be delivered last evening, was necessarily postponed to April 7.

— The public school vacation of one week is to begin next Monday, March 7. That gives the youngsters 7 days for play, and 2 to go to meeting. Hope it will be good sliding down hill all the week.

— Rev. Dr. H. B Willliams is a member of the committee of Baptists chosen to get up a reception and banquet for 50 representatives of the religious sect called The Disciples at Ford Hall in Boston on March 23.

— Yesterday morning was one of the brightest, sunniest and fairest of the winter, or early spring. The temperature at 7 o'clock A M. was 32, which was a mild figure for a conclusion of a long N. E. rain, and March 3, at that.

— Next week (D. V) Mrs Charles Taylor of 23 Pleasant sreet and her favorite granddaughter, Miss Marion Taylor, 13 years, daughter of George, will go to North Berwick, Maine, to visit Mrs. T.'s esteemed cousin, Mrs. Jane Greenleaf.

— The Woburn Choral Society, the stellar musical organization in this city, and which is constantly increasing in size, ability and public favor, are to give their next concert early next month, for which weekly rehearsals are being held.

— There are at the present time 8 nurses in attendance at the Choate Hospital, and more might be employed if the accommodations for them and additional patients could be provided. It is a pity that the Hospital facilities are unequal to the demand.

— Mr. Fred H. Burdett of 623 Main street, this city, Treasurer of Burdett College, Boston, wife, son and daughter are in Bermuda there to remain until the dreaded "Boston East Wind" moderates and becomes less inimical to health and comfort.

— On some date this month Burbank W. R. C 84, are to celebrate, in a fitting manner, the anniversary of the organization of the Corps, at which a refreshing season is expected, to be experienced, in which the Woburn City officials, the Medford Post and Corps will take part.

— For twenty-two years Campbell's Varnish Stains have been used by house keepers everywhere for re-finishing Furniture, Floors & Woodwork. Nothing else will give as good satisfaction as the original. Insist upon getting "Campbell's." Holdridge Hardware Co. carries a line of all colors.

— An interesting talk was held by the B P. W. ex-Water Commissioner, E. G. Preston, Mr. James Skinner, and others, a few evenings since in B P. W. headquarters, over the water mains question, with especial reference to securing Legislative consent to borrow money with which to relay the mains.

— The following gentlemen constitute the Orchestra that the Sons of Veterans have lately organized: Forest Bezanson, violinist; Harlow Staples, pianist; Charles Frizzel, cornet; Sumner Webber, drummer; Robert Patterson, trombone; Winfield Smith, flute; Joseph Cosgrove, piccolo; Kermit Dockham, soloist.

— On Saturday morning, Feb. 26, the mercury was 8 above zero; on Sunday morning it was 40 above; and on Monday morning it was 52, with the fires all out, and a warm spring rain in active operation. Such sudden and severe changes in the weather has a tendency to "try men's souls," as at Valley Forge, where the Revolutionary Army wintered.

— The B. P. W., City Council, Overseers of the Poor, and Master Begley, discussed almshouse improvements, jointly, the other evening, but took no steps towards accomplishing the desired object. When something is decided on by the authorities the JOURNAL will tell the public all about it. The simple fact is, the city ought to have a new Almshouse.

— A large number of city officials and prominent citizens attended the hearing of the Legislative Committee on Water Supply at the State House last Tuesday on the petition to permit the City of Woburn to borrow $100,000 with which to relay its water mains. Their testimony was all in favor of Legislative authority to make the loan; but from some questions the Committee asked, it is possible the petition will meet with some opposition.

— The Gym Association recently organized by Sunday School classes began work last Tuesday evening in the M. E. Gym.

— St. Patrick's Day comes in a fortnight from yesterday. There is going to be a tremendous parade in Boston that day.

— Paul W. Norton has accepted a position with the Phoenix Bridge Co. of Phoenixville, Pa., and left here for that place a few days ago.

— Members of the Boston School of Grand Opera are to give a concert in Lyceum Hall on April 8 under the auspices of the Womans Club.

— Young Thomas A. Kerrigan left here for the Philippine Islands last Monday, where he has a stenographic position in the U. S. War Department.

— His many friends are glad to learn that William McLaughlin of the firm of McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, has nearly recovered from a late sickness.

— The new pump at the waterworks is about ready for duty. It would be gratifying to find out whether Commissioner Kelley of the B. P. W. is satisfied with it, or not.

— Harry Blye, the hardware merchant, and a mighty good chap to deal or fellowship with, who has been sick, and part of the time bedfast, for a couple or 3 weeks, is OK and on deck again.

— Mrs. Dr. Lombard, sister of Mr Charles M Strout, who came here to attend the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Mary G. Strout, last month, returned to her home at Belfast, Maine, this week.

— Mr. Frank R. Clarke, former Submaster of the Woburn High School, and for some time past a student at the Harvard Medical School attended the funeral of his mother at Strong, Maine, last week.

— Mr. Thomes J. Feeney of Warren avenue, this city, last Tuesday, was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, for which he passed a successful examination some weeks ago at the end of a term of study considerably shorter than the regular course.

— Mr. Clarence W. Stetson, the widely known and highly successful Y. M. C. A. worker, and Submaster Maynor C. Brock of the High School are in New York together this week, where the former, by invitation, delivers an address before the Y. M. C. A. of the American Metropolis.

— There will be a meeting of those interested in New Thought subjects at the home of Mrs. E. H. Rice, No 20 Eaton street, Winchester, Tuesday, March 8 at 2 30 P. M. (Winchester, Stoneham and Reading cars pass Eaton street) Mrs. Fisher formerly of Denver, Colo., will speak. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

— After a spirited debate of the question the other morning by members of the High School Senior Class, it was decided, to the supreme disgust of the losers, that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, was a bigger man than Alexander Hamilton, the great National Financier.

— The idea prevails quite generally in this city and neighboring towns that no better, finer, or more stylish jewelry can be found in Boston than Smith & Varney keep full and the most desirable stocks of, and sell at less prices than the same kinds of goods are sold for at the Hub. Facts fully support that idea, and the upshot of it is: S & V. do a big business.

— The Woburn High School Baseball team have announced the date for opening their 1910 season of games as April 14, and the number of events, including the League ones, they have scheduled at about 20. The Managers anticipate a successful season, for the team is made up of good material, with some strong hands for principal positions. The League season is to be opened here on April 29, with the Peabody team versus the Woburn H. S.

— Yes, March came in as a Lamb, all right, and now all of us will wait patiently to see of what style its exit will be. A high temperature prevailed on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and, to some people, it seemed as though spring had really got along, and there could not possibly be "6 weeks sledding in March," as per the ancient saying. A heavy rain set in Monday evening and continued, with brief letups, until Wednesday. Thick fogs, also prevailed at times.

— Mr. Harlow Seeley, whose business is in Boston and home on Lawrence street, Woburn, is, as has been his custom for several years, staging some plays this winter for dramatic entertainments in Greater Boston, for which he has especial good taste and skill. He, at one time, talked of adopting playacting as a profession. In theatrical matters Kate Ryan, the favorite Boston actress, has been Harlow's "Guide, Counsellor and Friend" for several years past.

— According to the recently published report of Chief Tracy of the Fire Department there were in 1909 124 fire alarms, of which 69 were bell alarms and 55 still. The value of buildings in which fires occurred was $75,263 and the total loss on these buildings was $37,003 54, insured for $65,234. The amount of insurance paid was $28,171 27. The value of the contents of buildings in which fires occurred was $77,000; the loss on Contents, $38,392 86; insurance $62,380; insurance paid, $37,592 56.

— No town this side of the Berkshire Hills turns out smarter boys, or more of them, than this highly respectable old town of Woburn. Statistics, to a study of which we respectfully advise our readers, prove the truth of the assertion. The boys can't help it, for Woburn has the best secular and religious schools in the State, and why shouldn't its boys (and girls, too) be smart? Our thoughts reverted to this subject on the receipt of information that Arthur F. Ray of 33 Eaton avenue, this city, who, having successfully passed his final examinations will graduate from Harvard next June, has been appointed a U. S. Census Enumerator and assigned to the special work of the Department of manufactures. Which appointmentment is a feather in Ray's cap.

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NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Company

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. are moving into their fine new quarters in the Waldo Thompson block this week.

— It looks as though Spring, with its greatly desired "atherial mildness," is not far away. Last Wednesday morning a robin was seen on Warren avenue; the ground is as bare as in dogdays; and early this week Margaret Deland, the novelist, sold jonquils in Boston.

— Except, perhaps, the slight difference in outdoor temperature at this season of the year, it is fully as pleasant to visit Angelo Crovo's fruitstore on Main street, this city, a few doors west of the JOURNAL block, and meander around among the piles and stacks of tropical fruit therein kept on exhibition and for sale at low figures, as it is to wander away off to California, or Florida, or the West India Islands where so many people go of winters in vain pursuit of perfect bliss, and fail to find any finer fruit than that of which Crovo keeps, and Mrs. Crovo sells, at his popular store.

— The firm of Smith & Wallace, one of the most prosperous and squarest in Woburn, who, at their factory on the East Side, manufacture Electrical Railway Supplies, have become incorporated under the laws of this Commonwealth with a capital of $250,000, and the following officers: President, J Edward Wallace; V. P, A Otis Smith; Treasurer, George A Locke. The business of the firm has grown rapidly from the start, and to accommodate it new buildings have been erected at short intervals. Mr. Edward Johnson, Cashier of the Woburn National Bank, is a stockholder in the new corporation. He is a good business man, and will, it is supposed take an active part in the management of the affairs of The Smith & Wallace Company, as the concern was named at its incorporation. He is certainly a valuable acquisition to it.

— One evening last week the following officers of Woburn Chapter of Royal Arch Masons were duly installed the ceremonies being succeeded by a grand banquet and other good things. Mr. Fred A Flint has been Treasurer of the Chapter continuously for the last 25 years. It was a pleasant social affair: M. E. H. P., Benjamin T. Morgan; E K, Benjamin Lewis; E. S., William T. Carswell; Chaplain, Ex Companion Charles A. Sweetzer; Treasurer, Ex Companion Frederick A. Flint; Secretary, John M. Wallace; C of H, Companion George F. Arnold; P. S., Companion Edwin S. Parker; R. A. C, Companion George A Ambler; M. 3 V., Companion Harrie B Blye; M 2 V., Companion Sidney J. Hooper; M. 1 V., Companion Gladstone W. Henderson; S. S., Companion George R. Menchin; J S, Arthur F Heald; I S, Ex Companion C. Alonzo Pierce; Organist, Companion F. Percyval Lewis; Tyler, Companion Frank G. Richardson.

— We opine that the official headquarters of The Ramblers, a select social organization of this city, are at West Lebanon, York County, Maine, and if that is a correct surmise, the JOURNAL asserts, with entire confidence and due respect for the Club, that what the women members thereof do not know about victuals, and the best way to cook them, isn't worth the while of trying to find out. Such was the language employed by the Club after being royally entertained by Mrs. T. Marvin Parker and her daughter, Mrs. Effie J. Francis, at their pleasant and hospitable home, 31 Salem street, one day last week—T. Marvin being an interested spectator of the scene. It was a fine dinner that Dames Parker and Francis served to their guests at the old fashioned noon hour, and to remark that it was mightily enjoyed by everybody at the tables would be drawing it a great deal milder than the facts would warrant. Then there was a great variety of amusements and songs, and other pleasing things. The Ramblers were delighted, and hope the reunion will be repeated at the Parker home next year.

— Mr John Chisam of Alaska is here visiting his sister, Mrs. Peter Fraser and family on Court street.

— After five years of trade there the Hammond Clothing Co. wound up their business in Worcester and permanently retired last week.

— At the regular meeting of the City Council held last evening, Frank E. Tracy was reelected Chief of the Woburn Fire Department.

— Mrs. Bertha (George H) Taylor of 23 Pleasant street is visiting friends in New York City this week, and examining 1910 styles for Easter bonnets.

—The State Forester of New Hampshire will give a free lecture at the Boston Public Library on Friday evening, March 11, at 8 o'clock, on "Forestry in New England" All are welcome. Seats fill soon after 7.—H.

— Mr. Fred H. Rogers of this city, for many years, the efficient and popular Teller of the First National Bank of Woburn, has been appointed Examiner, or expert accountant, in the Coleman bankwrecking case in Cambridge, of which ex Gov. Bates is the receiver.

— It is rumored that Mr. Terrence J. Maguire is soon to retire permanently from the office of City Almoner, a position he has filled to the entire satisfaction of the public for the 5 years last past. Mr. Jones, present Clerk of the Board of Overseerers of the Poor, is to be Mr. Maguire's successor.

Billy, The Boy Artist.

He will Soon Cavort on the Stage Surrounded by Artist Models, Pretty Chorus Girls and all the Familiar Characters That Bill Plays Cartoon Pranks With.

It will not be long now before there will be produced on the Boston stage a musical comedy production of "Billy, the Boy Artist." It is under that title that hundreds of thousands of readers of the Boston *Sunday Globe* will recognize the series of cartoons which have appeared in the Sunday color supplement of that paper for over ten years, making the longest continued success of a cartoon series known in this country, with the possible exception of the Katzenjammer Kids. Ed Payne is the originator of those famous sketches.

Burlington.

There will be a lecture under the auspices of the Burlington Woman's Club at 4.30 Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. J E Crowley of Boston, her subject will be "Equal Suffrage." The meeting will be open to the public.

A Queer Ornament.

Some years ago we found in a secret drawer of a pearl embroidered workbox three locks of hair fastened to small enamel heart shaped mounts, with silver eyelets. Two were inscribed "R. C. obt. 16th April, 1664," "R. C. 1664." The third had no inscription at all. In this box I now keep an engraving of a portrait of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, which plainly shows the curl of hair in her left ear, attached to a pearl earring. The painting, by Gerard Honthorst, was engraved by G Vertue.

When I showed these hair earrings to a gentleman of some considerable learning he informed me that an uncle of Anne, wife of King James I., was afflicted by a malady, still prevalent in Poland and some parts of Russia which consists of a growth of hair and flesh pendent from the ear, on which it is dangerous to operate owing to the profuse hemorrhage which ensues. He added that in consequence of this royal infirmity a fashion arose in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of wearing locks of hair pendent from the left ears. I believe there is a portrait of a Stuart lady still at Ham House so adorned.—London Notes and Queries.

Rather the Other.

"Don't you know that tune? I forget the name of it, but it goes like this." And he whistled it.

After he had finished his friend turned to him with a sigh. "I wish to goodness you had remembered the name and not the tune," he said.—Lippincott's.

FOR 1910

A Herbrand Safety Razor.

The most Perfect and Useful Gift for a man. Something to be used every day of the year. Every man treasures a good Razor—and the Blade must be right. IT IS RIGHT in a Herbrand for it is Hollow Ground and made from steel such as your grandfather used. (No thin paper Blades) but a genuine Sheffield Hollow Ground Blade, and guaranteed to suit *every* man.

STANDARD SILVER PLATED SET Full Leather Case, Satin Lined $2.50



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Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Electric Horse Doctoring.

Much is said about the eventual disappearance of the horse and how electric service is more and more displacing the use of this animal Few people realize how much the horse is profiting by the development of the use of electricity. Stables are better lighted, more convenient and safer because electric light is used. Electric motors drive the clippers so neatly and cheaply that a horse with a ragged, fuzzy coat, when the spring moulting time comes around, is a rare sight.

Horse dentistry is an important part of the proper care of these animals now and electricity comes in handy here.

Chiropody plays a great part in the comfort of mankind; its practice has developed to such an extent that seldom does one now see people limping and cringing with pain-tor ured countenances upon our streets. Horses are also accorded the same consideration with presentday electric methods.

This Is An Easy Test.

Shake Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Man." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Feb. 25, William H. Begley, aged 32 years, 3 months, 15 days.

In this city, March 1, Chiara Tierno, aged 29 years, 3 months, 20 days.

BRECKS' REAL ESTATE AGENCY
51 & 52 NORTH MARKET ST. BOSTON.
CONNECTED WITH THEIR SEED HOUSE AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
Established 1822
A HOUSE WITH A REPUTATION

WE are having calls for property in your section. If you want to sell, write for our special listing blank.

ABSOLUTELY NO CHARGE UNTIL SOLD

If you want to buy send for our catalog of Farms and Country Places; 500 descriptions and 50 illustrations Free On Application.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Catherine L. Sicaras, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, Mass., deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN B. PEARSON, Adm.
Stoneham, Mass.
Feb. 14th, 1910. 18-20-4

HAY

FOR SALE and delivered in Woburn. Apply at 71 Wyman Street.

EDMUND C. COLMAN.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

LAND COURT.

To Richard J. Spencer of Woburn, Randall F. Smith of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex, and said Commonwealth; the heirs, devisees or legal representatives of Thomas Hastings, formerly of Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, deceased; and to all whom it may concern:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Jennie P. Brown of said Woburn, to register and confirm her title in the following described land:

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated at the junction of Franklin street and Flagg street in said Woburn, containing 9200 square feet of land, more or less, and bounded as follows: Southerly by said Franklin street there measuring about eighty-six (86) feet; westerly by said Flagg street there measuring about one hundred and one (101) feet; northerly by land of Randall F. Smith there measuring about seventy-eight (78) feet; and easterly by land of Richard J. Spencer there measuring about one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet.

The above described land is shown on a plan filed with said petition, and all boundary lines are claimed to be located on the ground as shown on said plan:

You are hereby cited to appear at the Land Court to be held at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, on the fourteenth day of March, A. D., 1910, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. And unless you appear at said Court at the time and place aforesaid your default will be recorded, and the said petition will be taken as confessed, and you will be forever barred from contesting said petition, or any decree entered thereon.

Witness, CHARLES THORNTON DAVIS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of February, in the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Attest with Seal of said Court.

[SEAL] CLARENCE C. SMITH, Recorder

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Charlie A. Jones late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Emily E. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of March, A.D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Let the Lenses be right—the work is badly done if the mounting is wrong. We spare no pains to have our Glasses scrupulously right in the smallest detail.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
75 Summer St.
and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge
Boston.

FRED GOWING,
Doctor of Osteopathy,
HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS,
BOSTON.
HOURS: 10 to 4.

SPECIAL FREE Lecture and Treatment every Thursday at 3 P. M.

Public cordially invited.

Telephone 22195 Back Bay, Boston.
" 105-2 Woburn.

Hogs Dressed

in firstclass manner. Also, Hogs bought and sold by

A. W. BOUTWELL,
Butters Row, Wilmington, Mass.

Special Sale

— OF —

National Biscuit Co.'s regular 10c package

Graham Crackers 3 for 25c.

10c. pkg. Baronets (Butter Thins) **3 for 25c.**

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

Vick's Seeds Yield Big Returns

To the Farmer because he is absolutely sure of profitable crops when he sows Vick Seeds. **To the Gardener** because high grade garden truck commands highest prices in all markets.

Vegetables and Asters grown from Vick's Seeds are to be exhibited at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 12 to 17, 1910. No entrance fee for this exhibit—just use Vick's Seeds. Ask for particulars.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. **Write right now** for a free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER—One packet Vick's Daybreak Aster, one packet Vick's Branching Asters (mixed colors), and our valuable book "How to Grow Asters," all for 10 cents.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, 143 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have **14,080** square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road **FOR SALE.** Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER, 379 Main St., Woburn.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

WINCHESTER.

George H. Carter has "consented" to his friends to vote for him for Town Clerk on March 7!

Nobody can deny that Charles S. Tenney, President of Calumet Club, is a fine looking man.

Our town newspaper says the Town Meeting next Monday "has every indication of being extremely lively." Undoubtedly.

On the evening of March 17, St. Patrick's Day, the Sunday School of St. Mary's church (Catholic) are to produce an operetta in Town Hall.

The Fortnightly bid farewell to winter on the evening of Feb. 28, with a fine entertainment. It was generously patronized, as it deserved to be.

Dentistry is being taught in our public schools to the great profit of the rising generation. Wonder what the next new study in our schools will be?

February has passed into the things that were. The month did not give us as much snow and sledding as usual, but there was a plenty of pretty near zero weather during the month.

The annual Town Meeting is to be held in Town Hall on Monday, March 7. It used, most commonly, to be called "March Meeting," but our folks outgrew that name several years ago. It is likely to be a lively one.

T. Price Wilson, who is connected with his father in the publication of the *Star*, is a caadidate for the office of Collector of Taxes, and his numerous friends expect he will win out in great shape at the Town Meeting next Monday. He is a capable and deserving young man.

To Mothers In This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Cynthia B. Goddard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Frank C. Goddard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the other having deceased, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of March A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Murphy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Katie F. Murray of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Carter late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Ada D. Carter, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jennie L. Knapp, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Nellie E. Davis, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling.

Boston Theatres.

THE CASINO.

If commendatory press notices and crowded houses are any criterion the acme of musical comedy excellence and novelty is combined in the newly constructed two act funmaker "The Green Sod Club" which will be presented at Waldron's Casino theatre commencing Monday afternoon, by Charles B. Arnold's famous Fads and Follies Extravaganza Company. The new piece which humorously and cleverly treats of the initiation of Michael Casey into "The Green Sod Club." The show is considerably above the ordinary because it exploits everything that is new and wholesome in the mirth provoking line.

KEITH'S.

Were it not for the fact that the bills at Keith's from week to week are entirely changed in character, it would be almost impossible to understand how Mr. Keith can keep up the present standard in vaudeville, for during the season there has been a succession of important features which a few years ago it would have been impossible to obtain. The coming week, for instance, will have Joseph Hart's big production, "The Futurity Winner," a stirring melodrama with an exciting horse race for a finish. The Company numbers 15 people and the principal scene which represents the quarterstretch at Sheepshead bay with 3 Kentucky Thoughbreds struggling for supremacy, is one of the most effective staged in years.

THE PARK.

The great interest theatre-goers have taken in William Hodge in "The Man From Home" at the Park Theatre Boston, does not seem to lessen. On the contrary it appears to be on the increase, if one is to judge by the enormous demand for seats two weeks in advance, now in its eleventh week of phenomenal engagement. "The Man From Home" neither waves the star-spangled banner nor screeches spread eagle screams of the red, white and blue, but it is American to the core and it is a solid, meaty, wholesome core. "The Man From Home" is the most absorbing interesting play America has produced, not only because of its splendid candid and fearless Americanism, but because of its sciutillating humor, its tender note of sincerity and its good, sound, melodramatic under current.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Another week of "The Spitfire" at the Castle Square will be necessary to satisfy the curiosity over this new comedy by Edward Peple which Mr. Craig has given its first production on any stage. From first to last it is a delightful entertainment, and the novelty of its scenes is only equalled by the humor of its dialogue and situations. Nothing is more enjoyable, both in a novel and in a play, than the romance and sensation of the sea, and in "The Spitfire" the audience is taken clear across the Atlantic ocean from France to America. Excitement mingles with the comic incidents in giving emphasis to the plot, and there is the utmost realism in the rescue of the hero, and in the wrecking of the yacht on the shores of New Jersey. "The Spitfire," as a matter of fact, is a play in which laughter is the dominant note, and the audiences at the Castle Square are responding twice a day to its vigorous and pleasant humor. The cast will remain unchanged, Mr Craig and Miss Young appearing in the leading roles, and excellent bits of character acting being contributed by the other members of the John Craig Stock Company "The Spitfire" will positively have its closing performances at the Castle Square next week, and it will be followed by a production of the romantic Irish play, "Tom Moore."

Allen's Lung Balsam

has been used successfully for years for deep-seated coughs, colds and bronchitis. Everybody should know about it. It is simple, safe and sure.

ARMY FLAGS.

The Largest Is the Garrison Flag. Twenty by Thirty-six Feet.

The largest ensign made is called No 1, and its dimensions are thirty-six feet on the fly and nineteen feet at the hoist, but this is very rarely used The largest flag used in the army is the garrison flag, with a thirty-six foot fly and a twenty foot hoist, which is displayed only on holidays and important occasions.

To describe the various designs and give the different dimensions of all the flags used in our army and navy would require several columns of space. There is a considerable number of flags of various kinds that have peculiar functions to perform. The amount of bunting required for the outfit of one of our battleships is something enormous, for, besides our own flags, she must be supplied with a varied assortment (some forty odd) of foreign national flags for display, as naval etiquette demands, when the high officials of other nations come aboard or whose waters our ships enter while on a foreign cruise.

All of these foreign flags are made at the Brooklyn navy yard.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

Helping Him.

Mr. Backward—Well—er—yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller. Miss Coy—To find out whom you will marry, eh? Mr. Backward—Why—er—yes. I— Miss Coy—Why not ask me and save the fortune teller's fee toward the price of the ring?

CRAWFORD IN KILTS.

The Novelist's Remark When He Saw Himself as a Child.

One of the best known guides in the capitol at Washington used to be Colonel Jasper E. Snow, formerly a Kansas City lawyer, who always sat in Republican conventions and voted for Blaine as long as there was a Blaine to vote for.

Colonel Snow used to tell this little story of the late Marion Crawford.

He had met Mr. Crawford in Florence, Italy, and when the novelist came to Washington Colonel Snow was the first person who showed him the doors made by the novelist's father, Thomas Crawford.

These are the senate bronze doors on the eastern portico. They represent scenes connected with the Revolution and the founding of the government.

The panel representing Washington's reception at Trenton when on his way to his inauguration in New York contains among the populace portrait figures of the sculptor, his wife, his three children and Randolph Rogers, the sculptor of the main doors of the capitol.

The novelist, who had never seen the doors before, quickly identified his mother and father.

"Yes," said he, "mother used to wear her hair just like that."

Then, gazing at the largest child, a Fauntleroyish figure in kilt, with long, flowing hair, he added speculatively:

"But I wonder if I ever really did look like that."—New York Sun.

A DUCK HARD TO KILL.

The Screaming Walloon Is Something of a Diver Too.

The screaming walloon is a hard duck to kill. Its hide is very tough and is thickly covered with feathers and down. Besides, the bird is a great diver, one of the kind that used to "dive at the flash" when hunted with the old arm that flashed when fired. It is of very little value for table use, being so tough. The only way to manage it at all is to skin it and parboil it in a big pot with plenty of water. The negroes make caps of walloon skins.

"They are great ducks for diving," says a well known Tred Avon river progger. "They can dive quicker, go down deeper, remain under water longer and come up farther away than any other duck that frequents our waters. I remember once I succeeded in killing a walloon, and, being short of game for the table, I determined to cook my bird. I got a negro to skin it, giving him the hide for his trouble. After being cleaned we put it in a great pot full of water and under it kindled a hot fire. After awhile I wanted to see how the cooking of my duck progressed and lifted the top off the boiling pot, but there was so much steam escaping I could not see into the pot and struck a match over it. The blamed walloon, sir, dived at the flash of the match. It disappeared and has never been seen since."—Baltimore Sun.

To Start a Tight Screw.

Lots of folks have tried to remove a stubborn screw from a piece of wood, a screw that won't budge at all, and have in the end given it up as a bad job. Well, if such a thing occurs again don't give it up, don't lose your temper or exert yourself, but try this recipe for removing the screw: Heat a poker red hot and then hold it against the screw head for a little while; wait a few minutes for the screw to cool down, when it will be found that the screw can be removed quite easily with the same screwdriver that just previously would not perform the work. The explanation is quite simple. The red hot poker heats the screw, and the screw expands and makes the hole it is in just a wee bit bigger. The screw then cools down and resumes its original size, leaving the hole in the wood a size too large—and there you are.—New York Sun.

Interesting For the Husband.

A titled lady warned her new gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse and of ordering in a reckless manner new plants to be bought.

"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him or he will ruin us with his extravagance."

At this point the new gardener turned on her a white and startled face.

"Ma'am," he said, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place on the rubbish heap I shan't ever have the pluck to douse him in cold water. Won't it do as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler and let it trickle gently down his neck?"—London Tit-Bits.

Very Thoughtful.

"Before we were married," said Mr. Meekton, "I showed my affection for Henrietta by serenading her."

"I suppose you neglect any such attentions now."

"Yes; I show my affection now by respecting her desire that I shall not try to sing."—Washington Star.

The Only Way.

"I wish I knew how to keep a servant."

"That man across the way can help you."

"Does he conduct an intelligence office?"

"No; he's an embalmer."—Houston Post.

Limited Experience.

Gentleman (hiring valet)—Then I understand you to have some knowledge of barbering. You've cut hair off and on? Applicant—Off, sir, but never on."—Boston Standard.

Something For Nothing.

Wise Old Uncle—Remember, Tommy, as you go through this world that you can't get something for nothing. Precocious Nephew—Oh, yes, you can, uncle! When I don't eat nothin' I git an awful pain in my stummick.—Chicago Tribune.

Undecided.

The dealer was busy filling bottles from a hogshead of wine.

"What kind of wine is that?" queried an innocent bystander.

"Don't know," answered the dealer. "I haven't labeled it yet."—Argonaut.

Hard Job.

Matrimonial Agent—Really, when I see those two whom I am going to introduce to each other I don't know to which I shall break it gently.—Fliegende Blatter.

The First Spat.

She—If I had known that you would scold I never would have married you. He—If I had known that you would marry me I would have scolded.

QUEER INDIAN BELIEFS.

The Five Worlds of the Bella Coola Sun Worshipers.

There is an odd feature in the theology of the small Indian tribe of the Bella Coola which inhabit British Columbia in about latitude 52. They believe that there are five worlds, one above the other, and the middle one is our own world, the earth. Above it are two heavens, and under it are two underworlds. In the upper heaven is the supreme deity, who is a woman, and she doesn't meddle much with the affairs in the second world below her. The zenith is the center of the lower heaven, and here is the house of the gods, in which live the sun and the rest of the deities.

Our own earth is believed to be an island swimming in the ocean. The first underworld from the earth is inhabited by ghosts, who can return, when they wish, to heaven, from which place they may be sent down to our earth. If then they misbehave again they are cast into the lower of the underworlds, and from this bourn no ghostly traveler returns.

The Bella Coola are sun worshipers, for Senex, the sun, the master of the house of gods, who is called the father and the sacred one, is the only deity to whom the tribe pray. Each family of the Bella Coola has its own traditions and its own form of the current traditions, so that in the mythology of the tribe there are countless contradictions. When any one not a member of a clan tries to tell a tradition which does not belong to his clan it is like a white man trying to tell another's joke—he is considered as appropriating the property right which does not belong to him.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

It Came Through Experimenting For High Explosives.

The idea is very general that smokeless powder in being practically smokeless achieves its greatest end, but as a matter of fact its smokeless feature is incidental and was an accident.

When the idea of modern long range guns was conceived it was at once apparent that the old black powder lacked explosive force, and thousands of experiments were made with various chemicals to procure a powder of high explosive properties, and this was at last accomplished.

When the new powder was tried, much to the surprise of every one it was found that practically no smoke followed the explosion, though this could of course have been predicted had the question ever arisen. The volume of smoke from black powder is due mainly to the quantity of charcoal in the powder, an ingredient not found in the smokeless explosive.

Smokeless powder, though a great boon to the sportsman, is of questionable value on the battlefield, so far as its smokelessness is concerned. The smoke clouds of old days were frequently most advantageously used to cloak movements of troops and batteries and really interfered with the enemy much more than with the troops creating the smoke.—Exchange.

Saved by Fireflies.

The gigantic tropical fireflies which swarm in the forests and canebrakes of most of the low lying West Indian Islands once proved the salvation of the city of Santo Domingo. A body of buccaneers, headed by the notorious Thomas Cavendish, had laid all their plans for a descent upon the place, intending to massacre the inhabitants and carry away all the treasure they conveniently could, and had actually put off their boats for that purpose. As they approached the land, however, rowing with muffled oars, they were greatly surprised to see an infinite number of moving lights in the woods which fringed the bayou up which they had to proceed, and, concluding that the Spaniards knew of their approach, they put about and regained their ship without attempting to land.

The Wonderful Banana.

Some people believe that the banana was the original forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden. In any case it is one of the curiosities of the vegetable kingdom, being not a tree, a palm, a bush, a shrub, a vegetable or a herb, but a herbaceous plant with the status of a tree. Although it sometimes attains a height of thirty feet, there is no woody fiber in any part of its structure, and the bunches growing on the dwarf banana plant are often heavier than the stalk which supports them. No other plant gives such a quantity of food to the acre as the banana. It yields 44 times more by weight than the potato and 133 times more than wheat. Moreover, no insect will attack it, and it is always immune from diseases of any kind.

Convinced.

"Do you think a college education helps a man in business?"

"Sure. I've had two college boys here workin' for me durin' the past year, and I was afraid to discharge either one of 'em for fear they'd find fault with my grammar when I done it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Following Orders.

Charlie—What have you been doing to your face, dear boy? Percy—I tried to shave myself this morning. Charlie—What on earth for? Percy—The doctor told me that I ought to take more exercise.—Illustrated Bits.

At Cross Purposes.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No; that is because the other half are doing them. — Boston Transcript.

When Beau Nash and Wesley Met.

Beau Nash, though but an indifferent churchgoer, not only went to hear Whitefield preach, but attended a service at Bath held by John Wesley. The incident is related in Southey's "Life of Wesley:"

"While he was preaching this remarkable personage entered the room, came close to the preacher and demanded of him by what authority he was acting. Wesley made answer, 'By that of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the present archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid his hands upon me and said, "Take thou authority to preach the gospel."' Nash then affirmed that he was acting contrary to the laws. 'Besides,' said he, 'your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir,' replied Wesley, 'did you ever hear me preach?' 'No,' said the master of ceremonies. 'How, then, can you judge of what you never heard?' Nash made answer, 'By common report.' 'Sir,' said Wesley, 'is not your name Nash? I dare not judge of you by common report. I think it not enough to judge by.'"

FOOLED HIS SUPERIOR.

An Astonished Pasha and a Lieutenant Who Won Promotion.

Kassim Pasha when minister of war for Egypt was very particular in regard to the personal appearance of his officers and issued stringent orders that they should never appear unshaven in public. One day he met upon the street a lieutenant who had bearded the pasha and disregarded his orders. "To what regiment do you belong?" demanded the indignant minister. "To the — regiment, at Abasseuh," replied the frightened lieutenant. "Get into my carriage at once so that I can carry you to the encampment and have you publicly punished," was the stern command which followed.

The young man obeyed, and the twain rode along gloomily enough for some time, when the pasha stopped his carriage and entered an office where he would be detained for some time on business. Seizing the opportunity, the culprit sprang from the vehicle, darted into a neighboring barber's stall and regained his post before the return of his jailer minus his beard. For the remainder of the route the officer buried his face in his hands and seemed the picture of apprehension.

Abasseuh was reached at last, and all the officers were assembled to witness the degradation of their comrade, who all the while kept well in the rear of his chief. "Come forward, you son of a dog!" cried the irate pasha, when there stepped before him an officer with a face as clean as a baby's and a look of the most supreme innocence. His excellency gave one look of blank astonishment and then, with an appreciative smile breaking over his war worn features, turned to the assembled officers and said, "Here, gentlemen, your old minister is a fool and your young lieutenant is a captain."

THE HOMEMAKER.

Man's Chivalry to the Fried Goddess of the Fireside.

As we men frequently admit, it is our chivalrous regard for woman which leads us to desire that she shall confine her wholly admirable energies to the making of our home and the keeping of our houses. She is tender and frail, and so we urge that she shall not for a moment drop her role as the goddess of the household. There is nothing that so rouses our almost sacred admiration as to see our own particular goddess with a dishrag in one hand and a frying pan in the other. Let us never desert this high ideal of womanhood and its lofty purpose in life.

Particularly let us not do so because if a woman does not keep the house it will not be kept. Would we men engineer and prepare 1,095 meals in one year? Would we wash dishes 1,095 times, wipe them 1,095 times, sew, darn, mend, devote our lives to a gray monotony of treadmill effort? Not on your life! Our chivalrous regard for adored woman would not permit it. And we would go crazy within six months if we tried. I know of nothing that we should cling to more closely than this chivalrous regard for our womankind. It saves the cost of many and many a hired girl.

I have penned this little tribute to man's chivalrous regard for woman because anybody can see that it deserves it. Woman, the housekeeper (and nothing else), the fried goddess of the fireside, the queen of her domestic domain, with a stewpan for a tiara and a stove hook for a scepter, let us together pledge her, while we register our chivalrous vow that we will keep her where she is unless we men need her as a stenographer or something else, in which event our chivalrous regard may stretch a few points.—California Monthly.

Drink and Diplomacy.

Prince Bismarck once boasted that in his youth he drank a bottle of champagne at one draft from a "puzzle goblet so constructed that one could not bring it close to one's lips, yet one was not allowed to spill a drop. Not a single drop fell on my waistcoat. Every one was immensely surprised, but I said, 'Give me another.' Such tricks were formerly an indispensable part of the diplomats' trade. They drank the weaker vessels under the table, wormed all they wanted to know out of them and made them agree to things contrary to their instructions. When they got sober they could not imagine why they had acted so."

What They Were Hawking.

At an exhibition of paintings in London in one of the galleries hung the notable picture "Hawking In the Olden Times." An elderly farmer and his wife paused before this picture, viewing it with evident satisfaction.

"John," said the old lady, "what's that?"

John then turned over the leaves of the catalogue he carried.

"They ca' it 'Hawking I' th' Owden Time,'" said he.

"Hawking! Why, what are they hawking?" she inquired.

"I dunno," he replied, "but I spect they're trying to sell them birds."

Later Returns.

Mildred—So you are engaged to young Wilson, eh? I thought you said your love for him was purely platonic? Helen—And it was before he inherited half a million and asked me to marry him.—Chicago News.

Keeping It Dark.

Miss Kidder—S'sh! Carrie has dyed her hair black. Don't tell anybody. Miss Askitt—Is it a secret? Miss Kidder—Yes. She wants to keep it dark.—Boston Globe.

One Way Out.

Perkins had been appointed tutor to the young lord of the manor, and together they were making the grand tour. Perkins was congratulating himself on the excellent behavior of his pupil; but, alas, they had only reached Geneva when his charge fell deeply in love with a pretty Swiss peasant. In vain did he remonstrate with the young lord, pointing out the social barrier that existed between the lovers and the total impossibility of marriage. But all to no purpose. The beautiful Swiss maiden held the young lord's heart captive, and he would scarcely leave her side.

Distracted, Perkins wrote home to the marchioness asking her advice and pointing out her son's infatuation.

A day or two passed in agonizing suspense.

At last the answer came. Perkins breathed a sigh of relief. All his anxiety would now be over. He tore open the envelope, but as he read the letter he groaned in the anguish of his soul. It consisted of three words:

"Marry her yourself."

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The Maple—What is the oak so conceited about? The Elm—He is the original oak under which Washington stopped in 1776. The Maple—But the souvenir fiends have left him only a blackened stump. The Elm—That's it. He has extensive branches in every city and town in the country.—Puck.

A Hard Question.

Bobby—What was the hardest question the teacher asked you today? Johnny—She asked me whether I'd rather be licked with a ruler or a strap.—Chicago News.

Unromantic.

"Anything romantic about their wedding?"

"Not a thing. She can cook, and he has a job."—Kansas City Journal.

A Fierce Threat.

Maid—Do you want a good beating, Master Jimmy, or do you not, because if you don't behave yourself this minute you'll get both?

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A Vampire

How His Old Father and Mother Stood by Their Son Even to Giving Up the Farm.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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They say that doctors and clergy men see more of humanity as it is than any other class of men, but I question if the endless panorama of incidents typifying the different phases of human life is witnessed by any class that every day passes before bankers. Sometimes whole stories are enacted before us spread over a term of years. I am the repository of one such story that I watched from its beginning to its climax.

One afternoon a weather beaten old farmer with silky white hair scattered over his head came to my desk and, pulling out a wallet, asked for a draft on Denver for $200 in favor of Thomas Williams. He counted out the money, and then, having nothing to do while the draft was being prepared, began to tell me the beginning of this story.

"I'm sendin' the money," he said, "to my boy out in Colorado. He went out there a year ago, takin' some money with him that I give him, but he hasn't had much luck, and it's all gone. First he got sick; then when he got well he went prospectin' and struck somepin that looked good, but some other fellers jumped his claim, whatever that means, and took it all away from him.

"Then Tom got sick ag'in and went to a horsepittle and stayed there three months. Now he's got out of the horsepittle and lookin' about for somepin. I'm sendin' this money to give him a chance. Tom's his mother's pet, and she lays awake nights worritin' about him. I'm mighty fond of the boy myself somehow. He was always a smart little chap—took lots of prizes and things at schule.

"When he got old enough to work I wanted him to help me on the farm. He tried it for awhile, but I see purty quick he didn't take to it. He was too smart to be contented to follow a plow same 's his father, who didn't never get no eddication. So I says to him one day: 'Tommy, reckon you'd better go to the city and work that a-way. This don't suit you.' He was mighty well pleased at that. It almost broke ma's heart to part with him, but she knowed it was better for him and let him go.

"Tom didn't like it in town so well as he thought he would. Leastaways he didn't stay long in the place he went into. They must 'a' thought a heap of him, though, for they raised his salary twice, so he wrote me. But he got into a fight with one of the head clerks and got himself discharged. He said the head clerk accused him of stealin' some money.

"Tom was allus an ambitious little chap, and after leavin' his place he concluded he'd go west and try and do somepin big, for ma and me agin we got too old to work. So we scraped up $500 and give it to him, and he"—

At this moment a clerk laid the farmer's draft on my desk, and the first chapter of his story was finished, for he began to count over his soiled and torn bills, now and again wetting his thumb on his lip as he turned them up. Then, leaving them to me and carefully folding his draft, he put it in his wallet, crammed the wallet down into the bottom of his pocket and with a "Goodby, Mr. Cashier," left the bank.

The second chapter of the story is very short. There is hardly enough in it to make a chapter, but there is a good deal beneath the few words required to tell it. A girl of eighteen came to the bank, laid down $24, nearly all in silver coin, and asked for a draft to cover the amount.

"To whom will you have it made payable?" I asked.

"Tom Williams," in a soft voice, almost a whisper.

I ordered the draft made out, and the girl stood waiting. Unlike the farmer, she didn't tell all I would have liked to know, so I asked:

"Is Tom Williams your brother?"

"No," she replied, looking down on the floor.

I had not liked the indications as to Tom's character as they appeared in his father's account of him, and now that money was going to him from his sweetheart I began to despise him. I handed the girl the draft and had a good opportunity to study her, for she never once looked up at me. She went out with it hugged up against her heart, as though she loved it because she had saved it for Tom.

My next visitor in behalf of Tom was his mother. She stood by my desk emptying on it from a carpetbag a lot of bills and silver and copper coins. Not knowing who she was, I asked what I should do with the money, and she said, "Send it to Tom." By this time I was not likely to forget Tom and asked if she wished a draft for Thomas Williams. She said she did. I turned her funds over to a clerk to count, and he reported that they amounted to $642.47. I ordered the draft to be made out, placed a chair before the old lady and said, with a view to my enlightenment:

"Mr. Williams pretty busy nowadays?"

"No, pa ain't busy. He's sick. I wish we had our boy here to help us. He's out in Colorado perspectin'. He says he's struck a mine or a-goin' to strike a mine or somepin and wants some money for grub stakin' or somepin like that. We're sendin' him all we kin jest now, but hope to send him some more bime by. We had some money saved up for old age, but we've been a-drawin' on it for Tom, and this is all there is left."

When she went out with her draft I found myself boiling with indignation at this worthless scamp, who was sucking the lifeblood out of his old father and mother—even his sweetheart.

There was a visit from the sweetheart after this to ask for a draft of $18.50, which convinced me that Tom had accepted the last amount she had sent him. Then one day the old farmer came in pale and trembling, evidently just out of a sickbed, with the check of a mortgage company for $1,000. He asked for a draft in exchange for it payable to this vampire of a son. We bankers make it a rule to mind our own business, but I had reached a point where I could no longer refrain from warning this poor old man.

"So you have mortgaged your farm to send money to your son?" I said.

"Yes; Tom's in powerful need of money. The mine he thought was goin' to turn out so fine petered out, he says it closed up as he went down instead of openin'."

"And you lost all the money you sent him for the development?"

"Yes, we lost it," replied the old man with a tremulous voice.

"Aren't you afraid you'll lose this too?"

"I dunno. Tom's got another mine. He says he's sure o' this."

"Of course it's no business of mine, but I don't like to see you, an old man, mortgaging your farm to send money to a son who should be giving you money instead of you giving it to him. Suppose you can't pay the interest on the mortgage when it is due. You will lose your farm."

The old man stood wiping his face with a bandanna handkerchief, the picture of misery.

"I know what yer mean," he said, "but ma she won't keep back anything the boy wants. She never did. I always told her she'd spoil him."

"I'm afraid she has spoiled him. You should know that your son is not wasting your money at gambling or something like that and telling you that he's on the verge of making a fortune in a mine before risking any more money on him."

"That's what I tell ma."

At this moment the draft was laid before me, but instead of handing it to him I said:

"Hadn't you better think this over?"

He stood, his eyes fixed on vacancy, slowly swaying or tottering, and I knew there was a great contest going on in his mind. His love for his boy conquered.

"I'm 'bliged to you, Mr. Cashier, and mebbe you're right, but I allus believed in my Tom, and I can't go back on him now."

I handed him the draft, and he scuffled slowly out of the bank.

The old man must have borrowed all he could on his farm, considering the transaction as a sale, for he failed to pay the first interest that fell due on the mortgage. I knew this, because I saw in a newspaper a legal notice of foreclosure proceedings on his farm.

"Well," I sighed, laying down the paper, "the old man has given his home to his reprobate son; he has nothing more to give. I shall not suffer again at seeing him come into the bank to do what I can't prevent his doing."

The same day I met the young girl on the street whom I was sure was Tom's sweetheart. I stopped her and asked:

"Is Farmer Williams turned out of house and home?"

"Not yet, sir."

"But he will be?"

"I suppose so."

"Has his son sent him anything to help him?"

"No, sir. He wrote to say that he was awful sorry to see the farm go, but he could not help it."

"H'm. Do you think a son who will treat his father and mother like that would treat a wife any better?"

Tears came into her eyes. I was ashamed at giving her this useless pain. I walked on.

About a month after this a strapping young fellow with a fine, manly face came into the bank and said he wished to open an account. I assented, and he made a deposit of $49,506.

"Will you please leave your signature in this book?" I said. He took up a pen and wrote:

"Thomas Williams."

"You Tom Williams?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. What do you know about me?"

"Son of Farmer Williams?"

"Yes."

"Sold your mine?"

"Yes; I've sold a mine in Colorado, or two-thirds of it. This money I'm leaving with you is the first cash payment; there are two others of $50,000 each."

"Has your father's farm gone to the mortgagee?"

"No; I'm in time for that. I was afraid I wouldn't be, though. Anyway, I'd have bought it back. If it hadn't been for the money father sent me I couldn't have carried the deal through. I expected the farm to go for the mine."

"And the young girl to whom we gave drafts payable to your order?"

He colored and said: "It's in with the rest, but she and I'll be one anyway. I shall transfer two-thirds of this deposit to father. I took him and mother in for thirds."

I went to see the old farmer and his wife and found them jubilant. "I told you I had confidence in my boy," the farmer said. "He was always straight."

I attended Tom Williams' wedding and kissed the bride. I couldn't help it.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing its loss is ascribed to the woman.

Constable Had the Evidence.

One of Philadelphia's leading corporation lawyers was visiting in New England, and, returning home, he told how he had been arrested there. He had not had a vacation for some years, and, getting into the country, he proceeded to be a boy again.

He struck a piece of country road and ran along for a half mile. He found a fence and vaulted it. He saw a tree and climbed it. Finally he returned to the village. Just as he struck the town a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a man said in a gruff voice:

"Come with me."

"What for?" inquired the other in amazement.

"I'm the constable, and you're under arrest. I've been following you, and I think you're crazy."—Philadelphia Times.

Improving on Euclid.

The Pioneer of Allahabad tells stories of some "kindergarten" classes in the English army. Among the definitions given in an examination is one of a circle peculiarly happy, which gives a freshness to Euclid. It is, "A straight line which starts at a certain point and gets back to the same point as quickly as possible."

LAND CRABS.

Queer Creatures That Roam In Forests Far From the Sea.

One of the commonest and the largest of the Christmas island land crabs is the well known robber crab, which is found in most of the tropical islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans. It sometimes reaches a length of two feet and may measure seven inches across the back. Its colors are of a very gaudy description, the ground color being a bright red, upon which there are stripes of yellow, but in some cases a purplish blue is the prevailing tint.

The eyes are fixed on stalks which can be moved independently of one another, and there are two pairs of feelers, one long, the other short. The latter pair are continually jerked up and down. There is a pair of powerful claws, then several walking legs. In general appearance these animals are much more like rather stout lobsters than crabs, and one's first encounter with one of these creatures in the middle of a forest far from the sea is productive of much astonishment on both sides.

Another species of land crab common in Christmas island is a little bright red animal which in general shape is much like the common shore crab. This variety makes burrows in the ground, and in some places the soil is honeycombed with hundreds of holes. The crabs spend most of their time collecting dead leaves, which they carry in their claws, holding them up over their heads and drag down into their burrows, into which they scuttle at the least alarm.—Pearson's Magazine.

DR. JOHNSON.

He Never Said a Word About Taking a Walk Down Fleet Street.

The wit and wisdom of that great man Dr. Johnson were of the sledge-hammer order and invariably preceded by "sir," so that it is comparatively easy for any one who has acquired the trick to invent a retort or remark in the Johnsonian style. One of the most effective of these pseudo sayings of the doctor is, "And now, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we will take a walk down Fleet street." There can be but little doubt that Dr. Johnson did make this remark, for he was always walking down Fleet street, but it is not recorded that he did so. The saying is due to George Augustus Sala, who when the magazine Temple Bar was being started by Mr. Maxwell imagined a quotation from Boswell as a motto for the venture. The thing was intended as a joke, but for a long while it was absolutely believed to be a quotation from Boswell, and perhaps there are still some who would say unhesitatingly that Dr. Johnson did say the words, so seemingly authentic are they. However, Sala himself always acknowledged that he invented the phrase and added that to the best of his knowledge and belief Dr. Johnson had never said a word about taking a walk down Fleet street. There are other legends about Johnson, however, which it is not so easy to kill.—London Globe.

Salt as a Medicine.

I have in the past seven or eight years found the advantage of putting a little salt in all the water I drink. I also put a little salt, with sugar and milk, in every cup of tea, coffee or cocoa I use.

I have been a resident in the tropics for over forty years and except for a sprained ankle have not had occasion to call in a doctor or to take any medicine in the last thirty years. I believe every one's health in the tropics would be very much better if he used more salt. I find the benefit of drinking a tumbler of cold water with a little salt in it every morning on rising at about 5 o'clock, before my bath or cup of cocoa, which I usually take between 5:30 and 6.

If people could be induced to try the easy and cheap method of taking a little common salt with the water they drink they would in the generality of cases find that they would seldom require other medicine.—F. N. Burn in Chambers' Journal.

Poisonous Gas Geyser.

In the midst of the great faunal wilderness near Nairobi, Africa, is a big blowhole in the earth issuing poisonous gases. Surrounding this hole for many yards are piled bones of dead animals poisoned by this gas geyser. Dogs dragged by ropes over the hole were killed in less than a minute. The gas has been found to be hydrochloric, coming from some volcanic depth. The death trap has been fenced and filled with warnings.—New York Press.

Sprinkling a Trestle.

A wooden trestle on the Klamath Lake railroad, in Oregon, is protected from fire in the dry season by a system of sprinklers which keep it continually wet. A pipe runs the entire length of the trestle between the tracks, and at short distances are holes through which the water is sprayed over the structure.—Popular Mechanics.

No Use.

"You say Jones is down and out? Why, it was only a little while ago that he told me he had the key of success."

"He did, but the poor fellow wasn't able to find the keyhole."—Exchange.

Made Her a Fright.

"Mrs. Jones has a new hat."

"Well, you look mightily pleased about it."

"You just ought to see how it looks on her."—Houston Post.

Subduing a Bully.

A writer in a Vladivostok paper tells of an encounter he once witnessed on a Siberian train between a lady and a nobleman.

When the train pulled up at Tsitikar, in Manchuria, a Manchu noble who had bullied all his fellow passengers, alighted at the station restaurant after warning them that he would decapitate any of them who took his seat. During his absence a smartly dressed young Russian lady entered the car and, despite the alarmed expostulations of its occupants, calmly appropriated the seat. When the noble returned he flew into a passion and advanced threateningly with his curved saber drawn. But the young woman coolly covered him with a shining revolver.

"Do you take us for a pack of cowardly mandarins?" she exclaimed, and then, pointing to her feet, she remarked, "Here is your place, my hero."

The Manchu noble surrendered and sat at her feet for the rest of the journey.

LOVE AND FLOWERS.

The Advice a Discerning Woman Gave Unto Her Daughter.

My daughter, wouldst thou know a man's secret? Go to the florist, then, O simple one, for in him every man reposeth his confidence.

Yea, by the flowers which he sendeth a woman shall ye judge the quality of a man's love, likewise the quantity and exact stage.

As violets pass unto roses, and roses unto cheap carnations, and carnations unto naught, so passeth his grand passion from the first throes into matrimony.

Lo, at the beginning of a love affair mark with what care a man selecteth his flowers in person, that not a wilted violet shall offend thine eyes!

Yet as time passeth he telephoneth his orders and leaveth it all to the clerk. And there cometh a day when he murmureth wearily, "I say, old chap, make that a standing order, will you?"

Then the florist heaveth a sigh, for he knoweth that the end is at hand. Yea, this is the mark of an engaged man who doeth his duty. So after the wedding bouquets all orders shall cease together, and until he seeketh flowers for his wife's grave that man shall not again enter a florist's shop.

For stale carnations, bought upon the street corner and carried home in a paper bag, are a fit offering for any wife. Yet a funeral rejoiceth the florist's heart and maketh him to smile, for he knoweth that a widower's next order shall be worthy of a new cause and the game shall begin all over again.

Verily, verily, my daughter, I charge thee, account no man in love until he hath gone forth into the gardens and the fields and plucked thee a few dinky pansies or stray weeds with his own hands.

For when a man sendeth thee violets it may mean only sentiment, and when he sendeth thee orchids it may be only a bluff, but when he doeth real work for any woman it meaneth business. Selah!—London Tit-Bits.

HAD LUCK ON THE WAY.

The English Thief That Dropped In to See His Lawyer.

Here is a story of a genuine instance of the kind of business which fell to the lot of a once notorious London "thieves' counsel." One day a thickset man, with a cropped poll of unmistakably Newgate cut, slunk into this counsel's room, when the following dialogue took place:

"Morning, sir," said the man, touching his forelock.

"Morning," said the counsel. "What do you want?"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir, our little Ben, sir, has 'ad a misfortin. Fust offense, sir, only a wipe."

"Well, well!" interrupted the counsel. "Get on"—

"So, sir, we thought as you'd 'ad all the family business we'd like you to defend him, sir."

"All right," said the counsel; "see my clerk"—

"Yes, sir," continued the thief, "but I thought I'd like to make sure you'd attend yourself, sir. We're anxious cos it's little Ben, our youngest kid."

"Oh, that will be all right! Give Simmons the fee."

"Well, sir," continued the man, shifting about uncomfortably, "I was going to arst you, sir, to take a little less. You see, sir"—wheedlingly—"it's little Ben—his first misfortin"—

"No, no!" said the counsel impatiently. "Clear out!"

"But, sir, you've had all our business. Well, sir, if you won't you won't, so I'll pay you now, sir." And as he doled out the guineas, "I may as well tell you, sir, you wouldn't 'a' got the counters if I hadn't had a little bit of luck on the way."—From "The Recollections of a K. C.," by Thomas Edward Crispe.

Funny For Her.

A New England lad was intently watching his aunt in the process of making pies and cake. He seemed very much inclined to start a conversation, an inclination, however, which the aunt in no way encouraged. She continued in silence to assemble the ingredients of a mammoth cake.

"Tell me something funny, auntie," finally ventured the boy.

"Don't bother me, Tommy," said the aunt. "How can I when I am making cake?"

"Oh, you might say, 'Tommy, have a piece of the pie I've just made.' That would be funny for you."—Exchange.

Waited Twenty Years For a Solution.

A bit of pure and harmless mischief at recitation at Yale was the device of a member of the class of '72, who introduced at recitation a turtle covered by a newspaper pasted on the shell. The tutor had too much pride to come down from his perch and solve the mystery of the newspaper movement, but twenty years after, meeting a member of the class, his first and abrupt question was, "Mr. W., what made that paper move?"

A Relief.

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon."

"That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Boston Post.

The Change.

"You didn't use to object to your husband playing poker."

"No, but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game, but I cannot afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."—Houston Post.

Stolen Joke.

The shade of the ice baron had introduced himself to Charon on the river trip.

"Quite a roomy bit of water, this Styx," he commented. "Never freezes over, does it?"

"Not so's to interfere with navigation," said Charon smilingly, "and, by the way, that very fact gave Mephisto the idea for his favorite joke."

"You don't say! What's the gag?"

"Why, when a guest in hades complains of the scarcity of ice the old boy explains that it's due to the unprecedented perversity of the past winter!"—Buffalo Times.

Obedient Bobby.

"Bobby, my son," exclaimed the dismayed mother as she saw all her boy's belongings stacked in a corner of the closet, "haven't I tried over and over to teach you that you should have a place for everything?"

"Yes, mother," said the boy cheerfully, "and this is the place."—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—First Quarter, For March 6, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. viii, 2-17. Memory Verses, 2, 3—Golden Text, Matt. viii, 17—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Dr. Scofield says in his notes on these chapters that the King, having in chapters v-vii declared the principles of the kingdom, makes proof in chapters viii and ix of his power to banish from the earth the consequences of sin and to control the elements of nature. He also says that the word "Lord" in verse 2 is used 663 times in the New Testament as the divine title of Jesus the Christ and is equivalent to the title "Adonai" in the Old Testament (Matt. iii, 3; iv, 7, 10; xxii, 43, 45). In future when quoting from these notes from his new edition of the Bible I will give his initials, C. I. S.

In speaking of the kingdom the Spirit says through the prophet, "The inhabitant shall not say I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity;" "They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" (Isa. xxxiii, 24; xxxv, 10). The kingdom of heaven, according to Dan. ii, 44, being at hand in the person and presence of the king, as declared by John the Baptist, Jesus Himself and the apostles (chapters iii, 2; iv, 17; x, 7), the King declares His power by a manifestation of several features of the kingdom. As we contemplate the righteousness of the kingdom as set forth in chapters v to vii and then the actual condition of things as they are about us in the world it is certainly a coming down to a much lower level, but it is to lift people up by the power of the King and His kingdom, and the multitudes are ready to hear of such a kingdom. Every form of physical suffering is suggestive of some disease of the soul, but nothing is quite so strikingly suggestive of sin as leprosy, which is so fully described in Lev. xiii and xiv. Sin is at the root of all our troubles. Can this man who in His teaching claims to be God do anything with leprosy? This leper believes that He can, but is not certain that He will. How the reply of Jesus must have filled him with an indescribable joy, "I will; be thou clean!" But these words came with the touch of Jesus, and with the touch and the words came the cleansing and the health immediately, and the outcast could return to his home and friends as a well man. That he may not think that his healer is in any sense contrary to the law of Moses he is told to show himself to the priest and offer the gift commanded. Well may we sing, "Unto Him that loveth us and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood."

His fame is spreading (are we helping to make Him known?), and now it is a centurion from Capernaum who has a servant sick of the palsy, grievously tormented. Luke, who was a physician, says that the man was ready to die, so that he must have been very sick. He also tells us that this servant was dear unto him and also that first of all the elders of the Jews came to Jesus on his behalf, saying that the centurion was worthy, that he loved the Jews and had built them a synagogue (Luke vii, 1-5). Jesus knew the centurion, as He knows all men and needs no testimony from any one concerning anybody (John ii, 24, 25), and He knew him to be a man with no thought of his own worthiness (verse 8 and Luke vii, 6, 7). He said, "I will come and heal him," and He went with them. As He neared the house the centurion sent friends to say that he did not consider himself worthy to have Jesus enter under his roof; but, inasmuch as he knew what it meant to obey and be obeyed, if Jesus would only say the word he was sure that his servant would be healed. Jesus marveled at the man and said to those who followed, "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel" (verse 10). His word for the centurion was, "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee," and those who had been sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole. Such faith on the part of a gentile led the Lord Jesus to speak of the kingdom into which many gentiles from all the world will enter, while many who think they are entitled to the kingdom will be shut out by their unbelief.

The next instance of His power is in the house of Simon Peter, whose wife's mother is sick of a fever, but just the touch of His hand dispels the fever, and she is seen ministering unto them. Sin paralyzes our bodies or consumes them with burning, destroying desire, but He who takes away the result of sin by being made sin for us can also deliver from every manifestation of sin to the intent that we may minister unto Him. At even He cast out evil spirits from many with His word and healed all that were sick and thus fulfilled a word in Isaiah, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (16, 17).

It is often asked, Is the health of the body included in the atonement? We reply that the same great sacrifice which takes away our sins makes us sure of a perfect body just like His risen body, which shall never again be weak or sick or old or die, but that will be in the kingdom. All of His power which is seen in bodies now is but a foretaste of that which will be fully seen when He comes.

The Retort Courteous.

"Camp Meeting" John Allen was a famous Methodist preacher and revivalist of the old days down in Maine, and, like most successful pulpit orators, his sense of humor was equal to his gift of speech.

It is recalled by the Boston Journal that on one occasion the old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not as gallant, John, as when you were a boy!" she exclaimed in gentle rebuke.

"No," was his ready response, "and you are not as buoyant as when you were a gal!"

The One Way Out.

She—Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily? He—Because he didn't think it would be honorable to break their engagement.—Kansas City Journal.

Avarice is to the intellect and heart what sensuality is to the morals.—Jameson.

PAPER CAR WHEELS.

Safer and Stronger but More Costly Than Other Wheels.

We naturally think of paper as something lacking in strength and of a paper article as being fragile, so are somewhat alarmed when an encyclopedic friend remarks that the wheels of the car on which we are slipping along at the rate of a mile a minute are made of paper. This opportunity to be alarmed occurs, however, on only the best of railways, as paper car wheels, though safer and longer lived than any others, are also more expensive. The principal advantage of wheels made from this unpromising material is found in the fact that they are not injured by the violent vibrations to which car wheels are subjected.

The paper used in the manufacture of these wheels is known as calendered rye straw board, or thick paper. It is sent to the car wheel shops in circular sheets measuring twenty-two to forty inches in diameter, and over each of these sheets is spread an even coating of flour paste. A dozen sheets are placed one on the other and the lot subjected to hydraulic pressure of 500 tons or more. After two hours' pressure these sheets, which have now become a solid block, are kept for a week in a drying room at a temperature of 120 degrees, after which a number of blocks are pasted together, pressed and dried for a second week. A third combination of layers is then made, after which there is an entire month of drying. The final block contains 120 to 160 sheets of the original paper and is four and one-half to five inches in thickness. All resemblance to paper has been lost, the block in weight, density and solidity approximating the finest grained, heaviest metal.

To complete the wheel there are required a steel tire, a cast iron hub, wrought iron plates to protect the paper on either side and two circles of bolts, one set passing through the flange of the tire, the other through the flange of the hub and both sets through the paper. The paper blocks are turned on a lathe, which also reams out the center hole for the hub. Two coats of paint are applied to keep out moisture. The various parts are next assembled, and the paper car wheel is complete.

As may be readily understood, paper which has received the treatment described may be used for almost any purpose for which metal or wood is used if not too much exposed to dampness, and to all practical purposes it is fireproof.—Harper's.

A Pert Reply.

A story told of Sir John Fisher and Lord Charles Beresford when both were stationed in the Mediterranean will bear repeating. A competition had been held at Malta for a prize annually presented by Sir John. It is known as the Malta cup, and, having so far always been won by a crew belonging to the admiral's flagship, it was fully expected by Sir John that this record would be maintained. On this particular occasion, however, a crew of the Ramillies, commanded by Lord Charles Beresford, carried it off instead. A day or two later the fleet was practicing maneuvers, and Admiral Fisher, whose reputation as a stern disciplinarian is well known, was dissatisfied with the performance of the Ramillies. He signaled accordingly to its commander the message, "Explain your reason for being late in executing maneuver." Without a moment's delay the answer came, "We are towing the Malta cup."—Dundee Advertiser.

A Cruel Joke.

Oswald, a witty and original Parisian, had a mania for practical joking. He was very amusing to his friends, but when his talents were exerted to avenge some wrong there was more bitterness than fun in his wit. One evening when a man who had not treated him politely gave a reception he revenged himself cruelly. The man was slightly deformed. All the hunchbacks of Paris, 500 in number, presented themselves at his reception. They had received notices from Oswald that if they should go to this address on this evening they would learn of a legacy which had been left them.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

An Expensive Adventure of a Famous Parisian Wit.

Romieu, the famous Parisian wit, was one day caught in a shower and forced to seek refuge in a doorway of the opera house. It was 6 o'clock already, and he had an engagement in the Cafe de Paris for that very hour. The rain fell in torrents. There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. What was to be done? While he was lamenting his bad luck a gentleman with a large umbrella passed by. Romieu was seized with a sudden inspiration. He rushed out and grasped the stranger by the arm and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella.

"I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately began. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine."

Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise Romieu rattled away with gossip and anecdote until he had led the unknown companion to the door of the Cafe de Paris. Then he glanced at him with a face of well feigned astonishment.

"Pardon, monsieur!" he cried. "It seems I am mistaken."

"I believe so," said the stranger.

"Good gracious!" added Romieu. "Be discreet. Don't repeat what I have told you."

"I promise you."

"A thousand pardons!"

Romieu hastened within the cafe and amid great laughter told the adventure to his friends. Suddenly one of them said:

"Your cravat is rumpled."

Romieu put his hand to his neck and turned pale. His pin, a valuable sapphire, was gone. On further examination his purse and watch were found to be gone. The man with the umbrella was a pickpocket.—London Tit-Bits.

An Italian Superstition.

There is an Italian superstition that whenever a king belonging to the house of Savoy dies a huge eagle is to be seen crossing the Alps over the valley of Aosta in the direction of Savoy, and the conviction prevails among the inhabitants of Aosta that this eagle guides the soul of the dead sovereign to join those of his ancestors in Savoy. When King Charles Albert died at Lisbon, King Victor Emmanuel died at Rome and King Humbert was assassinated at Monza in 1900 the eagle was seen winging its way across the Alps. All other eagles crossing the Alps don't seem to count for much.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 6.52, 8.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.22 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 8.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 37 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

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Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 6.52 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

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The Funny Doctor.

Dr. McCree—My dear Mrs. Goodman, how could you bring out a young child on such a day as this with such a strong east wind blowing? Mrs. Goodman—Ah, doctor, you will always have your little joke. How can a child of this age possibly know what wind it is?—London Answers.

Perfectly Cool.

Mr. Figg—Gasser says he kept perfectly cool last night when that burglar got into the house, Mrs. Figg—So his wife told me. She found him trying to hide in the refrigerator.—Boston Transcript.

Food and Fresh Air.

You can live forty days without food, but you cannot live four minutes without air. These things being true, is it wise to stuff ourselves with food and starve ourselves for want of air?

Not Always.

Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a probability and a possibility? Tommy's Pop—A probability, my son, is something you want to happen.—Philadelphia Record.

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VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 17

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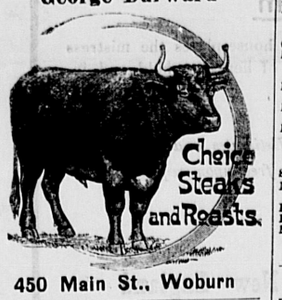
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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilming, ton and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1909.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 6.35, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.a. m., 2.50, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.50, 5.30, 6.30, 9 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.00 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 5.30 p. m. Saturday at 3.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
29	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
811	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
812	Pumping station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.44 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
Out-of-town Call—10 blows

M. J. MULKEEN,
Steamship Agent.
Notary Public
— AND —
Justice of the Peace.

Room 11, Mechanics Bldg. WOBURN

OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

JAMES McDONALD
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR
H. S. ADAMS; Room 642 Exchange Building, No. 53 State
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Also, Fire Insurance Agent.
Over 542 Main St., Woburn!

Poor Bijou!

During the siege of Paris Francisque Sarcey indignantly protested against the practice of eating dogs. Hunger, however, knows no law, and canine and feline butcher shops were opened in different parts of Paris. Skillfully prepared, properly skinned and cooked, with a good sauce, the dogs proved excellent eating. Their meat was pink and delicate and by no means tough. Canine cutlets were sold at 2 francs each, and a leg of dog might be purchased at double that price a pound.

Two good bourgeois, husband and wife, had a little dog of which they were very fond. But a day came when there was nothing to eat in the house, and poor Bijou had to be killed and cooked. His master and mistress sat down to dinner with tears in their eyes, and during the dinner the latter mechanically placed the tiny rib bones on the side of her plate. "Poor Bijou!" she ejaculated with a sigh. "What a treat these would have been for him!" —Frank Schlosser in Contemporary Review.

Which Was the Worse?

"When I returned from our poker party last night my wife just looked at me; not a word was spoken."

"My wife looked at me, too, and I don't believe that a word was unspoken."—Houston Post.

Reaching Conclusion.

"I imagine from your speech that you are a taxidermist."

"What makes you think so?"

"Principally because you tell me I am as wise as an owl and then try to stuff me."—Exchange.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

$1.50 A YEAR

In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly
Of Large Circulation
Among People of Culture
Live Editorials
All the Local News, and
Choice Literary Selections
Fill Its Columns.
A Family Newspaper
Read by Thousands
Of Intelligent People
Every Week.
Unequalled as an
Advertising Medium.

Printed Every
Friday Morning
At 434 Main Street.
Delivered Promptly.

An Organized Epidemic

It Cured, as Was Intended, Some Chronic Cases.

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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Minerva's name was one of fate's subtlest ironies, the girl was so far—so very far—from wise. Indeed, she knew no more than to be sweet and biddable to crabbed task mistresses. They were the Grimley sisters who had taken her, as they said daily, out of charity and to whom she served for hands, feet and eyes. She was rated sharply if she talked back, which was seldom, since she had rather a talent for silence than for speech.

The sisters were not consciously unkind. It was just that they had fallen into the way of fretting at everything. Life had defrauded them of the natural outlets—husbands and children. Therefore they made the most of such small worries as remained to maiden gentlewomen.

Minerva came to them when she was ten. For the next eight years her appetite and her trick of breaking things, especially those she was handling with utmost care, had served as vital grievances. But since she was full grown she ate much less and hardly ever let fall anything, no matter how fragile or precious; hence the Miss Grimleys had had to invent a new sin for her. They had chosen to find it in her possible future husband. According to their notion, she was always intent upon matrimony and scheming to ensnare whatever masculine person chance threw in her way.

The young circuit rider, for example; Jim Mace, the constable, who rode by the big gate every other day; the two Leonards, who farmed the lower place; even the young fellow clerking over at the crossroads—hadn't he actually tried to get board at the Grimley mansion? Dr. Bell, the one person who dared speak up to the sisters, rated them soundly for such suspicions. No wonder, he said, poor Minerva, as shy and modest as any white rose, was awkward, almost rude, indeed, to all the young fellows she encountered and therefore likely to die an old maid.

Miss Jane and Miss Abby nodded approval there. Minerva was to have everything when they were gone. It would be quite enough to keep her like a lady. Husbands were but worries most of the time. As for children, they shook their heads and sighed. Clearly, in their judgment, a woman was lucky to escape such things. Look at Minerva herself! Where would she be now if the Grimleys had not chosen that better part?

Dr. Bell, who had a tongue as rough and a heart as warm as his greatcoat, growled at them. After awhile, being a strategist, he did something else—something which at first blush made him laugh a great shouting laugh. When his wife asked the meaning of it he said enigmatically:

"Oh, I'm going to cure some chronic cases by provoking an epidemic."

And that was all she could get out of him, no matter how hard she tried. She could not try very hard, since, like the rest of the neighborhood, she was giving all her mind to the coming session of the synod.

It was to be a great occasion. Ministers, their wives, sons and daughters were coming by the score. Their number would not be too great, however, for the countryside's hospitality.

With no provocation whatever from the church Dr. Bell fixed it so the Grimleys would have rather more than a double share of the clerical influx—namely, Deacon Brown and his wife, Dr. Henshaw, a pulpit Samson, just beginning to look about him over the edges of weeds not yet rusty; Professor Balderson, famed for persuading money into college channels, and young Lee, not yet come to full ordination. How the doctor managed all this is not known. He was almost unscrupulous when it came to carrying out a plan. At least two other households were full of bitter jealousy over the parceling out of guests, but the guests did not suspect it—least of all those fated to sit at meat with the Grimleys.

Miss Jane was a famous cook, Miss Abby was past mistress at preserving, Minerva made cake that was simply heavenly, and black Susan was a miracle of efficient strength in the kitchen. So the visitors rejoiced that their lines had fallen as they had. Indeed, all through synod week they could not say enough in praise and gratitude to their hostesses. As a consequence Miss Jane and Miss Abby forgot either to scold or to suspect. Carried away by the tide of hospitable impulse, they showed for what they were—excellent gentlewomen of the first rank.

As for Minerva, she fairly blossomed. Even the most callous onlooker saw in her a new creature. She was so radiant, indeed, that before three days were out Professor Balderson, a seasoned bachelor, made up his mind to marry her if he could. He changed his mind after good Sister Brown had let fall words of wisdom.

"It's providential," she said, nodding toward Minerva and young Lee. "If ever anybody was cut out for a pastor's wife it's that sweet girl, and I'm mighty glad to believe both of them have found it out."

Slight observation brought the professor himself to the same belief. For half an hour he was right down crestfallen; then he flung up his head and actually whistled. Possibly the sight of Miss Jane had nothing to do with it. But certainly that afternoon and all through the days following he kept pretty close to her. Miss Jane was in a state of mind. It was plain as a pikestaff that that man Henshaw was making up to Sister Abby—Abby, who had never before tolerated anybody's courting.

"He must have bewitched her. That's all the way I can account for it," she confided, almost weeping, to the professor upon Saturday afternoon. "Something ought to be done about it. It's ridiculous at her time of life. I don't understand it a bit."

"No, but it may be the cooking. Dr. Henshaw's a good man, but not wholly above earth," the professor comforted wisely. "Besides, I can quite understand. A man's loneliness is something dreadful. He has just about had time to find out how much he misses his wife. In that he is worse off than I, who have been lonely so many years."

"Well, it was just because you chose to be," Miss Jane snapped, then could have bitten her tongue.

The professor positively beamed over her intimation. "I wonder if you can be in the right," he murmured. "Honestly, now, dear Miss Jane, if—if I found myself greatly attracted by a most superior woman of suitable age do you think I should have any chance?"

"You'll have to find out for yourself. One woman never knows about another," Miss Jane retorted, but with a blush that would have done credit to Minerva.

The professor took her hand. "But suppose it is not another?" he asked. "Suppose I dare raise my eyes to you?"

If Miss Jane had felt what was coming the sudden certainty of it overwhelmed her. For the first and last time she fainted outright, and most gracefully notwithstanding her 150 pounds, upon the professor's shoulder.

Minerva came running to them, exclaiming anxiously: "Fetch Dr. Bell! And keep Aunt Abby away!"

Afternoon service was just about to begin. In the stir and confusion of getting the crowd inside the church it was easy to mask Miss Jane's faint as something else.

"Oh, I—I—turned my ankle," she herself said, sniffing the salts Sister Brown held under her nostrils.

"Then we must take you straight home," the professor said as one in authority, looking into her eyes while he nodded toward Minerva and her sweetheart.

Miss Jane began to say faintly, "Abby—where is she?" But Sister Brown checked her with a significant smile.

"Don't you worry about Miss Abby," she said. "Just let them put you in the barouche and go along. Dr. Henshaw 'll see to it your sister gets home all right."

Then Dr. Bell exploded. When he could speak for laughing he said, wringing Miss Jane's hand heartily and beaming on the professor:

"It has worked splendidly. Get home, all of you. I'll tell Abby everything and make her likewise tell me."

"What has worked?" Miss Jane demanded, suddenly forgetting her turned ankle and stamping her foot. The doctor looked quizzically from her to Minerva, then on to the professor and young Lee, whence his eyes wandered to Miss Abby and her prize, just now coming up to them.

"My organized epidemic," he said, with another great laugh, "of matrimony, to be sure. It hurt my feelings to see three fine wives going to waste."

For once Miss Jane had no word ready. The professor was likewise silent. But young Lee spoke up manfully:

"You were exactly right, doctor, and no man could have done a better deed."

"So I can say 'Bless you, my children!' all round?" the doctor queried.

Young Lee's eyes twinkled. "Sure thing," he said. "You see, Dr. Henshaw begged me to fix things with Minerva so Miss Abby would have no excuse to make him wait."

"She didn't think of me, I suppose," Miss Jane said, sighing. The others smiled. Sister Brown spoke for all of them. "No; she didn't forget you," she said. "But all of us have seen how it would be these last three days."

Not a Nature Student.

She was not a nature student, and when she saw a sparrow on the sidewalk, evidently too young to fly and too badly frightened even to hop, she did not know exactly what to do for it. She did not know how it had got there, where its parents were or what relief measures would be advisable. All she could do in her perplexity was to keep the group of boys who had gathered around it from harming it and to see if any of them could suggest a course of action, for she was well aware that in these days of nature study the veriest school infant knows more about birds and their like than many an older person.

Presently a big boy pushed through the group, looked at the bird kindly, then stooped and took it up. She was much relieved. "Will you take care of it?" she asked him. "Sure!" he responded, with inelegant emphasis. She was anxious that it should have the best of care, so she suggested helpfully, "Better give it a little milk."

The boy stared. Then he grinned; then he yelled. "Milk!" he roared. "Milk! Ha, milk!" Then he streaked up the street, carrying the bird carefully in his hands and derisively ejaculating, "Milk!"

Her face flushed as she went on her way, and she was heard to murmur to herself: "Now, I wonder why he laughed. Very unmannerly, I'm sure."—New York Press.

Music Lovers.

"How do you know those people are sincere lovers of music?"

"By the fact," replied Miss Cayenne "that they compelled their youngest boy to stop trying to learn to play the piano."—Washington Star.

One Doctor—Only One

No sense in running from one doctor to another! Select the best one, then stand by him. No sense either in trying this thing, that thing, for your cough. Carefully, deliberately select the best cough medicine, then take it. Stick to it. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for throat and lung troubles. Sold for nearly seventy years. No alcohol in this cough medicine. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

Why try this thing, that thing, for your constipation? Why not stick to the good old reliable family laxative—Ayer's Pills? Ask your doctor if he approves this advice.

BACH'S MUSIC.

Some Advice as to How It Should Be Interpreted.

The interpretation of Bach must always be noble, broad and firm, rather too hard than too soft, explains Ferruccio Busoni, the great pianist, in the Delineator. Affected methods, such as a "soulful" swelling of the phrases, coquettish hurrying or hesitating, too light staccato, too smooth legato, pedal debauchery—all these are vicious and out of place here. If used with a proper sense of proportion a certain elasticity of the tempo, giving the interpretation greater freedom, will improve the playing of Bach materially.

The modernization of Bach's compositions by such masters as Liszt and Tausig and many others is accepted by all clear thinking musicians as not derogatory to the master's style. It affords rather a completeness of expression. Witness the fact that Raff has orchestrated Bach's "Chaconne" without making it seem ridiculous. Many others have followed with happy results Raff's example of arranging Bach's music for the modern orchestra.

The ease with which Bach's music lends itself to this adaptation is proof of his comprehensive genius. He was not for his day, but for all time.

Bach's "Prelude" and "Fugue No. 10," important and not too difficult, show the many sided branching of the present day piano technic. The legendary tradition of playing Bach without the use of the damper pedal is obsolete.

CANARY BIRDS.

The Care That Should Be Bestowed Upon These Songsters.

Those who are charmed by the singing of the canary will find in the following directions much that will increase the happiness of the songster, provided the hints are heeded:

Place the cage so that no draft of air can strike the bird. Give nothing to healthy birds but rape and canary seed, water, cuttlefish bone and gravel paper or sand on the floor of the cage; no hempseed; a bath three times a week. The room should not be overheated—never above 70 degrees.

When moulting (shedding feathers) keep warm, avoid all drafts of air. Give plenty of German rape seed. A little hard boiled egg mixed with crackers grated fine is excellent.

Feed regularly at a certain hour in the morning. By observing these simple rules birds may be kept in fine condition for years.

For birds that are sick or have lost their song procure bird tonic at a bird store. Very many keep birds who mean to give their pets all things to make them bright and happy and at the same time are guilty of great cruelty in regard to perches. The perches in a cage should be each one of a different size and the smallest as large as a pipestem.

If perches are of the right sort no trouble is ever had about the bird's toe nails growing too long, and, of all things, keep the perches clean.—Exchange.

Out of Tune.

A piano tuner employed by a city firm was sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition and not in the least need of attention. A few days later the firm received a letter from the owner of the piano, a lady of musical intention, saying that the piano had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before. After receiving a reprimand from his employer the hapless tuner made another trip to the suburbs and again tested every note only to find, as before, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so.

"Yes," she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play on it, but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune again."

He Ate His Own Words.

Not long ago the punishment for libel in Russia was the requirement that the libeler literally eat his own words. A man who published a small volume reflecting on the unlimited power of the sovereign was seized, tried in a summary way and condemned to consume the objectionable words. In one of the public streets the book was severed from its binding, the margins cut off, the leaves rolled up one by one and fed to the unfortunate author. A surgeon was in attendance to pronounce upon the number possible to give without endangering his life, but he is reported to have set the limit at something like 200.

Sounded Queer.

"All right behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on!" cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

Foolish Question.

Hasker—Hello, Crabbe! What are you going to do with the camera? Crabbe — Going to bore an artesian well in our dining room with it. You didn't suppose I was going to take pictures, did you?

His Object.

Wigwag—What, roses! Don't you know a girl never marries the fellow who sends her flowers? Oldbach—Sure, I do. That's why I always try to keep on the safe side.—Philadelphia Record.

COLOSSAL ARCTURUS

The Fourth Brightest Star In All the Heavens.

IN REALITY A MONSTER SUN.

It Is Thought to Be at Least a Hundred Times Larger Than Our Sun In Diameter and Is About Nine Hundred and Fifty Million Miles Distant.

Most of us are prone to think of our sun as being the largest body in the heavens, the grand high lord of all the little planets and the twinkling stars. Such is very far from being the case. Practically all of the fixed and twinkling stars are as large as, and some even larger than, our own sun. They appear small only because of their great distance, for they are just as truly suns with families of planets flying around them as is our central orb.

There is one of these stars in particular that has attracted the attention of astronomers, not only on account of its great size, but also its enormous distance from our solar system. This is the star Arcturus. To have some conception of the almost inconceivable distance that separates it from us the astronomical standard of measuring distance must be comprehended. Now, light does not come from a luminous body instantaneously to our eyes. It takes time to come, because it is a wave motion in a medium. The velocity of light as most recently determined is about 186,000 miles a second. Multiply this by the number of seconds in a year and we have a distance known in astronomy as a light year. Therefore when a star is, say, six trillion miles away we say it is one light year off, which means that the light from the star takes one year to reach us. It may be of some interest to know that there is no fixed star less than ten light years away, or sixty trillion miles. This is the one known as Alpha Centauri. Most of the stars are much farther even than that, Arcturus being the farthest one measured to date.

Arcturus is thought to be at least a hundred times larger than the sun in diameter. That would make it 10,000 times larger in surface, or the dimension that is ordinarily compared. By means of the photometer its brightness has been determined to be 6,200 times that of the sun. It is the fourth brightest star in all the heavens, Sirius, the dog star, being first in brightness. As regards the distance from us, it has been found to be a little over 160 light years, or 950 trillion miles. This distance, of course, cannot be conceived by mortal man, it is so stupendous and amazing. However, one can get a slight idea of it by means of an everyday analogy. Think of the fastest express train going at the rate of 100 miles an hour toward such a star and compute the time it would take. It is found to be in round numbers exactly 120,000,000 years! Now, as we know that it has taken its light so long to come to us and as there are a great many stars whose distance has never been measured exactly, but which have been computed to be approximately several million light years away, we have absolute proof of the great age of the world and the stellar universe.

The elements composing the sun Arcturus are, peculiarly enough, very nearly the same as our sun. As it is one of the most wonderful and astounding things that a scientist can tell what a star so far away is composed of, a small explanation of the modus operandi would not come amiss here. It is done by means of a small instrument known as the spectroscope, which consists of glass prisms so arranged as to split up the light falling on them into its constituent parts. Now, every substance has the power to cause a certain color or line in the spectroscope if it is in a luminous condition, so this instrument is simply pointed at the star whose composition is sought, and if any line is found that corresponds to a substance that we know about we assume that this substance is found in the star examined.

Another interesting thing is the method pursued in determining the great distance of the stars. This is done by determining their parallax or angle made at the star between two rays from the star striking at two different points in space. As the greatest distance that we can measure off in this way and still take the angle is the diameter of the earth's orbit, that distance is invariably used. It is almost 200,000,000 miles, but that, as is seen, is very small compared with the enormous distance of the star. Now, the angle thus measured from Arcturus is only two-hundredths of a second! When it is remembered that there are 60 seconds in a minute, 60 minutes in a degree and 360 degrees in a circle, it is at once seen what a small angle the parallax is and how careful the astronomer has to be in his observations. Indeed, for a long time, before modern delicately measuring instruments were invented, no star's distance could be found, for there was seemingly no angle formed, and thus the old scientists had to assume the star to be at infinity.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Guess This Is So.

Mrs. Benham—How much did you pay the minister when we were married? Benham—I didn't pay him, but don't worry; no man ever had the heart to attach a man's wages for that kind of a debt.—New York Press.

Beware so long as you live of judging people by appearances.—La Fontaine.

Strict Obedience.

Salesman—Shirt, sir. Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starchy things.—Boston Transcript.

In His Father's Footsteps.

Binks—Did Smith's father leave him anything? Jinks — Only his debts. Binks—How is Smith getting along? Jinks—Well, he has greatly increased his inheritance.—Baltimore American.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1910.

PEARY DECLINES.

Commander Peary, Discoverer of the Northpole, an achievement that reflects the highest and everlasting honor on the United States, declines, very properly, to submit the record of his long, tedious and perilous journey to, and final discovery of, the Pole to a carping, narrowminded, and jealous Subcommittee of the Congressional Naval Committee for examination and publication.

To comply with the Committee's demand for the records would constitute a rank violation of the contract he made with the publishers of his story, and, more than that, he is an honorable man, a virtue which some of his wouldbe inquisitors do not seem to fully comprehend.

What Commander Peary should do would be to go before this Subcommittee and inform them, respectfully, that their conclusions; the character of their report; or the failure, or refusal, to make one; is a matter of supreme indifference to him, for, by practicing economy, he would be able to eke out a respectable living for himself and family from his books and lectures; and as for the great and imperishable honor of being the Discoverer of the Northpole the whole world, scientific and lay, have attended to that, and nothing that the Committee, or Congress, should do, or refuse to do, could, by any possibility, add to or subtract one iota from the glory he has won.

☞ The Ancient Order of Hibernians, and Celtic Association, two of the oldest and leading Irish Societies of this city, celebrated the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Emmet, the great Irish Orator, at their respective headquarters last Friday evening, in a manner worthy of the name and day. At the rooms of the Celtics in the JOURNAL block only members were admitted, therefore, a full report of the proceedings cannot be given. There were, however, speeches by prominent Irishmen, toasts, music, etc. The rooms were filled by enthusiastic sons and descendants of sons of the Green Isle. At Div. 3, A. O. H. Headquarters the celebration was carried out on an elaborate scale, the ceremonies being presided over by Patrick Brown, and excellent vocal and instrumental music was furnished by members. National President Cummings of the A. O. H. delivered a fine oration; and among the other speakers were: County Secretary Gray of Natick, ex-President Lawrence Reade, Lieut. Daniel J. Canty, 9th Reg. M. V. M.; President O'Leary, Div. 24, Lexington; Frank E. Wetherell, Matthew Cummings, National President; James O'Sullivan, Timothy O'Sullivan, James F. McGrath.

☞ Thomas C. Platt, for nearly 40 years the Republican Boss of the State of New York, died suddenly at his apartments in New York City last Sunday afternoon. Had he lived until next July, he would have been 77 years old, having been born at Oswego, N.Y., in 1833. Ex-U.S. Senator Platt made his first appearance in politics during the Fremont campaign in 1856, when he wrote campaign songs and carried torches in Fremont parades. He was elected to Congress in 1872, since which time he has wielded more political power, through the Federal patronage at his disposal, than any other Republican in the Empire State. When, many years ago, U. S. Senator Conkling resigned, in a great rage, because U. S. Senator Blaine "sassed" him in the Senate, Platt followed suit, resigned, and, for many years thereafter, was known as "Me, too." He was not a great man, nor a statesman, but simply a keen, crafty and successful politician.

☞ Easter Sunday comes earlier than usual this year, March 27. By some people this is taken to mean an early spring, and they are already beginning to prepare the ground for planting peas. Easter is always due to arrive on the first Sunday following the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox, March 21. It once came on March 22, but that was over 200 years ago, and is not likely to occur again very soon. In 1886 Easter Sunday came as late as April 25.

☞ History is usually 10 years behindhand and always inaccurate—*Boston Globe.*

Horace Walpole, the English philosopher and statesman, expressed the same idea in a little different language many years ago.

☞ Mayor Gaynor of New York has appointed a committee of 150 prominent citizens, with Cornelius Vanderbilt as Chairman, to arrange for the grand reception of President Theodore Roosevelt on his return to this country next June.

☞ At a meeting of the Editors of the 20 Republican papers published in the 18th Illinois Congressional District held at Danville, the home of Speaker Cannon, last week, resolutions were unanimously adopted that endorsed him and his course as Speaker of the National House of Representatives; called on him to stand as a candidate for reelection this fall; and heartily approved of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill.

☞ To show the intellectual heft and political standing of three of the five members who compose the Subcommittee of the House Committee on Naval Affairs who have demanded Commander Peary's record of his finding the Northpole and nailing the American Flag to it, we would state that two of them are Butler Ames of Lowell and Roberts of Chelsea, with another member who belongs to the same class.

☞ The price of meat keeps on soaring skyward about all the time, notwithstanding the superhuman efforts of Federal and State governments, and Boycotts, to prevent it. Can't Gov. Draper do something to relieve the situation? Where's his Probe Committee, or Commission? Gov. Draper ought to put a stop to the present terrible high prices.

☞ It is possible that Eugene N. Foss will be Mr. Buchanan's antagonist at the Congressional election in the 14th District on March 22. Josiah Quincy, the Democratic Boss, and other party leaders, are trying to induce him to "go in and win," and then take the Democratic nomination for Governor next fall. He may do so.

☞ The Republican State Committee claim that the defeat of Buchanan, who was nominated at the Republican convention last Saturday for election on March 22 to fill the vacancy in the 14th Mass. Congressional District, would be regarded as adverse criticism of Taft's administration. That's too thin!

☞ Of the Board of Commissioners appointed last Wednesday by Gov. Draper to investigate the cause of the present high prices of provisions, Robert Luce of Somerville is Chairman, and Edward F. McSweeney, Editor of the Boston *Traveler*, and a nephew of Mr. Bryan McSweeney of Woburn, is the Democratic member.

☞ Is it possibe that croppings-out of unadulterated politics are easily discernable with the naked eye in City Hall, as some people claim? Is it? An early answer is desired and respectfully solicited.

☞ Within a few days Congressman McCall of this District has received two petitions signed by more than 600 Massachusetts ministers protesting against further increase of the Navy.

LOCAL NEWS.

Now Advertisements.

J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
C. C. Williard—Probate Notice.
F. E. Barnes—Dissolution Notice.
Henry E. Chamberlin Mortg. Sale.

— This is Children's Day at the Woman's Club.

— Good Friday, the end of Lent, comes on March 25.

— The First Parish Fair held on Feb. 22-23 yielded $618.

— Tickets for the St. Charles Minstrel show are now on sale.

— The alarm from box 37 at 11.50 Wednesday morning was for brush fire on Bedford street.

— Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz of Bennett street attended the funeral of a relative at Gloucester last Sunday.

— Dr. Charles O'Brien of Church avenue is head Physician at Choate Hospital during this month of March.

— Mrs. Fred Ruggles of Lookaway Inn at Pine Point, near Portland, Maine, is visiting Woburn friends this week.

— Some of the Concord and Shawsheen River summer campers are looking the ground over for next season's outings.

— Registrar Walsh will soon have his April water bills on the market. He never fails to get them distributed on time.

— The St. Charles C. T. A. S. have sold a pile of tickets for their minstrel show on St. Patrick's Day, March 17.

— William E. Beggs was elected Exalted Ruler of the Woburn Lodge of Elks last week, and Redmond E. Walsh, Secretary.

— The weather last Sunday was elegant; but Tuesday was a typical March day—blustering and not too sultry for real comfort.

— Harry F. Parker of Church avenue walked up to Burlington last Wednesday and gathered a fine large bunch of fully developed pussywillows.

— The Vernal Equinox, or date for the sun to "cross the line;" the days to become of equal length; and the "line gale" to set in; is March 21, or 10 days hence.

— Mr. Arthur F. Ray, the Harvard student who is taking manufacturing reports in this city for the next U. S. Census, enters the Harvard Law School next September.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson is very good indeed to go around and visit the "lame and lazy." What is nice of him, too, is that he always takes good cheer along with him.

— Petitions praying that North Woburn may be made a subpostoffice station, and for an additional carrier, have been forwarded to the P. O. Dept. at Washington, D. C.

— Woburn friends and correspondents of Mrs. E. V. Bridgham will be interested to learn that her address after this week will be 491 North Lake street, Aurora, Illinois.

— President James L. McGovern pledges his sacred word and honor that the St. Charles minstrel show next Thursday evening in Lyceum Hall will be the best ever. And he knows.

— As predicted by the JOURNAL last week, Mr. William H. Jones, who is Clerk of the Board of Overseers of the Poor, has been appointed Almoner to succeed Mr. Terrence J. Maguire.

— Towanda Club entertained the Medford Boat Club in fine style last Monday evening. An elegant luncheon was served, and then the home boys beat the Medford lads bad at a game of 10 pins.

— The L. T. L. will hold an oratorical and musical contest in the Baptist church vestry March 18. This will be a Frances Willard night and all conversant with her wonderful life will be interested.

— City Collector Golden is crowding delinquent polltax debtors hard to the wall for immediate payment. He issued a big batch of warrants last week, from which he expects to reap a rich and plentiful harvest.

— Mrs. Louise E. Newhall of Fairfield, Maine, hung up her Easter shopping in Boston long enough this morning to run out and call on Woburn friends and get a bite of something to eat. They were glad to see her.

— The Woburn Choral Society are to give their second public concert on the evening of April 11. It promises to be not only a great musical feast, but to fill Lyceum Hall with lovers of melody and admirers of firstclass dress parades.

— Because he was looking over and suggesting improvements of Library Park a few days ago, it is surmised that Mr. James Skinner proposes to take a band in baseball affairs here this season. Well, the old saying is: "Boys will be boys."

— Highly favorable reports are received from the Woburn manufacturers of patent leather as to the condition of the business. There is a scarsity of workman, otherwise manufacturing is satisfactory, output heavy, and prices very good indeed.

— Mrs. Maggie McKay Shea and her youngest of Salem street are spending this week with her friend, Mrs. Sawyer, nee Soles, at Hancock, N. H.; and Ned, the head of the house is keeping Bachelor's Hall while wife and baby are away.

— Last Saturday John P. Delaney, Jr., was a visitor at the JOURNAL establishment where he used to be employed as an allround printer. His home is in Revere with his parents, where John P. Senior is a member of the police force.

— Mr. George I. Clapp, Superintendent of the Woburn public schools, attended a meeting of School Superintendents in Boston last Saturday. Like the busy bee, he improves "every shining hour" to keep his mind posted on school affairs.

— We heard in a roundabout way that the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee were to have as guests at a meeting last evening Charles E Hatfield, Chairman, and Charles E Groves, Secretary, of the State Republican Committee.

— April 14 has been fixed on as the date for the opening of the W. H. S. baseball season, at which time Com Kelley's grandstand on Library Park will be finished and in running trim, providing, always, that the Park don't sink out of sight before that date.

— At the close of a week's vacation which is being keenly enjoyed, the public schools of this city will resume work next Monday morning, March 14, from which date the school authorities expect the pupils will buckle right down to earnest and severe mental toil.

— At their home 26 Broad street, this city, last Saturday, March 5, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Robie celebrated in a quiet way, their Golden Wedding. They enjoyed calls from many friends during the day, and numerous presents Mr. Robie conducts a news depot on Main street.

— The expected happened at the Winchester Town Meeting last Monday—the whole caucus ticket for Town Officers was chosen, except in a single case, that of Brown for Selectman. The people of Woburn's pretty suburb manifest a great fondness for William Rooney, Collector.

— Mrs. Alvah J. Foster of Church avenue celebrated the anniversary of her birthday last Saturday. Irene, the daughter, performed the duties of Master of Ceremonies in fine style; while the boys acted their parts to the entire satisfaction of everybody interested in the pleasant family affair.

— The Epworth League of the Methodist church in this city are after indiarubber this year, and the members are tackling everybody on the streets for contributions of it. Last year it was strips of pennies they were after; but it is different now. It seems to be a sort of warfare between opposing parties.

— Ald. Furbush, the Socialist and Reformer, tackled the Boston & Northern St. Railway Co., and the B. P. W. at the Council meeting the other evening, the former for a waitingroom on Winn and Pleasant streets; and the other for widening some street somewhere in the city. But, then, the Council are not profoundly impressed with Furbush's official vagaries.

— It may not be necessary to do so, but we take the liberty and time by the forelock to inform the army of JOURNAL patrons that the housecleaning season is now open. We would, likewise, inform said patrons, especially the housekeepers, that Mr. C. A. Nichols, proprietor of the popular carpet renovating establishment in Buel's Court, is the individual they should consult, at an early day, on the subject of taking up, cleaning, and putting down carpets, and making rugs. He's the man for it.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— By all means purchase your Easter jewelry of Smith & Varney.

— Fresh groceries are opened every day at Fred Stanley's Boston Branch.

— On a certain windowsill in this town lilac buds are almost ready to blossom.

— Gage & Co. have just opened stocks of gentlemen's suitings for spring wear. Nice, too!

— John C. Andrews, Printer, is having an attack of neuritis, which is a modern name for neuralgia.

— Mr. Griffin Place, 416 Main street, is a good man to talk to about real estate and insurance. On either subject he is prepared to say the right thing to customers.

— Mayor Murray, Commissioner Kennedy, and Street Super Martin, are going to see if the frequent flooding of Main near Salem Street can't be stopped; and it is a step in the right direction.

— Mr. John Thompson has been appointed Superintendent of Woodbrook cemetery to take the place of Wilson M. Thompson, who resigned to go into other pursuits. The appointment is not a permanent one.

— Have any steps been taken towards celebrating Evacuation Day and St. Patrick's Day in this city next Thursday? The Yankees and Irishmen ought to pool their issues and do something to honor the Day.

— Mr. Jason Herrick is about to erect 3 large dwellinghouses on the corner of High and Prospect streets, in preparation for which he is pulling down the old factory building. Herrick has full faith in the future greatly increased value of Woburn real estate.

— Neither Mr. Bryan McSweeney nor Dr. J. K. Stuart, the veterinarian, was seriously hurt in a collision between the Doctor's automobile and one of O'Keefe's delivery carts when coming down Fox Hill last Tuesday, but the car was pretty badly used up. It was a narrow escape from serious injury by both gentlemen.

— Campbell's Varnish Stains are scientifically prepared from soluble colors, combined with the toughest hard gum floor Varnish, in such a way that this Stain works like a transparent Lacquer. Nothing like it for use on Floors, Furniture, and interior Woodwork. Very durable. Stains and Varnishes at one operation. Holdridgo Hardware Co. sells it.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson of Court street, a Civil War Veteran, has been Treasurer of Mt. Horeb Lodge of Free Masons for the last 20 years, and last Wednesday evening, at a regular communication, the Lodge presented him with a Treasurer's apron, with which, it is needless to say, he feels a lively and justifiable pride. The gift was a fitting acknowledgement of official duty faithfully done.

— No doubt many readers of the JOURNAL have, in the last few years, gone into Boston to see played on the stage there, and be delighted with, "Old Jed Prouty;" well, John L. Hyde, the original "Jed," died at Portland, Maine, last week at the age of 73 years. He was a queer old duck, many of whose characteristics were represented to the life in the popular play of "Old Jed Prouty."

— Next Thursday, March 17, is Evacuation, as well as St. Patrick's, Day, and is to be celebrated in Boston accordingly, that being the place the British troops evacuated and hastily sailed away from to Halifax in their armed ships, with Lord Percy as leader, on the morning of March 17, 1776. And, although St. Patrick never visited Boston, consequently, drove no snakes from there, the anniversary of his birth is annually observed by the inhabitants of the Hub, and is to be, by a great parade, next Thursday.

— The other day, by courtesy of Mrs. C. M. Strout, the JOURNAL was privileged to examine a handbill announcement of the first First Parish Fair, held on April 18, 19, Patriots Day, some 25 years ago, which we found interesting. Eight tables loaded with fine things were presided over by the ladies; a nice supper was served from 6 to 8 each evening; and a Cantata entitled "Columbia's Party," was given. Mrs. George F. Bean, as Chairman of Committee No. 2, gave an entertainment for the pleasure of the children; and the whole affair was a great success.

— On Feb. 17, 1910, a former student of Warren Academy of Woburn, Samuel L. Boynton of Biddeford, Maine, celebrated the 84th anniversary of his birthday at the home of his only child, Mary, a fine lady, wife of Mr. Allen T. Skillings, of Westbrook, Maine, with whom, of late years, since the death of his wife in 1896, he has spent the winter months. About 25 years ago Mr. Boynton visited the old Academy on the Hill, and remembered its boardinghouse, which had been moved to Winn street. He is a native and one of the sterling men of York County. Long may he wave!

— About 7 o'clock last Monday morning the lightnings flashed and the thunderclaps rattled, and the rain poured, in lively fashion here and hereabouts. It was followed by a dull, lowery, drizzly day—so much so that Monday's washes were conspicuous on the clothesline in our neighborhood for their absence. An extraordinary high temperature for early March prevailed. Last week was the hottest ever known at this season of the year in Boston and vicinity, so the Weather Man said, and he was right. Nobody here ever before experienced such hot days and nights. It was a common sight when passing houses any evening last week to see the windows all up, and the inmates trying to keep cool. It was remarkable weather for March.

— Hose 1 had a call to Fox's hill for a brush fire last evening.

— The Parish Aid Society of the North Congregational Church will hold a Sale on April 7.

— Last Sunday Rev. A. H. Herrick, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, announced that next Sunday morning his pulpit would be occupied by the pastor of a Methodist Church in a neighboring town, on exchange.

— The B. P. W. are bitterly hostile to the scheme proposed to furnish an office in City Hall for the City Solicitor, "Dennie" Sullivan, Esq, if you please. Commissioner "Jimmie" Kelley is prepared to fight it to the last bat's end, and says, redhot with expletives, that he'll down it, "if it takes a leg." Cut the Mayor's private office, which isn't spacious enough to swing a cat by the tail without knocking her brains out against the wall, in two to furnish City Solicitor "Dennie" Sullivan, Esq., space to show off in? Never! so long as his name is "Jimmie" Kelley, Com., etc., and his strong right arm don't cleave to the roof of his mouth, or words similar thereto. Commissioner Kelley isn't in the habit of being beaten in a case of this kind, and he's bound to come out on top in this contest.

— From a notice published in this issue of the JOURNAL it will be seen that the firm of Robbins & Barnes, dealers in gentlemen's furnishing goods at 20 Tremont street, Boston, have dissolved partnership, Mr. Barnes having sold his interest to Mr. Robbins and retired. About 14 years ago Mr. Franklin E. Barnes resigned the office of Secretary of the Woburn Y. M. C. A. and engaged in mercantile business in Boston which he has followed prosperously ever since. His leavetaking of the Y. M. C. A. here was deeply regretted, for he was especially qualified for Association work, and signally successful in carrying it on. He married the daughter of Mr. George E Fowle, the well known builder of this city, and was one of the most popular young ladies in this community. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes reside at Winchester.

Literary Notices.

No one can fail to be attracted by the fine picture (in colors) of the three stalwart youths in military cadet uniforms shown on the front cover of the March AMERICAN BOY and the contents of this number will increase the popularity of the magazine. The first installment of Winning the Eagle Prize or the Pluck of Billy Hazen, is given and Roger Jackson at Ramsbury is continued Then there are Captain Ted, Stirring up Silverton, Gramp Dexter's Jewels, What's Bred in the Bone, The Feather Mantle, The Winner of the medal; a humorous hunting story called The Great Rabbit Hunt, and The Grinders' Union. This number is also remarkable for its timely and instructive articles, including a sketch of the career of Hon. J. M. Dickinson, U. S. Secretary of War; A Boy's Museum; How to Cure Yourself; Accomplishments for the Boy; Taking the Census; Making Policemen of Dogs; How to Build a Glider; and Mischa Elman, the celebrated boy violinist. Especially fine are the subjects treated in the various regular departments and the result of the prize poultry contest with essays of the winners is also given. In addition there are 60 illustrations. $1 00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

The Cooperative Development Work.

Since the Electric Show, held in Boston a few months ago, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company has been pushing along definite lines its effort to cooperate with the different cities and towns that use its service for their development along the lines best suited to the several localities.

The important thing is to get people and enterprises outside of this territory to appreciate these things and to that end the Committee has appointed from its organization a committee of three, which has organized as The Edison Cooperative Development Committee It is intended that this committee shall cooperate with committees of two representative citizens in each city or town where the Edison service is used, to assist in this development work.

Burlington.

Our womenfolks appear to be waking up to the subject of Female Suffrage. Last Tuesday at a meeting of the Woman's Club, a flourishing organization, Mrs. Crowley, a member of the Bar and a talented lady, besides being a strong advocate of Equal Suffrage, delivered a lecture in the church vestry, which was numerously attended by interested women. I shouldn't wonder if they got up quite a large Woman Suffragist party in this town after awhile.

Her Cab.

Mary Ann of Lancaster Gate, basement, was having a week off and had arrived back at her little native village in all her metropolitan paint and feathers.

It was a very little native village and Mary Ann, after her many months' service in town, didn't think so very much of it. Even James, the station porter and her old sweetheart, seemed hopelessly insignificant, and instead of staggering him with the kiss that he expected she looked him up and down, comparing him with a certain gentleman whose acquaintance she had recently made and who wore plush breeches and silk stockings.

"Porter," she said grandly, "do you know if there is a cab here to convey me and my luggage home?"

"Well, I don't know about a cab," responded the staggered yokel, "but there's yer mother outside wi' a barrer!"—London Scraps.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

The coming of Mrs. Eva Fay to Keith's next week will be one of the most important events of the season. Mrs. Fay's name is well known through America and the English speaking world as the greatest exponent of the physic art now extant. She may not be the first in this line, physics date back for centuries, but it is credited that this modern seeress has accomplished many of the greatest feats in the history of telepathy. For 30 weeks she kept all New York in a state of continual excitement and left in her wake a host of converts to a belief in the existence of the sixth sense.

THE SHUBERT.

"The Midnight Sons," that whirlwind of mirth, beautiful girls, rich costumes, good taste in color, unique scenic effects, specialties and songs, including "Rings on my fingers, bells on my toes," began its second month of success at the Shubert Theatre, Boston, last Monday night. It is the same old story of "all sold out" at the ticket window by 8 o'clock and late comers have to stand. It is much more convenient to take advatage of the fact that seats are on sale two weeks in advance. There are many important features, but the ones always sure to please are the realistic theatre scene, the stage dinner with 100 diners, the funny shoe store scene and the illusion of the Pullman train going at the rate of a mile a minute. It is entirely fit for ladies and children to see. The engagement in Boston is very near the end and "The Midnight Sons" will not be seen elsewhere in New England.

CASTLE SQUARE.

Tom Moore, a hero in real life, and the greatest of Irish poets, makes an admirable hero for a play. Some years ago Theodore Burt Sayre wrote a comedy entitled "Tom Moore," based upon certain incidents in the poet's life, and Andrew Mack starred in it with no little success. It is this play that John Craig has chosen for the coming week at the Castle Square and he has chosen it so that its performance may fall on and around St. Patrick's Day. The play itself contains many bright examples of Irish wit, and not a little Irish adventure. Tom Moore himself is a kindly, a romantic and a sympathetic personage. He was a gallant as well as a troubadour, and in the course of the play, he finds that life is not so easy for him as he had imagined in his youth.

THE BOSTON.

Beginning Monday evening, March 14th, "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," the reigning success for over six months at the Circle Theatre, New York, comes to the Boston Theatre with all the spectacular splendor and great company of comedians, show girls, chorus people and ballets that has made this piece such a sensation in the Empire City. The book is by Paul M. Potter, the music by John T. Hall, and the whole production is directed by Thos. W. Hyley, with Frank Smithson as stage manager. The story has to do with the night life of Paris. The young King of Orcania is in Paris finishing of his education previous to his assuming the more serious occupation of ruling a province. The young Prince is followed by his brideelect, the Princess Marotz, but he is saturated with the gayeties of Paris and the poor Princess is too tame for him. A striking feature is the conclusion of Act Two when the "floats," each containing the prettiest model of the studio are shown as they circle around the Moulin Rogue and are afterwards thrown into the Seine. There will be regular matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

HOLLIS STREET.

Henry B Harris will present "The Traveling Salesman," James Forbes's great comedy success with the original New York and Chicago Company and production, at the Hollis Street Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday, March 14th. The first act of "The Traveling Salesman" shows the interior of a railway depot at Grand Crossing, a little town in the Middle West. It is here that Bob Blake, the traveling salesman, makes the acquaintance of Beth Elliott, the pretty telegraph operator and ticket agent. Beth is possessed of a barren and untillable land, which suddenly becomes of immense value because it is necessary to a scheme of improvement the railroad company desires to carry out. Mr. Harris will send "The Travelling Salesman" to Boston with the same Company and production that scored such success in New York and Chicago, in which cities it ran for over a year.

WALDRON'S CASINO.

"The Gay Masqueraders" comes to Waldron's Casino next week. In addition to a monster spectacular scenic production, the management has added a bill of musical comedy and vaudeville stars which would do credit to the big Broadway productions. Joe J. Sullivan, Melie. Ani, J. Bernard Dyllyn, Gracey and Burnett, John McMahon and Melvin Brothers are among those who participate in the performance. Mr. Hill, who is a past master of stage realism, has concentrated all his artistic on this production. The press has been lavish in its praise of "The Gay Masqueraders," comparing its general likeness to "The Merry Widow."

Billy, The Boy Artist.

The biggest laugh of the entire season is said to be in store for visitors to the "Grand Opera House" in Boston during the week of March 21st, for then the attraction will be "Billy, the Boy Artist," Ed. Payne's own version for the stage of his famously funny cartoon series which have appeared under the same title in the colored Sunday supplement of the *Boston Globe* for the past ten years or so. The average theatregoer needs only to have seen one of this series by Ed. Payne to jump to the right conclusion that these characters, with Billy ever on hand to give an uproariously amusing interruption with his handy pail of paint and brush to whatever is going on, will be screamingly joyous on the stage.

Practicality in the Household

Means running it in a business-like way. Success in business is achieved by economy of time and energy.

In Large Households

The mistress cannot give the time nor the strength to keep running from the kitchen to the attic in order to give proper attention to every detail of domestic management.

An Extension Telephone

In most houses will serve the purpose and save worry and strength—but

An Intercommunicating Telephone System

In the large town or country house places the mistress in touch with every department of her household and involves no fatiguing effort.

The cost is slight. Estimates and surveys cheerfully furnished free upon request to Local Manager.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

New England Telephone & Telegraph Company

One day when there was fish for dinner little Edna said, "Mamma, I know what a shad is."

"What is it, dear?" queried her mother.

"It's a porcupine turned outside in," was the little one's triumphant explanation.—Chicago News.

This Is An Easy Test.

Shake Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and not in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold everywhere, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 15 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Substance."
Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, March 2, by Rev. P. A. Mickles, Hans Olsen and Hulda Sihlman both of Woburn.

In this city, March 9, by Rev. W. H. Osmond, William J. Graham and Mary Jane Colvin, both of Burlington.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 2, Susan Isabel Gibson Park, aged 67 years.

In this city, March 3, Watkins B. Goodwin, aged 49 years.

BRECKS' REAL ESTATE AGENCY
51 & 52 NORTH MARKET ST. BOSTON.
CONNECTED WITH THEIR SEED HOUSE AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
Established 1822
A HOUSE WITH A REPUTATION

WE are having calls for property in your section. If you want to sell, write for our special listing blank.

ABSOLUTELY NO CHARGE UNTIL SOLD

If you want to buy send for our catalog of Farms and Country Places; 500 descriptions and 50 illustrations Free On Application.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Robbins and Barnes, and doing business at No. 20 Tremont street in Boston, is dissolved by mutual agreement.

Francis M. Robbins is authorized to sign in liquidation and will carry on the same business at the same place.

FRANCIS M. ROBBINS,
FRANKLIN E. BARNES,
Boston, March 1, 1910.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Elizabeth B. Faden, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

HENRY BOWKER, Executor.
Room 333, 49 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.
March 11, 1910. 11-18-25

HAY

FOR SALE and delivered in Woburn. Apply at 71 Wyman Street.

EDMUND C. COLMAN.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Edward McMahon and Mary J. McMahon, his wife in her own right, to Charles O. Noble, dated December 31, 1907, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3345, Page 171, for breach of the condition thereof and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on

TUESDAY, the fifth day of April, 1910,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—Three certain parcels of land bounded and described as follows, viz:—First. A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and being lots 312 and 313 on Elm street, so-called, and lots 348 and 349 on Felton street, so-called, shown on Plan B, recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4, and bounded northerly by said Elm street, there measuring seventy (70) feet; easterly by lots 314 and 350, shown on said plan, there measuring one hundred forty (140) feet; southerly by said Felton street, there measuring seventy (70) feet, and westerly, by the second parcel hereinafter described, one hundred forty (140) feet; containing 9800 square feet. Second. A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, containing 9800 square feet, and being lots numbered 310, 311, 346 and 347, shown on said plan B, and bounded northerly by said Elm street seventy (70) feet; easterly on the First parcel above described, one hundred forty (140) feet; southerly by Felton street seventy (70) feet, and westerly by lots 309 and 345 shown on said plan, one hundred forty (140) feet. Third. A certain lot of land containing 4900 square feet and being lots 278 and 282 shown on plan of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4.

Said premises will be sold subject to taxes, outstanding tax titles, and other city assessments, if any.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; farther particulars at the time and place of sale.

HENRY E. CHAMBERLIN,
11-18-25 Assignee of said mortgage.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Charlie A. Jones late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Emily E. Jones, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein, named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

It is very easy, and much too common, to "pass" a Lens as "good" when it is not very bad. We test our Lenses before and after mounting them, and guarantee them correct.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.
315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St. Boston.
75 Summer St. and
1252 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

FRED GOWING,
Doctor of Osteopathy,
HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS,
BOSTON.
HOURS: 10 to 4.

SPECIAL FREE Lecture and Treatment every Thursday at 3 P. M.

Public cordially invited.

Telephone 22195 Back Bay, Boston.
" 105-2 Woburn.

Hogs Dressed

in firstclass manner. Also, Hogs bought and sold by

A. W. BOUTWELL,
Butters Row, Wilmington, Mass.

Special Sale

— OF —

National Biscuit Co.'s regular 10c package

Graham Crackers 3 for 25c.

10c. pkg. Baronets (Butter Thins) **3 for 25c.**

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER, 379 Main St., Woburn.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 214-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 6.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,

— DEALERS IN —

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect Street.

Telephone connection

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Vick's Seeds Yield Big Returns

To the Farmer because he is absolutely sure of profitable crops when he sows Vick Seeds.

To the Gardener because high grade garden truck commands highest prices in all markets.

Vegetables and Asters grown from Vick's Seeds are to be exhibited at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 12 to 17, 1910. No entrance fee for this exhibit—just use Vick's Seeds. Ask for particulars.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. **Write right now** for a free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER—One packet Vick's Daybreak Aster, one packet Vick's Branching Asters (mixed colors), and our valuable book "How to Grow Asters," all for 10 cents.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, 143 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

To Mothers In This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Kyle, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by John A. Kyle who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, the executrix named in said will having declined to accept the trust.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Andrew J. Wade, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Catherine A. Wade, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Cynthia B. Goddard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Frank C. Goddard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the other having deceased, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of March A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James Murphy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Katie F. Murray of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventeenth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Carter, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Catherine A. Wade, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jennie L. Knapp, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Nellie E. Davis, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if, any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

WINCHESTER.

I am told that a goodly number of our well heeled inhabitants are spending the cold weather in the gentle and balmy South. Lucky people.

Our real estate men and others are expecting a big building boom in this town this season. Many fine residences are to be built by new settlers.

I was glad to note that Price Wilson had so many names of our best and leading citizens on his list of supporters for Tax Collector, for he is a deserving young man.

Arthur Whitney's pen is still wagging, as I glean from our villiage paper. What he don't know about matters and things in general, and Town affairs in particular aren't worth knowing.

Mr. Samuel Smith, the worthy and venerable West Side agriculturist, manages to get on very nicely without a town office; hence the absence of his name on the list of candidates at the late election.

Antielection politics were pretty hot here; but things have quieted down, and the whole town is reasonably contented and happy. The absence of your Uncle Sam Twombly's name in the squabble seems odd.

It may seem odd that in this staid and conservative community there exist so many female suffragists, but there are a good many of them, and one of their ablest champions is W. Tuck, the zealous Bryanite.

Brother Tuck failed to "make the riffles" on Town Meeting day. The esteemed Brother deserves a fat Town office, and the people ought to be ashamed of themselves for depriving him of one. But his brand of politics don't suit them.

The Special Committee who have the Gradecrossing question in hand need prodding. So far they have been "slower than cold molasses" in their official movements. I don't expect to live long enough to see that crossing finished.

Town Meeting went off last Monday, March 7, without a hitch. With the exception of Brown for Selectman, the caucus ticket won hands down. There was one thing, though, that I didn't like, and many others thought as I did about it, and that was the unfair defeat of Price Wilson for Collector. He made a strong run for the office, and proved that he is a worthy and popular young man by coming out of the campaign stronger than when he went in. If the opposition hadn't unjustly brought a third candidate into the field for no other purpose than to defeat him, Price would have been elected. But another day is coming.

Allen's Lung Balsam

has been used successfully for years for deep-seated coughs, colds and bronchitis. Everybody should know about it. It is simple, safe and sure.

A Garrick Incident.

The picture of Garrick in the witness box, tongue tied and smothered with confusion, is an amazing one, for Garrick where speaking was concerned was the pride of London. Members of parliament envied him his powers. Burke envied him. There is that instance in parliament when during a heated debate a member moved that the gallery be cleared. This was ordered to be done, and the strangers withdrew, all save Garrick. Still the member objected. Then up spake Burke. Would it be fair to exclude from their debate the master of eloquence, the genius who taught them the art of speaking? he demanded. For himself he was proud to acknowledge his indebtedness to Garrick. Fox followed in the same strain. And Townshend. The house then voted that the "stranger should remain." And Garrick did not budge!—St. James' Gazette.

Mexican Tidbits.

Water bugs and worms are among the tidbits in which the Mexican peon delights. He catches his bugs as they skim along the top of fresh water ponds, drying them and then eating them with as much zest as an American boy eats peanuts. As near as the peon can explain it, their flavor is something on the order of the chestnut, but as no white man has ever tried eating water bugs or, if he has, doesn't dare confess it, the exact taste of these Mexican morsels can't be described very accurately. The peons dote, too, on the nice fat pulque worm. This insect is about two inches long and half an inch thick. They fry the dainty in grease and pack it in brown paper packages of a dozen worms, which bring 2 cents a paper. An industrious pulque worm collector makes a good living.—New York World.

Knew the Wrong Man.

It was with a good deal of confidence that he walked up to the magistrate's desk in a Philadelphia station notwithstanding the fact that a policeman had a firm hold on both sleeves. He waited quietly till one of the policemen made the accusation of "drunk and disorderly" and then asked the magistrate if he might speak.

"Yes," replied the magistrate. "What have you to say?"

"Well, judge, I was drunk last night, but it does not often happen. I have lived in this ward nearly all my life, and any one can tell you that."

"Oh, lived here all your life, have you? Do you know any one in the ward that can speak for you?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," said the prisoner, "I know ——. He can tell you all about me."

"You know him, do you? Well, so do I. Ten days," was the result.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Feeding a Family of Five on $4 a Week.

"My husband," said the woman with the optimistic face, "gives me $4 a week for keeping up the table for our family, and it is simply wonderful how we do it."

"I should think so," observes the woman with the grim smile. "How big a family have you?"

"My husband, myself, three boys and one girl."

"And you keep up your table with $4 a week? What do you have?"

"For breakfast we have a cereal, fruit, coffee and sometimes bacon and eggs; for luncheon cold meats or croquettes or something made of the left-overs from dinner the night before and a simple dessert; for dinner we have a soup, chicken or roast meat, two vegetables, a salad, coffee and a dessert."

"My goodness! What prices do you pay for groceries and meats?"

"Mercy me! I never ask. I just telephone to the grocer and meat man and tell them what I want, and my husband gets the bills the first of the month."

"But I thought you said he allowed you only $4 a week?"

"So he does, and by charging nearly everything, do you know, I actually save $8 or $10 a month from that allowance!"—Judge's Library.

THE ENGLISH NAVY.

Fighting Ships Used to Be Hired Out In Times of Peace.

In the earliest times of the British navy there was practically no distinction between the merchantman and the man-of-war. In the rare times of peace men-of-war traded as merchantmen, while merchantmen always went armed. Thus in time of war the trader became the warship, and vice versa. From the time of the conquest and probably earlier down to the days of Elizabeth this was the ordinary practice. Elizabeth hired out ships of the navy for all sorts of purposes, from piracy to slave trading, taking her share of the profits when the venture was successful and disclaiming all responsibility when it wasn't.

Henry III., who may be described as the originator of the navy as a special fighting force, hired out the ships specially built for the navy in times of peace and even allowed them to be taken away from their appointed stations provided that the hirers deposited due security for the return of the ships with their tackle and all equipment in a proper state of efficiency. The practice ceased after the repulse of the Spanish armada, when the fighting ships, as such, became distinct from the trader.—London Globe.

Plant Misers.

All leaf buds, whether underground or on the bare branches of winter, are plant savings put aside from the superfluity of summer against the proverbial rainy day. The starch of which such organisms consist is to the plant what his savings are to the prudent man, and the common potato is one of the greatest misers of the vegetable world in this respect, for almost the whole of the tuber is made up of starch food, left as a legacy to the young plants represented by the "eyes." This is true of all plants that grow from bulbs.

Some go further, for they run a savings bank in the shape of a taproot, which, if left undisturbed, grows larger year by year, to be drawn upon in seasons of drought when other means of subsistence are exhausted. Among these are primroses, carrots, beetroot and turnips, and with these three last this faculty of saving has been developed by man to make the plants a source of profit to himself.

History of Anatomy.

The way in which we are so "fearfully and wonderfully made" was largely a mystery to the ancients. It may be said that anatomical science was practically unknown prior to Aristotle, 384 B. C. Before that date nearly all that was known of anatomy was derived from the dissection of the lower animals. Aristotle did something in the way of science, but it was not until the time of the famous Alexandrian school, a century before and a century after the birth of Christ, that the anatomy of man began to be fairly understood. The Ptolemies were great patrons of the science and were the first who enabled physicians freely to dissect the human body, thus frustrating the ignorant superstition which had been so long compromising the welfare of humanity.—Exchange.

A Curious Stone.

A curious stone is the alexandrite. It is a dark green stone that is polished, cut and set, very like a fine topaz or amethyst, in large showy rings surrounded by diamonds. By the light of day the alexandrite has no special beauty save its fine luster, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the dull stone deep gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the firelight one ignorant of this vagary would instantly pronounce it a ruby.

Keeping Up Appearances.

Husband (suddenly waking up at dead of night)—What in the world was that noise? Wife (calmly)—It's all right, dear. The guests of the Moneybags' ball are just coming home, and I slipped down and gave our front door a slam, so the neighbors would think we were there.—New York Journal.

He Found It Was.

Judge (to prisoner)—You are charged with having seriously injured your wife by inclosing her in a folding bed. What have you to say for yourself? Prisoner—Your honor, I wished to see if it was possible to shut her up.

The Rescue.

The Major—What's this I hear, David, about your nearly saving a man from drowning? David—I did save 'im from drownin', only the life buoy 'it 'im on the 'ead and killed 'im.—London Tatler.

Did Not See It Before.

Miss Eastside—That is a lovely gown, but haven't I seen it before? Miss Westside—No; I think not. I have only worn it at a very few smart affairs this season.

Great Scheme.

"I'm going to marry a girl ten years older than I am," says the philosopher of folly, "so that I can catch up with her by the time I'm fifty."—Cleveland Leader.

It is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself.—Sterne.

A POOR JUMP.

It Came Near Being the Death of Isabey, the Painter.

Napoleon Bonaparte, as is well known, was in the habit of walking with his arms crossed upon his chest and his head slightly bent forward. Isabey, the painter, was at Malmaison, and he and some of the first consul's aids-de-camp were having a game of leapfrog on the lawn. Isabey had already jumped over the heads of most of them when at the turning of a path he espied the last player, who, in the requisite position, seemed to be waiting for the ordeal. Isabey pursued his course without looking, but took his flight so badly as only to reach the other's shoulders, and both rolled over and over in the sand.

To Isabey's consternation, his supposed fellow player turned out to be Bonaparte, who got up, foaming at the mouth with anger, and, drawing his sword, pounced upon the unfortunate artist. Isabey, luckily for himself, better at running than at leaping, took to his heels and, jumping the ditches dividing the property from the highroad, got over the wall and never stopped until, breathless, he reached the gates of the Tuileries.

Isabey, it was added, went immediately to Mme. Bonaparte's apartments, and she, after having laughed at the mishap, advised him to lie low for a little while.

THE ADAM'S APPLE.

An Important Organ That Helps to Protect the Brain.

One of the most remarkable pieces of mechanism in the human system, a device which anticipated several of our modern patents, is the Adam's apple, which for ages physicians considered a sort of freak of nature without any material use in the human economy. But how differently this little device is considered today!

If we had no Adam's apple there would have been more deaths from apoplexy and brain disorder than ever chronicled in history. Instead of being a useless organ this article serves as an important storage system to protect the brain.

For instance, when we are excited or too animated the heart pumps the blood up to the brain a little too fast, and if it could not be stopped by some automatic device death or brain disease would follow. The Adam's apple is the blood storage cistern which intercepts the rapid flow and holds the surplus blood.

Again, if the supply from the heart runs short and the brain is likely to suffer from an insufficient supply the storage cistern gives up its surplus of blood. Thus this organ acts automatically to check and increase the flow of the blood to the brain, protecting that organ from damage through our temporary excesses.—Pearson's Weekly.

Sedan and Bath Chairs.

The sedan chair, so called from having been made at Sedan, in France, was introduced into England in the time of King Charles I. Often this chair was most ornate without and luxurious within, for an ancient poet speaks of one—

> * * * Covered with velvet red,
> And cloth of fine gold about your head,
> With damask white and azure blue
> Well diapered with lilies new.

Seated in their sedan chairs in all the glory of paint, powder and patches, the belles and ladies of fashion of the eighteenth century were carried from rout to rout by two stout lackeys in livery. As all people who love their Dickens are aware, these chairs were still in use in the days of the Pickwick club.

The origin of the bath chair is "wropt in mystery." We are told that it was "much used by the inhabitants of Bath," probably for the purpose of getting to and from the pump room. Nowadays the use of the bath chair is confined chiefly to invalids.—London Mail.

An English Election.

Remarks the London Chronicle: "The worst of election expenses is that the candidate can never be sure what sort of pig in a poke he is buying. The parliament may run its full term or it may come to an end after a few months. Even if it lasts the game may be decidedly not worth the candle. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff gives a poignant little incident of the wearisome struggle over the coercion bill in 1881. 'When things were at their dullest and deadliest Stuart Rendel heard a man as he rolled off his seat in the extremity of weariness say, "And to think that I should have paid £7,000 for this!"'"

Her Proof.

"Just think of it! One person in every thirty-seven in England is a pauper."

"Why, John," she returned, "it isn't so. I met more than thirty-seven people in London last summer myself, and there wasn't a pauper in the lot."—London Tit-Bits.

He Was Right.

"My doctor told me I would have to quit eating so much meat."

"Did you laugh him to scorn?"

"I did at first. But when he sent in his bill I found he was right."—Washington Star.

His Style.

Tom (who takes his meals at a hotel)—Do you like your meals served table d'hote? Dick (who patronizes a street waffle wagon)—No. I generally take mine a la cart.—Baltimore American.

When Children Smoked.

Jorevin de Rochefort, who published a Paris in 1671 an account of his travels in England, tells the following:

"While we were walking about the town (Worcester) he asked me if it was the custom in France as in England that when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mothers took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of breakfast, and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco."

In England at the time of the great plague it was reported that no one living in a tobacconist's house fell sick of the disease. This caused a great demand for tobacco. Hearne says in his diary, "I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman beadle, say that when he was a schoolboy at Eton that year when the plague raged all the boys of that school were obliged to smoke every morning and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoking."

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Formation and Appearance of This Odd Freak of Nature.

The Giant's causeway is situated at the northern extremity of County Antrim, a short distance from Port Rush, Ireland. It consists of countless hosts of basaltic pillars, varying in shape from a pentagon to an octagon, the average length of each column or pillar being about eighty feet, the whole stacked so closely together that a knife blade could hardly be inserted between them. But the formation of these pillars is not the least wonderful part about them, for, although they may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands, each column is fashioned with a symmetry that suggests a mason's handiwork. Their composition is a perfect fusion of one-half flinty earth, one-quarter lime and clay, one-quarter almost pure iron, each pillar being divided into regular lengths or joints which come together as a perfect natural ball and socket union.

Although to be found in small detachments (imbedded in the cliffs, sands, etc.) for some distance along the shore, the principal aggregations forming the causeway proper consist of three projections or tongues known as little, middle and grand causeways. These singular columns are of different lengths and present an astonishing appearance as they stand, an army of at least 40,000 strong marshaled on the shores of Erin as if ever ready to do battle with the rising tide.

THE COVETED PLANT.

Just a Bit of Human Nature In a Florist's Shop.

Two little girls entered a florist's shop. So near each other in size were they that they would have been taken for twins. They had 20 cents—10 cents apiece—and with this sum saved from pennies for some time back they were going to buy a plant for mamma. One stepped out a little in advance of the other when the door closed behind them. The other was shy, looking timidly, but confidently, at her sister. The woman in charge of the small shop looked up as the two mites of humanity paused in front of her.

"Well?" she said encouragingly.

"We want to buy a plant," said the little spokeswoman. Then she added, in order to avoid later embarrassment, "The cheapest one you've got."

"Ah," said the florist, going to the window, "here is a nice little plant for 25 cents."

The little sister turned quickly to the other, but still smiling bravely.

"Baby, we've just missed it a nickel," she said.

Yet not three minutes later they issued from the shop bearing the plant between them, and as the woman deposited the two silver dimes in the cash drawer her eyes must have caught their gleam, for there was something shining there.—New York Times.

Frank Stockton and Poetry.

Frank Stockton never could write a successful poem. In this connection the novelist frequently told a good story on himself. In his youth in conjunction with his brother John he wrote many poems, with which he afflicted the editors of various Canadian periodicals. The effusions always came back. The editor of one magazine was an especial target of the Stocktons, but as none of their poems was ever accepted the brothers came to the conclusion that the editor had no conception of good poetry. To prove their belief they hunted up and dispatched to him an ode, little known, by Milton. Within two days they received a check and a letter of thanks. "I came to the conclusion that that editor knew poetry when he saw it after all," Mr. Stockton used to say, "and gave up trying to write it."

Heart Protectors.

"Curiosity is not my weak point," said the tailor. "Nevertheless I can't help wondering about some of my customers, especially those who order little metal disks padded into the left side of their coats and vests. Several of them do that—have been doing it for years. The natural inference is that they count on being shot at some time, and they take that precaution to protect the heart. But what I should really like to know is what they have done to make anybody want to shoot them. Apparently they are inoffensive, law abiding citizens, but there must have been a time when they were regular daredevils and laid the foundation of an enmity that they expect to wind up some day in a shooting scrap."—New York Press.

His Mistake.

There once appeared at the back door of a house a tramp who to the mistress of the place related a pathetic story of his troubles. This tale, however, did not greatly move the matter of fact woman, for she remarked dryly:

"That's the same story I had from the last hobo that passed."

"Indeed!" said the tramp. "Then, madam, I perceive that I have been unwise not to have had my history copyrighted."—Judge.

Good Advice.

"Help! Help!" came the cry of distress through the midnight stillness.

The policeman in the neighboring doorway stirred uneasily. "Advertise in the want column," he muttered and resumed his nap.—Philadelphia Press.

She Was Wise.

Spoonly—I am intoxicated with love for you. Miss Manyplunks—Oh, I see! And you want to try the gold cure?—Chicago News.

Slim Chance For Her.

A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming.

"Why, no," said the old lady; "I hadn't heerd o' that. Won't there be more than one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was replied.

"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we've only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—New York Sun.

Might Help Some.

"It's up to you to do something to help our Neighborhood Improvement Association."

"I'm for it. I'll make my daughter sell her piano."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Leave your son a good name and an employment.—Stevenson.

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Number of Nails to a Horseshoe.

Centuries ago there lived a farrier, Walter le Brun by name, whose dexterity at the anvil on the occasion of a great tilting meeting on the banks of the Thames was noticed by the then reigning monarch, Edward III., who rewarded the blacksmith by granting him sufficient land adjoining the tilting green for the erection thereon of a forge. As quit rent he had to present annually to the king six horseshoes and sixty-one horseshoe nails. To the modern mind the number of nails would appear to be superfluous, but when it is remembered that the horseshoes of that period required ten nails apiece it will be seen that the calculations of Edward III. merely allowed one over in case of accident. Furthermore, the shoes were all to be for the horse's fore feet, from which fact some historians draw the inference that the animals ridden in the knights' tournaments were encouraged to injure each other with their front hoofs.—London News.

Musical.

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A Matter of Business

Marietta Finally Understood the Lawton Case

By JOANNA SINGLE.

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Frank Worthing frowned as he looked up from the code at his partner, William Butler, who, with his straw hat pushed back on his rumpled fair hair, was still insisting that he leave the office for the rest of the day.

"Confound you, Billy, heat or no heat, August or December, a fellow that's going to get on in the law simply must do some studying. Can't you get it through your thick head when I say I am not going that I mean it? Take the girls by yourself if they are silly enough to like your company. Can't see what anything bigger than a child sees in a vaudeville park anyhow. Now, Billy, get out of here, do! Your everlasting grin gives me a temperature, and the heat is bad enough this afternoon as it is."

Butler surveyed his friend with elaborate pity. "Poor boy!" he commented ruminatingly. "He hasn't been himself since he won the big case last month. Turns down his friends, flocks by himself. Must have overworked or else he's in love. Must be love. Perhaps the fair Alice will capitulate after all. She ought to after you saved her fortune from a greedy stepmother. Go after it, son. Well, by-by. Me to Grace and Marietta and the despised park."

Alice Lawton, indeed, thought Worthing. Well, that idea was better in Butler's shallow pate than the real truth—namely, that Marietta's sudden fondness for his partner was eating his heart out. It was always Marietta and Billy Butler everywhere, and he used to think it was Grace for whom Billy longed. Worthing had known no inner peace since Marietta had come last winter to live with her cousin, Grace Hunter. From the first meeting the girl's dark, little, serious face, sweet eyes, gay laughter, had not left his consciousness. And she had certainly seemed to like him, even to prefer him, to let him monopolize her somewhat and even to be demurely glad when they were left alone together.

Gloomily reflecting, he began to wonder what had changed her. June had been a joy time. If he had spoken then all might have been well, but that Lawton inheritance case came to him. He recognized the professional opportunity, worked on it like a slave day and night all through July and won, feeling that he had now a little better basis for offering his heart to the girl he loved. He was also delighted because he had done a service to Alice, his lifelong friend. But what had changed Marietta?

Finding himself unable to study, Worthing phoned for his car and closed the office. He would go for Alice and take her for a spin and have dinner at the golf club and then ride again till the moon came up. Perhaps they might go through the park themselves, and—no, he would let Marietta alone! He recognized that he longed to see her.

But Alice was not at home, and, bitterly lonely, he motored out into the country. As the sun set and the cool of evening came on his troubled heart grew more calm. He would reason with himself, try to see what he had done or left undone, why Marietta when he went back to her, flushed and joyous with his victory, had received him with the frozen sweetness of a dish of ice cream and thereafter managed never to be with him alone for a single moment. The first time he had noticed it was once when, with Alice, whom he was taking to his office, he met her on the street just in front of the building. Her greeting had been very cool.

Worthing drew up beneath a great tree and, taking a little photo of the girl from his pocket, looked at it with loving inquiry. He recalled that another time that she had been cool to him was when he was telling her how much it meant to Alice to get her legal rights and how glad he was to have been able to help her. That was at the golf club dance, and after that she had been unable to find a dance for him. He sat thinking.

Suddenly it came to him—the ridiculous little key to the solution. He started the machine, headed again for the city, driving like one in a sort of happy insanity. He would go straight to the park, find her and see her long enough to ask her if he was right if he had to toss Billy into the lake to be rid of him. Of course a fellow couldn't ask a girl directly what he intended to know, but he was lawyer enough to extract from her indirectly all he desired. He could not wait to see her—it was all so foolishly simple.

It was nearly dusk when, with hope and fear mingling in his heart, he reached the park and, impatiently obedient to the rules and the watchful police, crawled slowly along the drives looking for a group in which he might distinguish Marietta's slim little figure and crown of dark hair. Where in the world could they be? He stopped on a wrong clew several times and at last went slowly to a remote corner where there was a great old fashioned swing. It would be like that idiot Butler to take her off to chatter to her unhindered and perhaps to swing her, for she loved to risk her little life, and Worthing had always had a deadly fear that the chains or something might break. He had seen one such accident. Now he began to be sure Butler was not fit to look after her.

His surmise had been right. He saw Grace, tall and big and blond, standing watching that consummate idiot, Billy, as he pushed Marietta—his Marietta—high and yet higher into the air. He jumped from his car, motioning Butler, who did not see him, to stop, not daring to call lest he frighten her. He was sure the swing was not safe. He came running up, facing the girl, who, as she receded to be pushed forward again by Butler, saw him and gave a little cry. Out she came toward him, far out. His heart stopped as a sudden warning creak from the chains made him look up. The chain had broken.

Without an instant's hesitation he held up his arms for her and shouted, "Jump, Marietta, jump!" Such command, such conviction, rang in his voice that the girl obeyed as if her own mind had prompted her. While a horribly frightened silence fell on the others and some people close by came running up she fell safely into his arms, where he stood holding her, telling her and the rest, telling himself, that she was not hurt. And, indeed, she had miraculously escaped without harm, for Butler had caught the chain so the swing could not strike her as she fell.

It seemed ages to Frank Worthing before he made everybody go away before it dawned on Butler, who was strangely willing, that he was to take Grace home and leave him (Worthing) to bring Marietta when and how he chose. She was very silent and queer, and he had felt her cling to him as he held her in his arms as if she would never leave that shelter.

They did not go straight home, be it said, but out to the country. And they saw the moon rise, and many things were said, especially by Worthing, whose usual slowness of speech melted away under his great need. So presently they were very much engaged, and he stopped the car, the better to hold her hand, a proceeding of much greater importance than reaching home, where he would have to let her out of his sight till the next day. Then she demanded what had brought him to the park. It gave him the desired opening.

"You," he answered, with succinct promptitude. "I was going to toss Billy into the lake while I asked you what I had done or left undone that I should be driven out of paradise. It dawned on me that I might have—neglected you during that Lawton case, because, you see, Alice"— He felt his beloved stiffen.

"I'm sure nobody ever thought of hindering your devotion to Miss Lawton. I"— But he shamelessly interrupted.

"But, Marietta, dearest, you surely knew it was a legal necessity for me to see her—to"—

"To take her—alone—to your office—I saw you, Frank—to be with her constantly, to have time for—nobody else.'

"Her aunt was waiting for her in my office that time. I had to be with her. It was a matter of business. You surely see that, Marietta? And surely you know it is you that I love?" His heart sang to think that he had been right, that she had been jealous, that she cared enough for him to be jealous. That was the wonder. Most of all his heart sang to know that in the moonlight she lifted her face to give him a kiss of forgiveness for the offense he had never committed. He reflected that he was not the first man probably to joyfully accept pardon for what he had not done; that she was not the first woman to whom a man had vainly explained a matter of business.

"Of course," she said suddenly, drawing back to look at him, "you know I was not jealous. She is not the sort of girl I could be jealous of—so very—unattractive." Worthing's laughter was silent, a thing of the inner man. Alice Lawton, his old friend, an accepted beauty, unattractive! But he was wise, and his disloyalty was very loverlike.

"Marietta, did you suppose I could think you were jealous? And as for Alice, well, you know I can't see other women. I am blind."

Very Narrow Escape.

A queer reminiscential gleam crept into the eyes of the barber with the long, low, rakish forehead as he suddenly rested his razor while shaving the Adam's apple of the lean, nervous looking man in the chair.

"I was King Louis XIV. of France last night," said the barber suddenly, the razor still poised about half an inch above the lean customer's Adam's apple.

The customer blinked and breathed hard, the shaved side of his face being nearly as white as the still lathered other side.

"Wait a minute," he said, placing a shaking hand on the barber's shaving arm.

He sat up straight in the chair with a wild look and then made a bolt for the door.

"Whew!" he yelled as he went. "What an escape! King Louis XIV.! Brghouse! He wouldn't have done a taing to me! And, with a towel streaming in the breeze and one side of his face still lathered, he loped down the street.

"Well, I'll be dadbinged!" muttered the barber. "Now, what kind of cogs has that fellow got in his conk? I was only trying to tell him that I was King Louis XIV. at the barbers' masquerade ball last night, and look at him going after the mile record!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Friend.

"Every man, in my theory, will get just what he deserves in the long run."

"Heaven pity you, old chap!"—Cleveland Leader.

A Curious Trap.

A curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive is to be seen near Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam. The labyrinth is formed of a double row of immense tree trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing. Where it begins, at the edge of the forest, the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile wide, but as it approaches Ayuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around. Suspecting no danger, the wild elephant enters the broad opening at the forest end, lured on by a tame elephant. The gradual narrowing of the boundaries is not observed until the elephant finds himself in close quarters. Having reached the end of the labyrinth, the tame elephant is allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives. The sport is a dangerous one, for the enraged elephants sometimes crush the hunters under their feet.

Bull Baiting.

Although bull baiting was a cruel pastime, it was also a fulfilling of the law, for formerly no butcher was allowed to offer for sale the flesh of any bull that had not been baited. The goading of the animal in a fury was supposed to have some influence on the flesh. In a similar belief the flesh of a hunted hare was thought to be superior in flavor to that of one that had been shot, and a present of "a hunted hare" was considered to be a special compliment. In the records of the corporation of Leicester, England, the following order appears: "At a common hall, held on Thursday before St. Simon and St. Jude, 1467, 'no butcher to kill a bull till baited.'" At Winchester it was ordered (reign of Henry VIII.) "that from hensforth ther shal be no bulstake set before any mayor's dore to bayte any bull, but onlie at the bullringe within the saide cytie."

Greatly Overestimated.

Hewitt—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Jewitt—I think you overestimate the number of people who mind their own business.—Brooklyn Life.

HIS LEGAL AUTHORITY.

It Seemed to Fit the Case, and Joey Was Discharged.

There was consternation among the young folk. The "music" for the dancing at the picnic in the glen had got into trouble. No one ever considered any other "music" but Joey the fiddler. He was indispensable, but he was also erratic. In the old country Joey had been a schoolteacher and a man of considerable learning, but here he had fallen into evil ways. He was overfond of two things—a bottle and an argument. Having become engaged in the latter on this day of the picnic, he broke the former over the head of his opponent and was haled away to the lockup. The young people called a hasty meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon Squire Nugent to secure the release of the "music" if possible. The squire was hearing Joey's case when the committee arrived. The spokesman respectfully explained the absolute necessity of Joey's presence at the picnic that day.

"That's a good soul, squire, I've me go," put in Joey.

The squire took down a ponderous lawbook and began thoughtfully to turn the pages.

"If you're lookin' for the legal authority coverin' my case, squire, ye'll find it in Byron," the prisoner suggested.

"Can you quote it?" asked the magistrate, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Aye, so I can," Joey promptly retorted. "It reads, 'On with the dance; let Joey be unconfined.'"

The squire adjudged Byron a competent authority, and Joey was uncon fined.—Catholic Standard and Times.

To Save You Time.

Have you ever noticed that when reading you waste a certain amount of time in turning from the end of one line to the beginning of the next? Long ago, when the world was not so busy as now, columns were of a much greater width. Since then they have been narrowed more and more.

Of course in an hour's reading little time is lost, but in a lifetime it is likely to be considerable. Realizing this, some one has suggested that type should be arranged as follows. You read to the end of the line, drop the eyes and read backward:

What a luxury
tuohtiw daer ot
the inevitable
:s kcab repmacs
the end of each
s'ti woh eeS .enil
done?

The argument is that practice will make perfect. Five minutes' practice is usually found more than sufficient for most people.—Pearson's.

The Power of Napoleon.

The desperate struggle to do something worth while is the very thing which draws out our reserve forces and develops latent power, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. Without this struggle many people would never have discovered their real selves. Napoleon was never so resourceful, never so level headed, never had that vigorous mental grasp, was never able to make such powerful combinations, as when he was driven to desperation. It was when all bridges were burned behind him and there was no possibility of retreat that the possible Napoleon came to the rescue. Napoleon said of his great general Messena that he never showed his mettle until he saw the wounded and dead falling all around him in battle. Then the lion in him was aroused, and he fought like a demon.

Enlightenment.

"Father," remarked Johnny after deep thought, "suppose I should knock this jug off the table and catch it, then I wouldn't catch it, would I?"

"N-no, I suppose not," his father slowly said.

"But," continued Johnny, still toying with the jug, "if I should knock it off and not catch it, then I would catch it, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, you would!" his father grimly returned, this time with quick decision.

A Tearful Eye to Business.

Advertising is nowadays almost a fine art. Clever advertisements attract customers in two ways—first, because they effectually call attention to the goods, and, second, because of their cleverness, pure and simple. Such a one is the following, quoted from London M. A. P., which adorned a boot shop in the Rue d'Amsterdam, in Paris:

LIQUIDATION.

With tears in my eyes, I am obliged to clear the whole of my stock of boots.

To get rid of it all in a week I offer it to you at a loss of 50 per cent.

My husband seeing fit to abandon me with five children.

WHY

Can't I go on without my husband? Because my husband alone was able to obtain job lines from the big provincial and foreign bootmakers.

Prudent ladies will profit by these extraordinarily low prices, which will enable me to clear out my stock and search for my husband throughout Europe.

MME. MARIE-LOUISE X.

Nothing to Say.

According to a delightful story of Shelley, recounted in the International Journal of Ethics by the Rev. Bradley Gilman, the splendid mental equipment of the poet did not include humor. In his characteristically impassioned way, Shelley was deeply interested in the problem of immortality. One day he met a nursemaid wheeling a very young child in a perambulator.

"Here is a little soul," he reflected, "recently come to earth out of the great unknown preceding human life. Perhaps he can tell me something about the great unknown after human life. The two realms may be one and the same."

He accosted the infant twice, but of course gained no response, only a blank infantile stare.

"Alas, alas!" sighed Shelley. "How very reticent these little creatures are!"

Rubber and Gutta Percha.

There are important distinctions between india rubber and gutta percha, and in the majority of purposes for which they are employed one cannot replace the other. While the trees yielding india rubber are well distributed over the tropical parts of the world and may be cultivated with more or less facility, the tree which furnishes gutta percha is to be found only in Borneo, Sumatra and the Malay archipelago generally.

Strange Hiding Place.

False teeth are occasionally used for secretive purposes. An eccentric old lady boasts of a roof plate which consists of two thin sheets of gold between which a miniature copy of her will is inserted. In a similar manner a dyer preserves a prescription which he declares he would not disclose for a large sum.—London Mail.

ON THE WITNESS STAND.

The Right of a Witness to Qualify His Answers.

Like Stevenson's child, as a rule, the witness should speak only when he is spoken to. He should not volunteer anything except that when he is asked a question which with apparent innocence could really be answered "Yes" or "No" he has a right to qualify a plain "Yes" or "No." This of course happens most often in the case of experts. The "Yes, but I will explain," and "No, but I will explain," of one of the distinguished expert witnesses for the commonwealth in the case of commonwealth versus Quay, which was tried before Judge Biddle in the court of quarter sessions of Philadelphia county several years ago still linger in the writer's memory.

It is a mistaken notion that a witness is bound to answer "Yes" or "No." It is surprising that such should have ever been the received theory, but then the hunting down of witches and the expounding of the doctrine of witchcraft were regarded as proper judicial functions only a century or two ago. The theory as to categorical reply was completely exploded by the gentleman who propounded the question, "When are you going to stop beating your wife?" and demanded a categorical answer. If the lawyer attempts to tell you that you must answer "Yes" or "No" you have the right to say that the question is one which is not susceptible of a categorical answer. This should floor counsel for the moment.

Mannerly behavior on the part of witnesses includes keeping one's temper under almost all provocations. Cross examination for the purpose of testing your memory is not intended to be and should not be regarded as insulting. It should therefore not be resented. If the cross examination transcends all bounds and your patience is exhausted a sharp retort will not necessarily injure your testimony with the jury. The jury sympathizes with the witness more than with the lawyer, and, while mere smartness for the sake of being smart or because of a too expansive personality is to be deplored, you will be sure of a sympathetic audience if you are in the right and counsel in the wrong.—Ira Jewell Williams in Green Bag.

When Curates Were Wanted.

When one learns that curates are increasing so much more rapidly than benefices, wonder is excited as to the condition of affairs in the eighteenth century, when enterprising ladies offered livings to clergymen willing to marry them. An advertisement to this effect appeared in the London Chronicle in March, 1758. The lady was rather particular too. The curate was to be young, have a small fortune, be well recommended as to morals and good temper "and be firmly attached to the present happy establishment." The living was not rich—below £100 per annum—but the fair one was young and agreeable. There seems a touch of humility in the direction that answers "may be left at the bar of the Union Coffee House, Strand, directed to Z. Z." Confidence was created by the assurance that "the utmost secrecy and honor may be depended upon."—London Chronicle.

England's Old Common Field System.

A "common field" is quite distinct from a "common." It is a field belonging to numerous owners. The land consists of long narrow strips, perhaps not more than ten yards wide and running parallel with one another. What are the exact rules of cultivation that obtain in Kent today we do not know, but of old it was usual to have a regular rotation, such as wheat one year, barley or oats the second and fallow the third. When the crops were harvested, each member of the community getting his or her share, all could put in their cattle, which roamed over the whole field, feeding on the stubble, etc. And this was termed the "right of sack." The "common field" system was gradually done away with by statutes in the reigns of George III. and William IV.—London Express.

A Famous Temple.

The most magnificent work of architecture in the world is the Taj Mahal, in Agra, Hindustan. It was erected by Shah Jehan to the memory of his favorite queen. It is octagonal in form, of pure white marble, inlaid with jasper, carnelian, turquoise, agate, amethyst and sapphire. The work took 22,000 men twenty years to complete, and, though there were free gifts and the labor was free, the cost is estimated at $16,000,000.—Exchange

Origin of Kilts.

It will doubtless surprise many Scotchmen to learn that the kilt as at present worn is only a modern fancy costume and is not of Scottish origin at all. The honor of its invention is due to two Englishmen—an army tailor who accompanied General Wade's forces to Scotland in 1719 and Thomas Rawlinson, overseer of some iron works in Glengarry's country. For more than a century previously, indeed, the tartan plaid had been the common garb of the highlanders, but it was all in one piece, wound in folds around the body, leaving the knees bare. Prior to the adoption of the tartan, which probably took place about the close of the fifteenth century, the long, loose saffron colored skirt, the real "garb of old Gaul," was the highland dress.—London Mail.

Gift to the Ugly Man.

The practice of making such gifts appears to have arisen in America and is nearly obsolete. It therefore seems to deserve a note. It goes back to Harvard college (now Harvard university) beyond 1794. In that year William Biglow was the recipient of the jackknife. In 1795 he handed it on to Charles Prentiss, with these lines:

Item: C. P. has my knife
During his natural college life,
That knife which ugliness inherits
And due to his superior merits,
And when from Harvard he shall steer
I order him to leave it here
That 't may from class to class descend
Till time and ugliness shall end.

—Notes and Queries.

Meaning of Cemetery.

It is not correct to say that "cemetery" means the "city of the dead." The word is from the Greek "koimeterion," meaning sleeping place, not the place of the dead. There is nothing in the etymology of the word to warrant us in thinking that it was originally intended to convey the idea that the departed were really dead any more than there is in the old Hebrew term for cemetery, "bethaim," the house of the living.—Exchange.

Their Advantages.

Blobbs—This musicale is a charity affair for the benefit of the poor. Slobbs—I don't see just where the poor come in. Blobbs—Well, they don't have to be present.—Philadelphia Record.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—First Quarter, For March 13, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. viii, 23-34. Memory Verses, 24-26½ Golden Text, Matt. viii, 27—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Such marvelous power over the human body would lead many to desire to be with Him. But He must have a tried people, followers who are prepared to deny self in every form, willing to renounce earthly comforts and even to hold the dearest earthly relatives in a secondary place (verses 18-22, with x, 37-39; xvi, 24, 25). Oh, it means so much to be a whole hearted follower of Jesus! When we consider the cost of power in His name it is not to be wondered at that there is so little of it manifest, for few are willing to take the place of such utter self renunciation. The cost is too great.

Having given commandment to cross the sea, He entered into a ship with His disciples (18, 23). He would escape from the multitudes for a little season. He was weary, for His body was mortal, like ours, but without sin. As they sailed he fell asleep, and, although there came a great tempest, threatening to swamp their boat, He continued to sleep. How weary in body He must have been! How peaceful in the midst of a great storm! The disciples were filled with fear and awoke Him with the question, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" I wonder if they had a thought of the possibility of His perishing, too, for they did not seem to know Him very well as yet. He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea. Mark says that He said unto the sea: "Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." Then they marveled at Him, saying, "What manner of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" Their question reminds us of David's question when the Lord told him of His son, who would reign forever, "Is this the manner of man, O Lord God?" (II Sam. vii, 19.) His stilling the tempest reminds us of Ps. cvii, 29, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." It is the same person of whom we read in each case. His goings forth have been from everlasting (Mic. v, 2).

It was His word which created all things and later brought order and beauty and fruitfulness out of chaos, as in the record of Gen. i. Oh, for such an acquaintance with Him as would manifest something of His power in us that others might want to know Him too! There is never a storm that His word cannot displace by a great calm. "See that ye be not troubled." "My place I give unto you." "Be still and know that I am God." Not in verse 26 His "O ye of little faith," and compare the other three times when He said the same words (vi, 30; xiv, 31; xvi, 8). Contrast His commendation of "great faith" in viii, 10; xv, 28, and remember that "without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi, 6). Having crossed over, He is met by two demon possessed men who had their dwelling among the tombs, men whom no one could tame nor bind, for, though they had oft been bound, no chains could hold them. They were so exceedingly fierce that no one could pass by where they were. That word fierce is used in II Tim. iii, 1, and is translated "perilous" and is applied to the times in which we are living, the last days. With the combines in commerce, the conflict between labor and capital, the delusions in the pulpit and out of it, the times are certainly demon possessed, but the consummation will not be till the church is taken away and the devil shall manifest great wrath, knowing that his time is short (Rev. xii, 12). These demons knew Jesus and knew that there was torment awaiting them and that Jesus had power to send them to their place, so they besought Him that He would not send them to the abyss or bottomless pit (Luke viii, 31, R. V.), but that He would suffer them to enter into a herd of swine some distance away. Having received permission, they enter into the swine, and the whole herd run into the sea and perish. This loss of property and manifestation of His power so stirred the Gadarenes that they besought Him to leave their coast, and He did so.

The man who was healed is found sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed and in his right mind and desiring to abide with Jesus. But his request is not granted, for he is told to return to his own house and show how great things God had done for him (Luke viii, 35, 38, 39). The man went his way and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him. Even the keepers of the swine seemed to have no difficulty in telling their story about the loss of their property. But where do you find people now in the ordinary walks of life who have anything to tell about Him who has power to cast out demons, cleanse lepers, heal sicknesses, save from the power of sin and fill with a joy and peace with are not of this world? How much of the power of the age to come is seen in everyday life about us? Let your own heart tell, dear fellow believers, if this Jesus is so much to you that you are full to overflowing with a desire to talk of Him and of His wondrous salvation and to let Him live His life in you—not a world conformed life, but another worldly life, manifesting Jesus and not self.

Ancient Ropes.

Ropes made of various kinds of fiber and leather are of very ancient date. Ropes of palm have been found in Egypt in the tombs of Beni-Hassan (about 3000 B. C.), and on the walls of these tombs is also shown the process of preparing hemp. In a tomb at Thebes of the time of Thothmes III (about 1600 B. C.) is a group representing the process of twisting thongs of leather and the method of cutting leather into thongs.

We're All Alike.

"The Chinese worship ancestors."

"How queer! By the way, have you heard the latest? Marjorie is engaged to a real live duke."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The rarest of flowers is candor.—Racine.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.—Confucius.

HOUSES OF SCUTARI.

A Possible Reason Why Their Windows Are Iron Barred.

Of all villainous roads those outside of Scutari are the most depraved. They are not roads at all, but just washes and wallows and ditches and stone gullies. I have seen bad roads in parts of our own country, roads surveyed by George Washington and never touched since, but they were a dream of luxury as compared with these of Turkey. Our carriages billowed and bobbed and pitched and bumped themselves until I got out and walked to keep from being lamed for life.

And then the houses—the villas I had expected to see—dear me, how can I picture those cheap, ugly, unpainted, overdecorated architectural crimes? They are wooden and belong to the jigsaw period gone mad. They suggest an owner who has been too busy saving money for a home to acquire any taste, who has spent his savings for lumber and trimmings and had nothing left for paint. Still he managed to reserve enough to put iron bars on his windows—that is, on part of the house, the harem—every man becoming his own jailer, as it were. I remarked:

"I suppose that is to keep the neighbors from stealing their wives."

But the horse doctor, wiser and more observant, said:

"No; it is to keep a neighbor from breaking in and leaving another."—Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing Magazine.

AMOY'S GRAVEYARDS.

The City and the Cemeteries Are Hopelessly Intermingled.

The city of Amoy is on an island of the same name. For upward of 1,000 years it has been an important trading place. The population of the island is estimated at over 400,000, and it has been said that there are something like 5,000,000 dead bodies packed in its soil. For many centuries the hillsides of the city have been used as a burying ground. Now the city and the cemetery are hopelessly mixed. The graves touch one another at every point and form a solid white surface of rock, brick, porcelain and cement, covering more than 1,000,000 square feet. Near one of the joss houses 30,000 bodies are buried vertically to save space. They stand on a plot of ground of as many feet square.

The wells from which the city draws its water supply are shallow and are sunk on the edge of graveyards and even among the tombs themselves. The water is muddy and is colored by the perpetual turning up of the soil. It has no sewers, and the streets vary from two feet to six feet in width. No wheeled vehicles can use them. Here and there is an open place or plaza, dug out so as to be a huge receptacle into which the streets discharge their refuse. Filth abounds, and its twin sister, disease, flourishes. The atmosphere is laden with noxious smells, and the burial of the dead goes on at an alarming rate.

The Zulu Diamond Miner.

As showing the loyalty of the Zulu diamond miners Sir William Crookes described an amusing incident which came to his knowledge when at Klipdam. The Zulu had been superintending a gang of natives on a small claim at the river washings. It yielded but few stones, and the owner sold the claim, handing over the plant and the small staff, the Zulu remaining to look after the business till the new owner took possession. In the course of a few months the purchaser became dissatisfied with his bargain, not a single diamond having turned up since the transfer. One night the Zulu came to his old master in a mysterious manner and, laying a handful of diamonds on the table, said: "There, boss, are your diamonds. I was not going to let the new man have any of them!"

King and Commons.

King James I. of England, although keenly alive to his own divine right, yet recognized the power of the house of commons. Sir Robert Cotton was one of the twelve members to carry the famous declaration against monopolies to the king of Newmarket. When the king caught sight of them he called out, "Oh, chairs, chairs, here be twa' kynges comin'." His majesty mounted his horse on one occasion to find his usually quiet steed in a restive mood. "The de'il i' my saul, sirrah," said the king to the prancing brute, "and you be no quiet I's send you to the 500 kings in the house of commons. They'll quickly tame you."

Crossroads Burials.

Formerly it was a general custom to erect crosses at the junction of four roads on a place self consecrated according to the piety of the age. Suicides and notoriously bad characters were frequently buried near to these, not with the notion of indignity, but in a spirit of charity, that, being excluded from holy rites, they by being buried at crossroads might be in places next in sanctity to ground actually consecrated.—Westminster Gazette.

Like a Woman.

"If you'll notice," said Finnick, "the poets invariably say 'she' when referring to the earth. Why should the earth be considered feminine?"

"Why not? Nobody knows just how old the earth is."

Earned.

She — He was desperately in love with her. Why, he sent her costly flowers and presents nearly every day for two years. He—Did he finally win her? She—No; he earned her.

The Holland Primrose.

There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet and bears a profusion of large yellow flowers so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance, but the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen this sudden blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

A Terrible Threat.

Customer—That tea service costs 50 marks. That is more than I can pay. His Wife (whispering)—If I should have a fainting spell among all this china it would cost you far more.—Fliegende Blatter.

Living will teach you how to live better than preacher or book.—Goethe.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m, then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

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A Pig Tale.

The southern negro who is not possessed of a pig considers himself poor indeed. This is well known to the white people, so that when an ancient darky approached a white neighbor with the request that he "gib him er half er dollar ter help buy er pig, 'case dat yuther pig Ah had is done daid," the desired amount was promptly forthcoming.

A few days later the white man met the old negro and inquired:

"Did you get another pig, uncle?"

"'Deed Ah did, sah, an' hit am a fine shoat, an' Ah sholy am much obleeged to you fer helpin' me, Mars Tom."

"Well, take better care of this one," Mars Tom suggested. "By the way," he added idly, "what did the other pig die of—cholera?"

The old man pulled his forelock and smiled deprecatingly.

"Now, Mars Tom, what for yo' all wanter ax dat?" he said. "Foh a matter er fac', dat yuther pig died 'case Al hit him on de haid wid er ax, he bein' fat an' de wedder jest right, an' me bein' hongry for fresh meat!"—New York Times.

Business Cards.

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VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 18

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.50, 3.45, 5.35, 7.00, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.4 m., 2.30, 6.36 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.50 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 6.50 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 9.45, 10.15, 11.05 a. m., 12.30, 2.50, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 5.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 9.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 9.45 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 9.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., close 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 8.0 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYEM, P. M.

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BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. school-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
55	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
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HE TOOK THE CAKE.

A Story of William Black, the Novelist, and Mary Anderson.

One time when Mary Anderson was playing in "The Winter's Tale," in Dublin, William Black, the novelist, who was very intimate with Miss Anderson and her family, insisted upon assuming the part of one of the supers, who was dressed as a very old man with a venerable beard and locks that fell upon his shoulders. When Black went upon the stage in this disguise he walked about among his fellow supers with unceasing restlessness and, judging by the wild motions of his arms, seemed to be addressing to each in turn an impassioned harangue. The audience began to wonder who the new actor was and what on earth he was doing in a play in which neither Shakespeare nor the stage managers ever intended him to appear.

Presently came the time when it was the business of Perdita to distribute flowers among the peasants, among whom Black had his place. Miss Anderson, carrying on the practical jokes of the family circle, had prepared a surprise for this moment, and, having distributed flowers among the less favored supers, she handed to Black a large cake crowned with a wreath of laurel, saying as she did so, "You take it," in allusion to his triumphs in the contest of wits at the supper table.

To her consternation, Black showed that he was quite prepared to carry out the jest, for, taking the cake from the hands of Perdita, he immediately distributed it in substantial portions to his hungry fellow suppers, who, finding it to be of excellent quality, began to munch it greedily under the eyes of the house.—Exchange.

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The Cedar House

Around It Grew the Love Story of Dorinda and Gilbert.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The house stood in a grove of red cedars that reared their conical tops above the low roof.

Once when she was quite a little girl Dorinda Rodman had asked her mother a question: "Why did grandfather plant such black trees? They hide the sun."

Mrs. Rodman tapped Dorinda's golden head with her thimble and frowned. "Grandfather planted the trees because he wanted them to grow there You should be thankful that there is such a pleasant shade during the hot weather, child."

"But they are so black," protested Dorinda.

"They are very beautiful," returned Mrs. Rodman, with an air of decision.

Dorinda grew up to womanhood believing that the cedar trees that grew about her home and shadowed it from dawn till sunset were beautiful because Grandfather Rodman had planted them sixty years ago when he made a home in the wilderness for his little family.

Inside the house Dorinda cared for two old, old men, brothers of her grandfather.

"You should put them away in some institution, Dorinda," said a neighbor one day when the girl had hurried past on her daily trip to the village. "You'll die taking care of those two old men. You're young, and you ought to be having a good time."

"They are all the relatives I have in the world," said Dorinda quietly. "I could not let them go to strangers as long as I have a roof over my head."

Her golden hair began to lose its luster and her gray eyes to grow sad and troubled with care, but Gilbert Fane continued to make his weekly call upon her. Once every year he asked her to marry him, to leave the Cedar House and make her home with him in some brighter, happier spot. At last he even besought Dorinda to bring the two uncles and they would manage somehow.

But Dorinda always shook her head decidedly. "They love the old place, Gilbert, and they want to live and die here. As for me, I shall not marry any one. Do not wait for me. When I am left alone I shall go away."

"When you are left alone you shall marry me," declared Gilbert hotly. "You have lived so long in the shadow of this dark house that you do not know how happy you may be some day. Let me cut down the trees, Dorinda, and let some sunshine into the windows."

"I love the red cedars," interrupted Dorinda coldly. "My grandfather planted them."

"When your grandfather planted those trees the hillside was a wilderness and there was no protection against the sweep of the northwest wind. The tall growing woods on the other side of the river form a windbreak now, and you can well dispense with the cedars."

"They shall remain here as long as I do," said Dorinda obstinately.

After that Gilbert Fane stayed away from the Cedar House, and Dorinda nursed her two uncles in solitude. At last they died in the late winter.

Perhaps the kindly neighbors did not know that now, with her labor torn away from her hands, she was quite lost and very much frightened at her own loneliness. One quiet woman stayed with her and helped her dismantle the old house and store the furniture in the large barn. Everybody knew now that the place was mortgaged to its full value and that the interest had not been paid. The last expenses attendant upon the two uncles had made Dorinda almost penniless. The man who held the mortgage had waited patiently for his money. Now the place must be sold. Dorinda wanted to go away before it happened.

Early one March morning she climbed into the stage and saw her one trunk tumbled into the seat beside the driver. The woman who had stayed with her locked the door of the house and walked along the path beside the rumbling stage and talked to Dorinda.

As they passed Gilbert Fane's big lot next to the Cedar House Dorinda saw a gang of men digging into the brown turf. "What are they doing?" she asked.

"That's the foundation for Gil Fane's new house," interpolated the stage driver.

As they rolled through the village toward the railroad station Dorinda waved her hand to the few friends she cared for and a little later was whirling away in the train toward the city.

Dorinda did not seek employment in the shops or factories, nor did she attempt any work that she did not thoroughly understand. She found a position as domestic in a small household and thus immediately was in possession of a home and good wages. To her surprised mistress she explained the situation: "I have no time to learn a new trade. I must earn money and buy back my old home. Being your cook cannot harm me. I shall always be what I am," said Dorinda proudly.

The neighbor who had stayed with Dorinda after the old uncles died wrote to her occasionally, and after awhile she told, as if reluctantly, of a certain piece of news.

"It is said that Gilbert Fane is soon to be married. Nobody knows just who the girl is, but they say she is from Middle Village. He has built a fine house on his lot. It is called the Maples."

Dorinda laid the letter aside and went about her household tasks with a strange pressure on her heart.

The Maples—how bright and sunshiny that sounded! She knew how strong and vigorous the maples grew in Gilbert's new dooryard—just like Gilbert himself—protecting and shielding, letting the warmth of the sunshine filter through upon her starved existence.

As the spring advanced Dorinda grew restless under the close confinement of city life, and she thought wistfully of the budding countryside where she had always lived.

When she could no longer withstand the call Dorinda begged a holiday and took a late afternoon train for Little River. Dusk was falling when the train drew into the familiar station, and, pulling her veil closely about her face that she need not be recognized by old acquaintances, Dorinda hurried down the long yellow road toward the Cedar House. If some one was living there she might stay among the trees for a few minutes, inhale their fragrance and listen to the throbbing call of the whippoorwill back on the hillside. After that she could catch the evening train to town.

If the house was vacant she would steal inside and spend one night among the old familiar rooms, now empty and untenanted save by memories.

Dorinda uttered a stifled sob as she came near the house and saw the cedar trees pointing black against the evening sky. She passed Gilbert Fane's new house without noting the bright lights in the windows. Home was before her, the only home she had ever known.

Up the familiar path under the cedars and then—nothing! Dorinda stared with unbelieving eyes at the empty hole in the ground vaguely outlined in the semidarkness. Where was the Cedar House? What had become of her home?

The barn in the rear was intact. She could see the black vertical line of the weather vane on the cupola, but the house was gone, probably burned to the ground. She might never buy back the home now.

She threw herself down on the dry needles under the cedars and cried bitterly. The trees seemed to bend protectingly over her, and she clung to a gnarled trunk with passionate affection.

A strong hand lifted Dorinda to her feet and drew her from under the shadow of the trees into an open space flooded with the pale radiance of a rising moon.

"Dorinda—Dorinda," Gilbert Fane's voice was very tender as he looked into her tear wet face; "you must have known I wanted you. I have been to the city to bring you home and found you had gone an hour before. I have just got back again and came here first. I knew I would find you here."

The color flooded Dorinda's pale face as recollection returned, and she shrank away from Gilbert's embrace. "You must not! Let me go away, please! First tell me when the house was burned. I did not know!"

Gilbert held her closer in spite of protest. "The house did not burn, Dorinda, sweetheart. Come with me, and I will show it to you."

Wondering, she went with him across the yard and through the fence into his own large domain. A house crowned a little eminence, a larger house than her old home, yet with strangely familiar outlines. Soft turf starred with dandelions was underfoot, and a little breeze stirred the thick leaved maples. Every window sent forth a welcoming light.

"There is your home," said Gilbert Fane.

"It is yours," faltered Dorinda. "Where is the Cedar House?"

"It is here. I have bought the old place and moved the house up here and added a wing on either side. We will need more room some day. All your furniture is in the house, dear, and today I went to the city determined to marry you and bring you home tonight. This is home for us both—to me, it is nothing without you, Dorinda. Will you stay? I will send for the minister." He paused and took Dorinda's answer from her tremulous lips.

As they moved toward the lighted house Dorinda looked back toward the dark cedars that had always marked her home. "I am glad you did not cut them down, Gilbert," she said softly.

"I shall never do that," the man replied gravely. "When a tree has stood for sixty years and sheltered a score of human lives from cold and heat, who am I to lay it low from pure wantonness or caprice? I am ashamed that I ever considered doing so. The cedar grove shall always stand there, Dorinda, to mark your old home. The birds will haunt the branches as they ever did, and you shall go there and sit whenever you wish. The hole is being filled up, and I will make a summer house for you—a veritable Cedar House. But here, among the maples, in the sunshine, you will live, Dorinda, and grow strong and sweet and beautiful and forget the gloom of the house under the trees."

Gilbert paused and looked up at the thick foliage of the maples. "I planted those maples when I was a boy, Dorinda, and I've been trying to live up to them all these years. Their noble proportions make me feel very small and mean."

Then as they reached the house that was to be their home Dorinda spoke softly, "I have always likened you to a tree, Gilbert."

"Thank you, sweetheart," he said.

A Strong Guarantee.

"Are you sure these eggs are fresh?" asked the woman, eying them suspiciously.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer, with emphasis. "I guarantee those eggs. If any of them aren't good I'll make 'em good!"—Lippincott's.

Why Take Alcohol?

Are you thin, pale, easily tired, lack your usual vigor and strength? Then your digestion must be poor, your blood thin, your nerves weak. You need a tonic and alterative. You need Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. We believe your doctor would endorse these statements, or we would not make them. Ask him and find out. Follow his advice. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

The endorsement of your doctor will certainly greatly increase your confidence in Ayer's Pills as a family laxative. Liver pills. All vegetable. Ask your doctor about them.

SKEEING IN THE ALPS.

Picturesque Sport on the Order of "Follow Your Leader."

The skeeing clubs form one of the most picturesque sights to be seen in the Alps in winter. With their bright colored blanket suits, tasseled caps or tam-o'-shanters and huge white mitts, they go through the snow covered woodlands across the white mountain slopes usually in single file, perhaps fifty sliding along after the leader in true Norwegian fashion. Indeed, it is a variety of the old game of "follow your leader," for what he does the others are expected to do. So if he comes to a ledge and jumps off all are supposed to leap.

But jumping with the skees is not so easy as it looks, and the end is often burial in the snow bank, for unless one is very sure of his footing the long, narrow wooden slats will twist or turn without warning, and over you go. With the skee one can go over hard snow at a very rapid rate, but when he strikes a patch of the newly fallen snow it is a case of slow to be sure, for any minute the bottom may sink away with him.

But it is healthful as well as invigorating, and the women have found that they need not look awkward even in this form of outdoor dress, with a ribbon here and a tassel there and some even adorning their skees.—St. Nicholas.

HE TOOK THE CASE.

The Lawyer Said He Would Attend to It, and He Did.

A Washington attorney is rather noted for the facility with which he forgets financial obligations. He has owed a certain grocer $8 for a year or two. The other day the merchant concluded to try a new course with him Meeting him in his store, he said:

"Judge, I have a customer who owes me a small bill and has owed it for a long time. He makes plenty of money, but won't pay. What would you do?"

"I'd sue him," said the lawyer emphatically.

"Well, I will put the account in your hands." And the merchant presented a statement of the account against the lawyer himself.

"All right. I will attend to it," said the disciple of Blackstone.

A few days later the merchant received the following note from the lawyer:

"In the case of —— versus ——, I took judgment for the full amount of your claim. Execution was issued and returned 'no property found.' My fee for obtaining judgment is $10, for which amount please send check. Will be glad to serve you in any other matters in which you may need an attorney."—Washington Star.

The Bashi-bazouk.

Like each of the various clans of the Kurds, the bashi-bazouk can easily be distinguished by his costume. His shoes, or "yemenys" (meaning leather), are red or black. His goldlike stockings, which leave the knee exposed, are elaborately embroidered in black, his short Turkish trousers are of homespun, while about his waist is a short sash of wool or silk, surmounted by a leather belt in rich colors and embossed in red. This is divided into three or four sections, in which he keeps his revolver, his chibouk, or pipe, and his yataghan, always kept sharp. The bashi-bazouks never carry daggers, as the Circassians do. A cartridge box hangs from the side, as also a small silver snuffbox. They wear two jackets, the under one with short sleeves and the outside one with long At the elbow is an opening in which they carry in a leather bag written quotations from the Koran as a talisman to protect them from the bullets of the adversary. About the neck is a chain of silver coins, from which is suspended a powder box.

Dividing Something.

A farm laborer in one of the western counties was requested to vote for a candidate at the election, but he refused. Being asked for his reason, he made answer:

"Why, because them chaps be well enough paid."

They then tried to explain to Hodge that members of parliament in this country were not paid for their services. But he was not to be convinced.

"Doan't 'ee tell me!" he replied somewhat angrily. "I believe my eyes, and when I zees in the paper as they divides almost ev'ry night I knows they be dividin' summat!"—London Tit-Bits.

Old Scottish Words.

Here are a few quaint old Scottish words still used a good deal in East Aberdeenshire: "Mowse"—To say anything is nae mowse means it is uncanny or dangerous. "Connached"—Spoiled; clean connached would mean utterly destroyed or rendered useless. "Blaud"—To blaud anything would mean to soil it. A child would be told, "Dinna blaud your clean pina." "Gardies" or "Gaurdies"—A child's forearm. The last is a very old expression, but we have heard it used. "Sic bonnie gardies he has" means the baby has plump arms.—Glasgow Herald.

A Straight Vote.

The secret of the ballot is sometimes too good to keep. "George," said the squire, "did you vote straight, as I told you?" "Sure, Oi did, squoire. It said on th' paper to put a X, but Oi mounded as how ye said 'voat straight,' and Oi put un straight through un's naame."—London Chronicle.

A FEAT OF CONJURING.

The Popular Coffee Trick and How It Is Performed.

METHODS OF THE MAGICIAN.

Changing White Paper Into Milk, Blue Paper Into Mocha and Bran Into Cut Sugar Is Comparatively Easy When You Have Been Shown the Way.

A trick always popular with the professional conjurer is that known as the "coffee trick," though some high-falutin title, as, for instance, "Mar-about Mocha," is better for a program. It has the advantage, too, of not conveying any idea of what the trick is to be. The trick is as suitable for the drawing room as for the stage, and an amateur with a little practice may do it easily. Remember, with a little practice, for, like everything in conjuring, not only a little but sometimes a great deal of practice is necessary if the performer desires to do his tricks with ease and skill and so as to bewilder his audience.

When about to present this trick the performer has on a table three wooden boxes, a large goblet shaped glass jar and two German silver "shakers" or cups, such as are used in mixing lemon juice, ice, etc., for a glass of lemonade. In one of the boxes is a quantity of bran, in another some pieces of chopped up white paper and in the third a similar lot of blue paper. These, with two pieces of black velvet, each about nine inches square, and a paper cylinder, are all that appear to be used in the trick. Picking up one shaker, the performer fills it with white paper and immediately pours it back into the box. Again he dips the shaker into the box and, with a shoveling motion, fills it and stands it on a table so that every one may see it. The other shaker he fills in the same way, but with the blue paper. Finally the glass jar is filled with bran and stood on a table by itself. Over one shaker is spread one of the velvet squares and on top of it is placed a small, round metal plate. The other shaker is covered with the second velvet square, but without any metal plate.

"Remember," says the performer, "this cup is filled with white paper and that one with blue," and, pulling the velvet piece off one cup, he pours from it into a small pitcher about a pint of milk—"The milk of human kindness as extracted from the daily press." Removing the metal plate and the velvet from the second cup, he pours from it into the first cup "steaming Mocha coffee; no grounds for complaint." Picking up the paper cylinder, he drops it over the upper part of the glass jar, and, lifting it up almost immediately, it is found that the bran is gone and the jar is filled with lump sugar.

It is a showy trick which is generally followed by applause, that sweetest of music to a performer. Here is the explanation:

In each box of paper is a duplicate shaker, one filled with milk, the other with coffee. Fitted into the mouth of each shaker is a shallow metal saucer, the edges flaring out so as to rest on the mouth of the cup. At one point on the edge of each saucer is soldered a semicircle of stiff wire about the size of a dime, so that the performer may easily grasp it. On each saucer is glued some bits of the paper with which the shaker is supposed to be filled. These shakers stand upright in the box in such position that the wire piece of the saucer will be toward the performer when he is ready to remove the velvet cover. As he shovels the paper into the shaker he leaves that one in the box, grasps the other filled with milk or coffee and brings it out, some of the loose bits of paper clinging round the top. These he brushes off carelessly and in doing so, when necessary, adjusts the shaker so that the wire finger piece will be in the proper position. In covering the shakers the performer takes hold of the velvet covers so that the thumb and the third and fourth fingers are under the cover, and with these he catches hold of the projecting finger piece, lifts up the saucers and draws them off, dropping them instantly into a padded box or bag fastened at the back of the table.

As a glass jar is transparent, it follows that a mere saucer of bran in its mouth would not do, so resort is had to another device. A hollow shape of tin, slightly tapering, that fits loosely in the jar is used. The larger end, which is the top, is closed while the bottom is open. From the top is a fine stiff wire passing from one side to the other. It describes a small bow that serves as a handle to lift out the shape. Bran is glued over the outside of the shape, and some loose bran is spread over the top. The shape is filled with lump sugar, placed inside a second jar and stood inside the box of bran. When the first jar is put into the box, ostensibly to be filled, the performer exchanges it for the second. This he takes out and shows it apparently filled with bran. It is covered with the paper cylinder, which goes on loosely, and in removing this the performer slips one finger under the wire handle, lifts out the shape, and the sugar falls into the jar. As the shape is taken out the performer's hand passes carelessly over the box of bran, into which the shape is dropped. At almost the same moment the paper is crumpled up and tossed into the audience. The trick is so neatly done and is withal so simple that he must be a bungler, indeed, who cannot deceive even a clever audience.

The coffee may be served to the audience.—St. Nicholas.

A Retiary.

A retiary was the name of a Roman gladiator armed in a peculiar way. He was furnished with a trident and net, with no more covering than a short tunic, and with these implements he endeavored to entangle and dispatch his adversary, who was called a secutor (from sequi, to follow) and was armed with a helmet, a shield and a sword. The name of the first is pronounced as if spelled re-shi-a-ry, the accent on the first syllable.

The Woburn Journal

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FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1910.

THE 14th DISTRICT.

Late last week Eugene N. Foss of Cohasset and Boston yielded to the earnest entreaties of his personal and political friends and accepted the Democratic nomination for election to Congress from the 14th District to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Representative Lovering of Brockton and it is predicted by some of the politicians down that way of both parties that he will be elected.

William R. Buchanan of Brockton, a newspaper publisher, is the Republican candidate, but is not cordially supported by the old party wheelhorses of the District, because, in the first place, his nomination was, they say, dishonestly secured; and, in the second place, he was W. L. Douglas's private secretary and supporter during his campaign for the office of Governor of this Commonwealth.

Mr. Foss has mints of money, and spent it so lavishly in his canvas for Lieutenant Governor last fall that he reduced Frothingham's plurality in the 14th District almost to the vanishing point and came within an ace of capturing the prize. Besides his big barrel, Foss is popular, and it would not be at all surprising if he should defeat Buchanan next Tuesday.

DON'T WANT IT.

The labor organizations in Boston, at a meeting held the other day, voted unanimously to reject Robert Luce's scheme for settling disputes between employers and employees which that eminent statesman is trying to induce the Legislature to enact into law.

Luce's idea is for the warring parties to first flock together and try to amicably adjust their difficulties, and if a failure follows, then compulsory arbitration.

The Unions look at it in a different light. They believe that in order to effect a satisfactory disposal of the questions in issue the first step should always be to knock their opponent down (meaning a strike), and argue the case with him afterwards, which is diametrically opposed to Luce's plan. They say that the opponent, after being effectually knocked down and out, will be more reasonable and yielding and likely to accept their terms; they, therefore, reject Mr. Luce's scheme.

PASSED BY THE SENATE.

By the passage of the "Bar and Bottle Bill" through the Senate last Monday the friends of temperance won a great victory. Its enemies fought vigorously; resorted to every parliamentary device and expedient to defeat it; but failed to prevent its passage by a good majority.

This Bill now goes to the House where it is expected to meet with little or no opposition; and then the Governor takes it in hand, and will not, its friends say, dare to veto it, however much he would like to do so.

The object of the "Bar and Bottle Bill" is to prevent the sale of bottled liquors over a bar by forbidding the issuance of a first and fourth class license to the same licensee.

☞ Last Tuesday morning a Boston paper announced, with a considerable blowing of trumpets, that Daniel Gilman and Judge Henry A. Shute were elected "Poundkeepers," or, as they are called in some sections of country, "Fielddrivers," at the annual Town Meeting in Exeter, N. H., last week, and had qualified for the proper discharge of the duties thereof notwithstanding the fact that the office itself was abolished long before either of those estimable gentlemen was born. Mr. Gilman is a scion of the old and honorable Governor Gilman family of Exeter, and is as worthy to occupy the New Hampshire Chair of State as his illustrious ancestor was many years ago. From 1871 on for some time Mr. Gilman was a thrifty yeoman in a smart Illinois town; but love for New England and the ancient Exeter home brought him back more than a couple of decades ago, since which return he has lived an exemplary and prosperous life in his native villiage, and has often been honored by its intelligent and appreciative citizens. Judge Shute is a fine gentleman, an esteemed resident of the old town of Exeter, and author of the immensely popular story of "The Real Story of a Real Boy." Messrs. Gilman and Shute will make excellent Poundkeepers, and their official Report at the Town Meeting next March will be awaited with lively interest.

☞ On April 15 the Census Enumerator will begin to count the members of Uncle Sam's family, and it will help considerable for everybody to get an early ready for his call.

☞ A year ago the town of Stoneham appointed a committee, or commission, composed of several of its most prominent citizens, who were said to be experts in the management of municipal affairs, to probe every Department of the town's business, investigate, go to the bottom of affairs, find out, if possible, how, why and where the town is falling behind every year—its income less, and its debts more—and duly report. They have done so, and from their report it would seem that Stoneham is in a bad row of stumps and experiencing hard sledding. The Commission charges incompetency negligence, slovenly methods, and other things equally censurable, on the Selectmen and all the other offices, and call loudly for Reform. A good deal of which is clear bosh. Do the people of the fair town of Stoneham cherish the erroneous idea that the men they put on the Probing Committee are any more honest or capable, than those who are elected at Town Meetings?

☞ A meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Cooperative Bank was held at the rooms of that institution last Friday evening for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates to be voted for on April 14, and to transact any other business calling for action. The usual semiannual dividend of 3 percent was declared, and the reports of the officers showed the Bank to be in a highly prosperous condition, as it deserves to be. The following nominations were made; for President and Director, James Skinner; V. P. and Director, William F. Davis; Directors, Fred J. Brown, George Buchanan, John C. Buck, Edward Caldwell, J. Foster Deland, Herbert B. Dow, Frank W. Greydon, Arthur H. Linscott, John Maloney, James F. McGrath, J. Henry Parker, Thomas Moore, William A. Prior, Lawrence Reade; Auditors, Arthur E. Gage, Carl Jaquith, M. Littlefield.

☞ Last Monday the Fort Massachusetts Chapter, D. A. R., of North Adams gave a large and brilliant teaparty at the Pierce Building in Boston, at which Mrs. Charles Wright, the Regent, received, and Mrs. A. J. Witherell had charge of the tea. Among the Chapter's guests were Mrs. Pollard, wife of Ald. Charles P. Pollard of the Woburn City Council, and Mrs. H. Josephine Hayward, Regent of the Colonel Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., of Woburn, which will entertain there next Monday.

☞ Last week the JOURNAL expressed a fear that the Committee on Cities of the present General Court might deny the petition of Woburn's Mayor for Legislative authority to borrow $100,000 for the improvement of the city's water plant, and a few days ago the fear was realized, the Committee refusing to grant the privilege. The Committee were not opposed to giving the city the right to borrow $100,000 for the purpose, but suggested what they believed to be a better plan for obtaining and spending the money.

☞ Shame on Massachusetts officials who are defying all laws of health and comfort by making Winchester an open sewer for the sewage of Woburn. Are there no laws to protect the health of our people?—*Winchester Star.*

Why don't the Winchester Board of Health find out whether there are any laws, or not, and if there are, try to have them executed? Woburn ought not to be called on to plug up her sewers just to preserve the health of her pretty and prosperous suburb.

☞ A dispatch from Cincinnati, O., this week read, "in part," as follows:

The oldest sailing vessel in America, the *Polly*, now of Deer Island, Me., which was launched at Amesbury, Mass., in 1805, will be brought to Cincinnati as an exhibit and to take part in the big River Pageant to be held here during the Ohio Valley Exposition next fall.

The dispatch called the *Polly* a "steamer"—an inexcusable blunder.

☞ On March 14, 1820—90 years ago last Tuesday—Maine was admitted into the American Union, and became an independent State. Wentworth Tuttle of Canaan, Maine, an uncle of the Woburn JOURNAL's Editor, was a member of the convention that sat at Brunswick in 1819 and framed the Constitution for the new applicant for Statehood which was adopted the next year.

☞ They are talking down at the State House about an uncommonly early adjournment of the Legislature, and it seems to be barely possible they will get through by Bunker Hill Day, or certainly by the Glorious Fourth.

☞ Evacuation Day was observed yesterday in Boston by a military parade, patriotic meetings, and dinners.

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LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Lester L. Hartshorne—Citation.
Charles R. Darling—Mortg. Sale.
F. P. Shumway Co.—A. J. Lloyd Co.

— This community is blessed with lovely moonlight evenings just now.

— Last Monday came as near being a typical March day "as they make 'em this year."

— Rev. Thomas Van Ness of Boston lectures before the Woman's Club this afternoon.

— Bertha Dean, the new Hanson school teacher, entered on her duties there this week.

— This is Passion Week and it is being observed in the usual way at St. Charles Church.

— Clan McKinnon are to give their annual entertainment on Wednesday evening, April 27.

— Lawyer Fred Davis has recovered from an attack of grip and is at his Boston office again.

— Mr. Thomas Moore returned from Choate Hospital to his home on Montvale avenue early this week.

— Mr. William W. Wade, formerly Lieutenant of Co. G, has been appointed Adjutant of the 5th Regiment, M. V. M.

— The Vernal Equinox comes next Tuesday when the sun is expected to "Cross the Line," and a heavy N. E. rain prevail.

— There was a mild storm yesterday to remind us that it was St. Patrick's Day. The snow failed to cover the ground.

— Ex-Rep. A. R. Linscott attended the reunion of "The Boys of '61-'65" at the Revere House, Boston, a few evenings since.

— Mr. Benjamin Hinckley, a native of Woburn, now a respected citizen of the "Nutmeg State," was visiting his sisters here yesterday.

— Rev. Fr. Walter E. Fegan, Curate of St. Charles church, gave an interesting address before the Holy Name Society last Sunday.

— The storm yesterday did not prevent a general "Wearing of the Green," and a generous exhibition of shamrock on the streets.

— Clifford S. Parker has been elected President of the Harvard University Pierian Sodality, the oldest musical society in this country.

— Mr. David S. Wheeler of Newton Upper Falls was the principal speaker at a largely attended meeting of the Woburn Grange in Post 33, G. A. R. Hall last Monday evening.

— As a reader and impersonator Miss Margeurite Chaffee's contributions at the Thespian concert in Lyceum Hall the other night gave the audience great pleasure. She was liberally cheered.

— Woburn Council 77, K. of C., and Div. 3, A. O. H., received the holy communion at St. Charles church at 7 o'clock mass last Sunday. The processions made a fine appearance on the streets.

— At 7 o'clock last Wednesday morning it was 22 in the shade, and at noon it was above 50. How was that for a change of temperature? Is it a wonder that bilious complaints are holding sway here?

— In honor of St. Patrick's Day "The Irish Justice" was presented to a delighted audience in St. Joseph's Hall under the auspices of St. Joseph Parish by local talent assisted by Boston artists, last night.

— The annual meeting of the Woburn Cooperative Bank, of which Mr James Skinner has been the President ever since it was organized, and Mr. John C. Buck is Secretary and Treasurer, is to be held on April 14.

— Merely as a straw indicating the popularity of the St. Charles Minstrel Show we would state that on last Wednesday morning not a ticket to it could be procured for love or money. Of course, Lyceum Hall was as full as a tick last night.

— Div. 3, A. O. H., and their ladies had a fine time celebrating St Patrick's Day in Hibernian Hall last evening. There was a large company of gentlemen and ladies present, and among the guests was Mr. James O'Sullivan of Lowell.

— The Theouleigh Club composed of the uppercrust of Woburn society, were handsomely entertained by Mrs. Edward Johnson, wife of Cashier Johnson of the Woburn National Bank, at the home of the family on Warren avenue last Monday evening.

— Mrs. Augusta Goold entertained the Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R, at her home on Pleasant street last Tuesday afternoon. There was a paper on Deborah Sampson written and read by Miss Mary Heaton, and refreshments. Miss Heaton's lecture was fine, and very interesting.

— Ex-Ald. Fred C. Emery died at his home on Willow street last Sunday afternoon. He was born in Bridgeton, Maine, on March 24, 1860, and has lived in Woburn ever since he was two years old. He was a member of and officer in several Woburn fraternal societies, and highly esteemed.

— Hon. Clarence A. Buskirk, C. S. of St. Louis, Mo., is to lecture on Christian Science in Lyceum Hall this evening, to which the admission will be free. He has the reputation of being an entertaining speaker, and as his subject is an interesting one, and members of the C. S. church are numerous here, no doubt, but that the gentleman will be greeted by a full house of deeply interested listeners this evening.

— One week from today, March 25, is Good Friday; and two days later comes Easter Sunday. For this latter event the women have doubtless bought their hats.

— Everybody says that March, so far, has proved a wonderful month, so, of course, it must have been. Absence of wind, or calmness, has been its peculiar characteristic.

— The Choral Society have made the following solo selections for their concert on April 11: Soprano, Mrs. Blanche Kilduff; Tenor, Mr. J. Tripp; Baritone, Mr. Harry Parmalee, all of them well known Boston vocalists.

— Mr. J. S. Kerrigan, Chairman of the St. Charles Minstrel Show Committee, kindly remembered the Press in his distribution of favors to their fine entertainment last evening. The JOURNAL returns thanks for self and fellowcraftsmen.

— Evacuation and St. Patrick's Day was not publicly celebrated in this city yesterday. There were private parties, dinners, suppers and considerable whist and some dancing at night; but, on the whole, it was rather a quiet day.

— Mr. Ernest B. Lamprey is to quit the agency of the American Express Co. here on April 15, and go to the old Lamprey homestead in Hampton and spend the rest of his days in peace and quiet as becometh an honest and industrious agriculturist.

— We are informed this morning that the St. Charles Minstrel Show last night beat all former entertainments in that line. It was great! Lyceum Hall was rammed jammed full of people. What would St. Patrick's Day be minus the St. Charles Minstrel Show.

— Last Sunday came close to being a real summer day. The mercury in the glasses in this city ran to a high figure, and comfort demanded that windows should remain open through the middle of the day. Remarkable weather for March had prevailed almost continually up to that time.

— A rumor was current here late last week that Mr. Fred A. Hartwell, a gentleman of the strictest integrity, and well liked in this community, told somebody that he had gathered a bunch of bloom and sweetness from his lilac bushes that day, and we shouldn't wonder a mite if his story was true.

— Mayor Murray has appointed Mr. Fred F. Lowell to be a member of the Board of Registrars of Voters to fill the place of Charles H. Harrington, whose term expires on April 1. Mr. Lowell served on the Board several years up to 1906, and his appointment will, doubtless, meet with public approval.

— The value of a Varnish Stain depends very largely upon the grade of Varnish used in making it. Campbell's Varnish Stain is made from the toughest gum floor Varnish. You can finish your floor with this Stain and pound it with a hammer without causing the finish to chip or scratch. Holdridge Hardware Co. sell it.

— About 2 or 3 years ago, after satisfying every rational human being that the extermination of the gypsy and browntail moth is an utter impossibility the JOURNAL dropped the subject; but it now begs to be allowed to say that those who have been engaged in cutting moth nests from their trees lately have found them just as thick as ever.

— The concert given by the Commonwealth Concert Company, assisted by Miss Marguerite Chaffee, under the auspices of the Thespian Entertainment Club in Lyceum Hall last Monday evening was an excellent one, and quite well patronized by lovers of good music. It was the first in a series of three, the next one of which is to be given at the same hall on April 4.

— R. E. Beaton, 1910, of Woburn, is the most brilliant baseball man Wesleyan College has had in half a dozen years. He covers third base and for two years has Captained the Nine. In his Sophomore year nearly all the selections for an All-New England team placed Beaton at third base. Beaton is 22 years old and was graduated from the Woburn High School. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

— Mr. George Buchanan of 10 Bennett street, this city, a gentleman universally and highly esteemed, will be 86 years old next Sunday, having been born on March 20, 1824. He has been President of "The Sons of '24" for many years, during a large part of which period Mr. Amariah V. Haynes has been the esteemed and efficient Secretary of that old and eminently respectable organizaton. For many years Mr. Buchanan has been a member and officer of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange and Club, by whom he is greatly respected. There is to be no formal celebration of his birthday anniversary next Sunday, but hosts of friends will tender congratulations, with hopes that his life may be long, prosperous and joyful.

— Mrs. Lucy T. Gott, an estimable and highly respected lady of this city, who for the last 6 years has been an active member and Director of the Social Benevolent Society of First Church, one of the oldest and most select religio-social organizations in Woburn, was, with the anniversary of her birthday, duly honored by the Society at their regular monthly meeting last week. On that happy occasion Mrs. Gott was presented with an elegant bouquet of violets and two mammoth birthday cakes, made by her fair associates; and at the supper table she was placed in the chair of a Guest of honor, Miss Carrie A. Richardson composed and read an appropriate poem; with all of which Mrs. Gott was greatly delighted, and for which she gracefully returned hearty thanks.

A Proclamation.

WHEREAS by the Act of Congress approved July 2, 1909, the Thirteenth Decennial Census of the United States is to be taken, beginning on the fifteenth day of April, nineteen hundred and ten; and

WHEREAS a correct enumeration of the population every ten years is required by the Constitution of the United States for the purpose of determining the representation of the several States in the House of Representatives; and

WHEREAS it is of the utmost importance to the interests of all the people of the United States that this census should be a complete and accurate report of the population and resources of the country:

Now, therefore, I, WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and make known that, under the act aforesaid, it is the duty of every person to answer all questions on the census schedules applying to him and the family to which he belongs, and to the farm occupied by him or his family, and that any adult refusing to do so is subject to penalty.

The sole purpose of the census is to secure general statistical information regarding the population and resources of the country, and replies are required from individuals only in order to permit the compilation of such general statistics. The census has nothing to do with taxation, with army or jury service, with the compulsion of school attendance, with the regulation of immigration, or with the enforcement of any national, state, or local law or ordinance, nor can any person be harmed in any way by furnishing the information required. There need be no fear that any disclosure will be made regarding any individual person or his affairs. For the due protection of the rights and interests of the persons furnishing information every employee of the Census Bureau is prohibited, under heavy penalty from disclosing any information which may thus come to his knowledge.

I therefore earnestly urge upon all persons to answer promptly, completely, and accurately all inquiries addressed to them by the enumerators or other employees of the Census Bureau, and thereby to contribute their share toward making this great and necessary public undertaking a success.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this fifteenth day of March, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and ten, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-fourth.

[Seal.] WM. H. TAFT.

By the President:
P. C. KNOX,
Secretary of State.

Miss Hovey.

This community received the news of the death of Miss Emma F. Hovey, who passed away at an early hour on Saturday morning, March 12, 1910, at her home No. 4 Fairview Road in this city, after only little more than a week's illness, with deep sorrow and regret, for her amiable disposition, kindness and courteous bearing towards everybody, and the high esteem in which she was held as a teacher, gave her a host of warm friends among all classes of people in this city.

Emma F. Hovey was born in Woburn on May 2, 1856, and has always made her home here. She graduated from the High School at the age of 18 years, and the next year, 1875, was appointed teacher in the East Woburn Grammar school, and for nearly 35 years thereafter was one of Woburn's best and most popular school instructors. From East Woburn she was transferred to the Cummings school, and subsequently appointed Principal of the Lawrence, Plympton, and finally the Hanson, schools, which latter position she occupied at the time of her sincerely regretted decease.

Miss Hovey was a conscientious, earnest, and laborious teacher, a model for others, of which the general proficiency of her classes never failed to furnish abundant evidence. She loved to teach, and enjoyed in the highest degree, the confidence and love of her pupils, as well as the respect of the school authorities.

The only near relative who survives to mourn the death of Miss Hovey at the height of her usefulness, is a brother, John T. Hovey of this city.

The fuueral was held at 2.30 o'clock Monday afternoon, March 14, and attended by the entire teaching force of this city.

Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church conducted the religious exercises, and paid a feeling and appropriate tribute to the personal and professional virtues of Miss Hovey. The public schools held no sessions in the afternoon, and from every schoolhouse the American Flag floated at half-mast. The teachers and scholars of the Hanson school, of which Miss Hovey was Principal, assembled at their respective rooms and marched in procession to the house of mourning on Fairview Road, where were gathered a large company of people, many of them carrying floral tokens of love and respect for their deceased friend.

The pallbearers were Mr. Herbert B. Dow, Mr. Frank B. Richardson and Mr. William W. Crosby, representing the School Committee; Mr. Edward F. Johnson, representing the Class of '74, W. H. S.; Mr. A. H. Linscott and Supt. George I. Clapp. Mr. Dow and Mr. Johnson were classmates of Emma Hovey in the Woburn High school and graduated with her in the Class of '74.

The interment was in Woodbrook Cemetery.

To Mothers In This Town.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, making a sickly child strong and healthy. A certain cure for worms. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A Helping Hand.

Mistress (hurrying frantically)—Mary, what time is it now? Maid—Half past 2, mum. Mistress—Oh, I thought it was later. I still have twenty minutes to catch the steamer. Maid—Yis, mum. I knew ye'd be rushed, so I set the clock back thirty minutes to give ye more time.—Puck.

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

Eva Fay's predictions at Keith's this week have startled all Boston. She has been deluged with questions about political business and personal matters, and the answers she has given to some of them have been of the most startling character. The interest in the Russell and Glover will cases is shown by the large number of questions on these matters sent to Mrs. Fay. It would be impossible for her to answer them without contempt of Court, and she has already made announcements to this effect. On all other subjects, however, she is willing to answer all questions from those who attend her performances.

THE SHUBERT.

The public continues to demonstrate a tremendous interest in Lew Fields' mammoth musical comedy production, "The Midnight Sons," which starts on its 7th week at the Shubert Theatre next Monday, March 21. In a few more performances this remarkable musical play will have completed one solid year of continuous performances, with no interruptions except Sunday, and these performances have all been in New York and Boston. It is doubtful if any attraction, musical or otherwise, has made such a wonderful record of popularity and unvarying enormous box office receipts.

THE COLONIAL.

Direct from a long, successful run at the Garrick Theatre, New York, "The Harvest Moon," the latest production from the pen of Augustus Thomas will be presented for a limited engagement at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, Monday, March 21, by Charles Frohman. Playgoers who have found delight in Mr. Thomas's previous great successes "Arizona," "In Mizzoura," and "The Witching Hour," do not need to be reminded that a genuine treat awaits them, "The Harvest Moon" teaches a great lesson, the power for good or evil of mental suggestion. The story deals with the unfortunate condition of a young girl, of brilliant promise and of pure heart, who since early childhood has been handicapped by the constant suggestion that she was of base origin and incapable of high achievements. The play comes here with the original New York cast and scenic production. There will be matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

CASTLE SQUARE.

An amusing farce is to be given at the Castle Square next week. "The Marriage of Kitty," which Mr. Craig has selected for one of his earliest Spring offerings, has in both its original French and in the English version, caused endless laughter. It is an adaption cleverly made by the English dramatist, Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, and it has been starred in both in England and America by the famous comedienne, Marie Tempest. It is filled with clean and humorous situations, their chief character being Katherine Silverton, a sprightly young woman who after the death of her spendthrift father, goes to London to earn her living, and succeeds in doing so in a most unusual fashion.

Organized.

The Brotherhood Class of the First Congregational church, this city, recently formed, held a meeting last Tuesday evening, with about 50 prominent church workers present, and completed their organization.

After the business session the meeting listened to able addresses by Boston men high up in the Order, and then the company were refreshed by a meal of substantial food.

The following is a list of the working committees chosen.

Another session will be held in the near future.

Civic Affairs, Fred J. Brown, George F. Bean, H. C. Huntress; Membership, A. L. Perham, H. H. LeBarron, Frederic A. Flint, J. M. Wallace, A. B. Grimes, J. Selwyn Fowle, W. A. Prior; Bible Class, H. C. Huntress, C. M. Strout, Guy Marion; Benevolences, E. G. Preston, H. A. Fellows, E. D. Hart; Parish, A. Herbert Holland, H. M. Eames, James Skinner; Boys' Work, Dr. Norton, J. R. Carter, M. H. Cotton, Maynor D. Brock, Arthur E. Ray; Entertainment—For the April meeting, L. W. Fowle, John M. Wallace, Clarence W. Stetson. For the May meeting, E. G. Preston, F. J. Brown, C. A. Greenleaf.

Features of Spring Real Estate Edition.

Everyone interested in "Summer Homes" either at the seashore, mountains or country will want to read the specially written articles on this subject which will be published in addition to the popular regular features in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Saturday, April 2.

"Suburban Homes" as another engaging topic for that issue which will doubtless cause much favorable comment, while a careful study of "Boston Real Estate Values, etc.," another contribution, will surely have a real value to investors and those concerned in the welfare of the city. Real estate men and individuals who have properties to dispose of or rent should take advantage of this unusual opportunity and immediately secure space to properly place their holdings before so many interested persons as will be reached by the April 2 edition of the *Transcript*, which will have a much larger circulation than any previous issue.

Force of Habit.

"I understand that all star cast was rather languid."

"Yes; they played poorly for stars. Even the life they put into the mob scene was accidental and came about merely through each of them trying to grab the center of the stage."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Trouble Makers.

"What men think," remarked the knowing woman, "causes fully one-third of all the trouble in the world."

"Yes," rejoined the mere man, "and what women say causes the other two-thirds."—Chicago News.

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MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Matter." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.
At 12 M., Sunday School.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 6.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES:—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 9, Margaret Corr, aged 43 years.

In this city, March 12, Emma F. Hovey, aged 53 years, 10 months, 10 days.

In this city, March 13, Fred C. Emery, aged 49 years, 11 months, 28 days.

In this city, March 16, Mary Lafferty, aged 64 years.

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NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Elizabeth B. Faden, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

HENRY BOWKER, Executor.
Room 333. 49 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.
March 11, 1910. 11-18-25

HAY

FOR SALE and delivered in Woburn. Apply at 71 Wyman Street.

EDMUND C. COLMAN.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Edward McMahon and Mary J. McMahon, his wife in her own right, to Charles O. Noble, dated December 31, 1907, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 4546, Page 171, for breach of the condition thereof and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on

TUESDAY, the fifth day of April, 1910,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—Three certain parcels of land bounded and described as follows, viz:—First. A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and being lots 312 and 313 on Elm street, so-called, and lots 848 and 849 on Felton street, so-called, shown on Plan B, recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4, and bounded northerly by said Elm street, there measuring seventy (70) feet; easterly by lots 314 and 350, shown on said plan, there measuring one hundred forty (140) feet; southerly by said Felton street, there measuring seventy (70) feet, and westerly, by the second parcel hereinafter described, one hundred forty (140) feet; containing 9800 square feet. Second. A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, containing 9800 square feet, and being lots numbered 310, 311, 346 and 347, shown on said plan B, and bounded northerly by said Elm street seventy (70) feet; easterly on the First parcel above described, one hundred forty (140) feet; southerly by Felton street seventy (70) feet, and westerly by lots 309 and 345 shown on said plan, one hundred forty (140) feet. Third. A certain lot of land containing 4900 square feet and being lots 278 and 289 shown on plan of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4.

Said premises will be sold subject to taxes, outstanding tax titles, and other city assessments, if any.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; further particulars at the time and place of sale.

HENRY E. CHAMBERLIN,
11-18-25 Assignee of said mortgage.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Carter, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Ada D. Carter, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Kyle, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by John A. Kyle who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, the executrix named in said will having declined to accept the trust.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Andrew J. Wade, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Catherine A. Wade, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT,

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Cynthia B. Goddard, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Frank C. Goddard, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, one of the executors therein named, the other having deceased, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of March A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,
379 Main St., Woburn.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Vick's Seeds Yield Big Returns

To the Farmer because he is absolutely sure of profitable crops when he sows Vick Seeds. **To the Gardener** because high grade garden truck commands highest prices in all markets.

Vegetables and Asters grown from Vick's Seeds are to be exhibited at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 12 to 17, 1910. No entrance fee for this exhibit—just use Vick's Seeds. Ask for particulars.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. **Write right now** for a free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER—One packet Vick's Daybreak Aster, one packet Vick's Branching Asters (mixed colors), and our valuable book "How to Grow Asters," all for 10 cents.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, 143 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WINCHESTER

Our villiage newspaper devoted considerable space last week to the sewerage nuisance.

Flocks of wild geese have been seen here in the last few days flying north. Spring has come, and no mistake.

It looks to me as though the moths were going to be as thick as ever here this season. The trees are full of nests.

The few farmers in this town are getting a good ready for plantingtime, which, they expect, will soon get along.

Brother Tuck made a good many "motions" at the Town Meeting, nearly everyone of which was voted down He didn't have a fair chance.

It was a good thing for this town that the Legislature wouldn't allow it to have a Finance Commission, or "Fin. Com." as they call it in Boston.

Mr. Samuel W. Twombly of the West Side, who is nearly 88 years old, cast his 60th ballot at the Winchester Town Meetings. He is, notwithstanding his extreme age, one of the smartest men in this town.

Considerable many of our esteemed womenfolks are very much troubled this winter with "Cooking on the Brain," not a fatal disease, by any means, except to those men who are forced to eat and compelled to assay digestion of the products of the cooking classes in our schools. A knowledge of the science of cooking (it is an exact science) cannot be obtained from books or lectures; the kitchen is the only place where it is possible to acquire it. A competent cook must be a chemist, capable of applying that science to her work, and it can be learned only in the kitchen.

Allen's Lung Balsam

has been used successfully for years for deep-seated coughs, colds and bronchitis. Everybody should know about it. It is simple, safe and sure.

Ready to Bargain.

Suitor (to her father)—Sir, I love the very ground your daughter treads on. Father (grimly)—Well, young man, you ain't the first party that's had an attachment for it. Howsomever, if you love it well enough to come and help pay up the mortgage on it you can marry Sarah.—Exchange.

Hopeless.

Lawyer—You don't like the jury? Defendant—I do not. No. 1 is my tailor, No. 3 is my grocer, No. 5 is my milk and egg dealer and No. 7 is my wife's first husband. What chance have I got?—St. Paul Dispatch.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by William L. Burbank to William J. Jones, dated January 16, 1909, filed and registered as document No. 4422 in the office of the Assistant Recorder for the South Middlesex Registry District, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises therein and hereinafter described on

SATURDAY, the ninth day of April, A. D. 1910,

at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, viz:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Northeasterly by Bennett street seventy feet; southeasterly by land now or formerly of Martha C. Linnell one hundred one and 2-10 feet; southwesterly by land now or formerly of Salem T. Brigham seventy-one feet; and northwesterly by lot marked "A" on plan hereinafter referred to now or formerly of William H. Kelleher and land now or formerly of Ellen T. Ellis, one hundred two and 4-10 feet, estimated to contain 7193 sq. ft. of land. Being Lot B as shown on plan filed in the Land Registration office, a copy of a portion of which is filed in the Registry of Deeds for the So. Ry. Dist. of Mid. County, in Registration Book 2, Page 541, with certificate No. 706.

The premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes.

Three hundred dollars of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; other terms made known at sale.

WILLIAM S. ALLEN, Administrator of the estate of William J. Jones, deceased, mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Emma Frances Hovey, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lester I. Hartshorne who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jennie L. Knapp, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by Nellie E. Davis, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-second day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if, any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.

A COLONIAL HUSTLER.

Colonel Samuel Sloper Was a Jack of All Trades.

It is necessary that the pioneer be a man of infinite resource, who can do for himself or his neighbors every necessary task. Such a man was Colonel Samuel Sloper, one of the early settlers of Blandford, Mass., whose astonishing versatility is recorded by S. G. Wood in "Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford."

Colonel Sloper, among other things, kept something of a stable and pastured horses and stock. For the munificent reward of 3 shillings the old veteran in 1788 moved the family of David Knox by means of "teame and boy." Now and then he turned his hand to odd jobs. He carted and laid out John Waldo Wood's flax one season for £7 10s.

He seems to have made shoes and garments for his family and for his neighbors. For Enos Loomis' young son, who was bound out to him, he did on this wise: "Caping your son's shoes, 1-3." "One bottle-green coat trimmed and made for Moses, 7 shillings." He made several shirts and a frock for the Martin Leonard company.

The number of things which this veteran and "dabster" did make an astonishing list. He was surgeon in ordinary to the parish of Blandford and this long before he had accumulated an army experience. Veterinary, too, he was. His journals are peppered over with charges for the treatment of young horses. In the account of Eliphalet Thompson in the year 1772, along with a "frying Pann" and "1 Pr Sizers," is the charge, "To Seting your boys rist, twelve shillings." James Sinnett in 1785 became indebted to "Seting your knee and Dressings" and to "Sundri Dressings," 4 and 3 shillings respectively.

NEVER OPENING FLOWERS.

A Large Number of Plants Bear Cleistogamous Blossoms.

The never opening flow or, as botanists call it, cleistogamy, is well illustrated by the case of the common sweet violet. The familiar purple, sweet scented blossom, which to most people is the violet flower, hardly ever produces any seed. But altogether unseen by most people it produces a number of minute, scentless and colorless flowers which never open.

These are self fertilized and produce abundant seed. The word cleistogamous expresses the fact that the fertilization takes place without the opening of the flower and hence without the agency of insects. Such never opening flowers occur in a large number of plants, sometimes along with blossoms of the ordinary sort and sometimes without them. It is a disputed point, however, whether there is any plant which in all circumstances will produce nothing but cleistogamous flowers.

There are nevertheless a number which normally produce nothing else. As regards fertility, the seeds produced by the cleistogamous flowers are never inferior to those of the ordinary blossoms. In some cases they are superior and in others they are the only seed produced by the plant.

It has been found that the amount of cleistogamy varies with the height of the plants. The shortest bear cleistogamic flowers only, and those a little taller have a few small open flowers in addition to the closed ones. The tallest plants have larger open flowers, with only a few cleistogamic.—Botanical Gazette.

Napoleon's Temper.

A story is told of a sudden rage into which Napoleon I. fell one day as he was at dinner. He had scarcely partaken of a mouthful when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness, and, receding from the table without rising from his chair—his small stature permitted that—he uplifted his foot—dash went the table, crash went the dinner and the emperor sprang up, intending to pace the room. Quick as a flash his waiter scratched a few magic symbols on a bit of paper, and the emperor's check had grown more than double Napoleon appreciated the delicacy of his attendant and said, "Thank you, my dear Dunand," with one of his inimitable smiles. The hurricane had blown over.

Decimals and Duodecimals.

Herbert Spencer offered a characteristically original system of reckoning He clung to the duodecimal system, mainly because twelve can be divided by three and four as ten cannot. But he suggested that all the advantages of both systems might be combined by making twelve the basis of calculation, inventing two new digits to take the places of ten and eleven and making twelve times twelve the hundred Spencer scornfully remarked that the decimal system rests solely on the fact that man has ten fingers and ten toes. If he had had twelve "there never would have been any difficulty."

A Quaint Epitaph.

Here is an epitaph which may be read in an English churchyard attached to Leamington church:

"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great-niece of Burke, commonly called the sublime. She was Bland, Passionate and Deeply Religious; also she painted in water colors and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was the intimate friend of Lady Jones. And of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

He Beat It.

"Where did you steal that mat from?" demanded the policeman as he seized the tramp.

"I didn't steal it," said the tramp. "A lady up the street gave it me and told me to beat it."—Judge's Library.

Leisure Hours.

Dr. Johnson had scant sympathy with inconsistent and arrogant industry. "No man, sir, is obliged to do as much as he can. A man should have part of his life to himself."

THE AMERICAN ACCENT.

An English Writer Frees His Mind on the Subject.

"The American accent," writes a contemporary correspondent, "is far less irritating than the cockney dialect, and it would be well for us if the former, which is at least musical, could be substituted for the cacophonous patois of our east end."

As a matter of fact, we think that the cockney accent has a certain number of real admirers, but what we wish to call to our readers' minds particularly is that America has its cockney, so to speak, precisely as we have. People in Kentucky have a rather burrish way of speaking, and they loathe and detest the fruity twang which overwhelms New England. The westerner, again is responsible for the dialect which was supplied on the English boards by stage Yankees.

Whether you acquire the American accent or not depends on the length of time you remain in America. Englishmen who stay in New York for protracted periods preserve their native cadences intact. It is the man who pays a flying visit to the United States who comes back and always says "nop" for "no" and "yep" for "yes."

Once we met a man who had returned from a week's stay in Boston. He said he had heard it was easy to acquire the twang and finally exclaimed, "Waal, stranger, I guess it may be dead easy for some, but not for Blank Z. Asterisk," meaning himself. "Now, what's your opinion? Am I right?"—London Globe.

THE VORACIOUS TUNAS.

What Happens When They Meet a School of Flying Fish.

One time at San Clemente we sighted a feeding school of tuna, an exhilarating sight. A flying fish weighing a pound and a half or more would start from the water and soar an extraordinary distance, nearly out of sight, but every inch of that flight I knew was covered by a big tuna keeping his place just beneath the flier and ready to seize it the moment it fell into the water. This rarely failed. The moment the fish began to drop the tuna would spring at it like a tiger, turning and tossing the spume into the air with a splendid and electrifying rush, a manœuver that was repeated all over the blue channel.

The sensational charge meant that a school of tunas had discovered a school of its natural prey, flying fishes. At once the lust for blood and food was on, and carnage was the result.

I have observed some curious scenes at sea, but never have I seen fear so forcibly expressed as by a school of flying fishes, exhausted and at the mercy of the voracious tunas. I have had them gather about my boat and cling to its keel as closely as they could, while the air was full of leaping tunas and soaring fish. At such times when a school of sardines is rounded up the fishes are so terrified that men have rowed up to them and scooped them in by the pailful.—Outing.

Curious Optical Properties.

Asterism is the beautiful name given to a curious optical property of certain minerals. They show a star shaped figure where light is reflected from them or transmitted through them. This is seen in the star stone, which is a sort of sapphire, and in the star ruby. There is asterism also in mica. The photograph of a lamp flame taken through a plate of mica shows a six rayed star, with six fainter radiations between. Outwardly star mica resembles the ordinary form and shows the same phenomena under polarized light. When examined under the microscope, however, the star mica is found to contain fine needles of another mineral. And these are regularly arranged at angles of 120 degrees. To these needles is due the star seen by transmitted light.—Chicago Tribune.

The Butcher Bird's Larder.

It is possible that the butcher bird's "curious and cruel habit" of impaling various creatures upon hedge thorn is his way of supporting his wife during her period of seclusion. Of many species the female is fed by the male on the nest, but the butcher bird's prey consists often of creatures which are too large to be eaten at a mouthful. Even if the male could always drag these carcasses to the nest it is obvious that the female could not eat them there, so the "larder" may have been hit upon as a happy device to get over the difficulty, the female flitting thither to help herself whenever she is hungry.—Country Life.

Gold In Ancient Rome.

William Jacob in his "History of the Precious Metals" estimates from the accounts given by the Roman writers that in the reign of Augustus, the first of the emperors, when Rome was at the height of its power, the amount of gold in the Roman empire was nearly $2,000,000,000. This vast treasure had been gathered chiefly by conquest from various nations of Europe, Asia and Africa. There had been extensive mines in Spain and in the Atlas mountains of north Africa, but their yield in the wealth of kings and of cities in Asia and Egypt had been despoiled and carried away to enrich the conquerors.

Our First Money.

The first United States money was made in 1786, but instead of bearing the faces of leading statesmen it bore only the face of Liberty. Some few coins were stamped with the face of Washington and are highly valued by collectors. The first coins struck by the United States mint were some half dimes in 1792. The first United States dimes were struck in France from old silver family plate furnished by Washington and were known as "Martha Washington dimes" from the fact that the Liberty head was adapted to that of the president's wife.—New York American.

Over the Mark.

"Does he aim at realism in the stories he writes?"

"He may aim at it, but he doesn't hit within a million miles of it."

"How's that?"

"The hero of his last story is a 'spendthrift Scotchman.'"—Houston Post.

A Conscientious Declaration.

Drummer—Will you be mine? All my life I will worship you from February until April and from August until December. The rest of the time I am on the road.—Fliegende Blatter.

Always a Way.

"She is reputed to be a cold beauty Did you win her heart with orchids?"

"No. I sent some very fine imported sausages to her dog."—Pittsburg Post

MISUNDERSTOOD.

But After Awhile the Young Man Made His Case Clear.

As the young man entered the old man looked up and scowled.

"Well?" said the old man shortly.

"Your daughter"— began the young man, but the old man cut him off abruptly.

"I've noticed that you've been hanging around here a good deal," he said. "I suppose that you've come to tell me that you love her and want to marry her?"

"No," replied the young man calmly "I've come to tell you that she loves me and wants to marry me."

"What?" roared the old man.

"She says so herself," persisted the young man.

"I never heard of such an exhibition of egotistical impertinence," said the old man.

"Then you misunderstand me," explained the young man. "My assertion is dictated by policy and not by impertinence. You see, it's just this way. What I want is nothing to you; now, is it?"

"Why—er—not—exactly."

"I might want $1,000, but that wouldn't matter to you, would it?"

"Certainly not."

"You're under no obligations to supply me with what I want, are you?"

"Hardly."

"Then what a foolish proposition it would be for me to come to you and say, 'Mr. Parkinson, I have been very favorably impressed with your house and furniture,' or 'I think I'd like your daughter' or anything else in that line. But when your daughter wants anything it's different. Now, isn't it different?"

"It certainly is different," admitted the old man cautiously.

"Precisely," said the young man. "She and I figured that all out very carefully last night. You see, I have no particular prospects, and we could both see that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that you would give her to me. Then she suggested that you had never yet refused anything that she wanted, no matter what the cost might be, and that perhaps it would be a good plan to change the usual order somewhat. We sort of felt that it wouldn't be right to ask you to do anything for me, but it's different in her case, as I remarked before. So I'm here merely as her agent to say that she wants me and that she wants me very much and to ask you to please see that she gets me. She never has wanted anything so much as she wants me, and I am so favorably disposed toward her that if you care to make the investment I shall be quite willing to leave the terms entirely to you and her."

Naturally she got him. No wide awake business man is going to overlook a chance to get such a fine sample of nerve in the family.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Bargain.

"I have something for you here, my love," said Mr. Darley as he proceeded to open a large, round box.

"What is it, precious?"

"Wait and see."

Darley carefully unwrapped the article and disclosed a lady's hat.

"Isn't it a beauty?" he asked. "I bought it myself as a surprise to you Don't you think it is a perfect dream?"

Mrs. Darley gazed at the hat and burst into tears.

"I can't wear it!" she cried. "It doesn't suit me at all. You meant to please me, I know, but it isn't my style at all."

"Don't cry, dear. The milliner said you could exchange it, and if you'll agree not to buy any ties for me hereafter I'll let you select your own hats and bonnets."

An agreement was concluded on that basis.

Her Very Clear Thoughts.

"Well, aunty, what are your thochts aboot marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

"'Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thochts aboot it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the langest. First, then, when I was young, like yoursel', I thocht, 'Wha'll I tak'?' Then, as time began to wear by, I thocht, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken wi' that whumel oot o' Saunders McDrunthie's cart my thochts syne have bin, 'Wha'll tak' me?'"

Politeness In China.

In China parents are held responsible for the manners of their children Accordingly, for the credit of their parents, people try to be polite. If you are mobbed in a Chinese town you should look straight at one or two of the people and say: "Your parents did not pay much attention to your manners. They did not teach you the rules of propriety." A remark like this will make the crowd slink away, one by one, ashamed of themselves.

The Reason of It.

"Why is it that novels are so much more popular with the women than with the men?"

"In a novel the fellow invariably asks the girl to be his wife."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stood on His Rights.

The Lawyer (who is drafting Mr. Snarler's last will and testament)—Oh, but if I may make a suggestion, don't you— Mr. Snarler—Hang it all, who's dying—you or me, eh?—London Tit-Bits.

A lie always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—Rice.

The Curse.

An Irish authority thus defines as an expert the effects of a well delivered curse: "The belief among the ancient Irish was that a curse once pronounced must fall in some direction if it has been deserved by him on whom it is pronounced it will fall on him sooner or later, but if it has not then it will return upon the person who pronounced it. They compare it to a wedge with which a woodman cleaves timber. If it has room to go it will go and cleave the wood, but if it has not it will fly out and strike the woodman himself who is driving it between the eyes."—London Globe.

Strict Women Who Love.

The strictest women are at times the most loving. When this happens their attachment is as strong as death, their fidelity as resisting as the diamond. They are hungry for devotion and athirst for sacrifice. Their love is a piety, their tenderness a religion, and they triple the energy of love by enshrining it as a duty.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

PUBLIC LOVE LETTERS.

Curious Appeals Appear In Newspapers of Southern Italy.

The printed love letters in the advertising columns of papers in southern Italy fill the tourist with wonder, mingled with deep respect for the sentiment which will pay for their insertion. The following letter, taken from the Palermo Ora, contained 174 words, which at the advertised rate of a cent a word would cost $1.74. If the Italian saying, "A lira is a dollar," is true, this would equal a bill of $8.70, which would require a pretty devoted American lover to pay:

"Dearest Little One—What have I done to thee? Why this silence after thy promise? I experience from it a grief so violent that it renders me helpless.

"Thou art good, my Santuzza, as good as dear; thou knowest how this makes me suffer. Why dost thou do it? Thou knowest how I love thee, that thou art my religion. Have I offended thee?

"I seek intense occupation to keep me calm, but a thousand thoughts gnaw my soul. Perhaps while you amuse yourself you do not know how your silence agitates me. Oh, dear Madonna mine, darling, darling, my blessed joy, do not forget me; thou art my life, all there is for me, my good Santuzza.

"I could not longer live without thee. Forgive me if I have offended thee in any way, blessed little bird. Here all is as if thou wert to arrive at any moment. I seek to create for myself this most beautiful allusion, ever speaking to thee, vainly expecting news from thee with every post, with a violently beating heart.

"Do not believe me bad; I love thee so much; I kiss thy dear lips, thy most entrancing little countenance, all infinite passion and tenderness. I am insane to hear once more thy dear enchanting voice."

There were eleven letters of this kind in the same issue of the Ora, about an average number for a Palermo paper. Such letters are found in all Italian papers, but they grow shorter and shorter as one travels north until in Milan one line in the "agony column" suffices to express the lover's anguish.

A style which seems theatrical to an American seems perfectly natural to an Italian. He will write exactly this sort of love letter in private. Some of the published letters of Napoleon to Josephine in their early married life are in the same strain.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Curious Styles of Letter Endings.

Any one in the habit of perusing old letters is struck with the tone of great humility and deference which pervades the correspondence of our ancestors.

A few specimens of the style of beginning and ending letters may prove interesting as in striking contrast to the laconic "yours obediently," "faithfully" or "truly" of the present day. It would certainly be difficult to match the following subscription of a letter from the Duke of Shrewsbury to Sir Thomas Hanmer, dated September, 1713: "I desire that you will believe that, wherever I am, I shall always endeavor to deserve and very much value your friendship, being, with a sincere esteem, sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, Shrewsbury."

Frequently one meets with bellicose subscriptions, as in the case of the Earls of Hutly and Errol, who in 1594 threatened "awful consequences to the magistrates of Aberdeen unless they released certain gentlemen imprisoned in their city and inscribed, "Yours as ye will, either present peace or weir."

Arithmetic by Hand.

We shall never be in danger of forgetting that our ancestors did their sums on their fingers so long as arithmetic retains the word "digits." But modern civilization knows nothing of the elaborate developments of this method. It takes a Wallachian peasant to multiply 8 by 9 on his hands This is how he does it: The fingers of either hand, beginning with the thumb, stand for the numbers from 6 to 10. So the ring finger of one hand and the middle finger of the other are stuck out to represent 8 and 9. Counting the fingers remaining on the side farthest from the thumbs he finds them 1 and 2 respectively, and 1 multiplied by 2 gives him the units of his product—2. Then he counts from the thumbs to the stuck out fingers inclusive, finds them 3 and 4, adds these, and gets 7 for his tens. Answer, 72. All this to avoid knowing the multiplication table beyond 4 times 4!

For the Judge's Information.

The police court judge could not repress a smile when his eyes rested on a card that was lying on his desk during a session of the court. On it were printed two stanzas under the title "The Perfect Man," and he could not but look at the motley gang of prisoners who sat before him. And he did not think the card had been dropped accidentally. The verses read:

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears,
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—
He's paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
Anything that is not right.
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon and night—
He's dead.
—Indianapolis News.

Pleaded an Extenuation.

An Indiana youth had called with a cab to take the judge's daughter to a dance, scarcely two blocks from her home. The judge entered the room where the youth was waiting. Pacing across the room a couple of times with his head bent and thoughts concentrated, he came short about in front of the youth and declaimed:

"Young man, this cab hiring to go two blocks is foolish, unwise, unthoughtful, misguided, unreasonable, lavish—a prodigality—a—a—I am surprised. My daughter is flesh and blood, and she won't melt, and if her gown should be ruined I bought it, and I can buy her"—

"That's all right, judge, but my father is paying for that cab."—Woman's Home Companion.

Shadows.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us, at noon we trample them underfoot, and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us.

An Exception.

She (protestingly)—That's just like you men. A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman in with him. He—Oh, I don't know. How about Jonah in the whale?—Boston Transcript.

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The Monasteries of Tibet.

Every Tibetan family is compelled to devote its firstborn male child to a monastic life. Soon after his birth the child is taken to a Buddhist monastery to be brought up and trained in priestly mysteries. At about the age of eight he joins one of the caravans which travel to Lassa. There he is attached to one of the local monasteries where he remains as a novice until he is fifteen, learning to read the sacred books and perform the religious rites of his faith. The firstborn son, being thus sent into the church, as we should say in this country, the second becomes the head of the family and marries. Unlike some other semi civilized races, these young Tibetans have the right of choosing their own wives. Nor can a Tibetan girl be married off by her parents without her own consent. The curious custom in regard to the eldest sons results of course, in nearly every Tibetan family acquiring the odor of sanctity, numbering a monk among its members—London Telegraph.

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Saved From a Madhouse

How a Girl Discovered a Plot and Defeated It.

By DAISY WINSLOW.

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How I saved Herbert and brought him out with a strong brain and in every way physically sound is so strange a case that it should be placed in writing before I forget any of the details. I do not mean that I did the thinking and the planning that saved him, but that had it not been for me no thinking or planning would ever have been done and Herbert would have died under the strain or lived a lifetime in a madhouse.

Herbert and I were first playmates, then schoolmates; then the status between us was that of a strong friendship between a very young man and a very young woman. His mother, a rich widow, from the first disapproved of our intimacy, for her son would inherit her vast estate, while I had nothing. But neither Herbert nor I at that time thought of marriage. When he was eighteen his mother died, leaving him all her property to be paid to him when he became of age. His brother, Edgar Holt, was appointed executor of the estate and Herbert's guardian. There were other features of the will which had we known earlier would have saved Herbert a deal of suffering. Not knowing them, we were working in the dark.

Mr. Holt, an old bachelor, on the death of his sister went to live with his ward, taking personal care of him. I could not see any necessity for this, for Herbert was at an age when he should have been at college. Yet this uncle kept him at home, doing nothing. I asked Herbert why he assented to this, and he said it was better for him not to antagonize his uncle till after he had attained his majority.

Some time after Mrs. Torry's death Herbert sent me a note asking me to come and see him. He gave no reason for the request; but, thinking he might be ill, I went at once. I was taken by the housekeeper to a suit of rooms he occupied and found him lying on a lounge, the picture of despondency.

"Why, Herbert," I exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"I don't know," he said mournfully.

Never had I seen such a change in any one in so short a space of time. I had been with him a week before, and he was then perfectly well. Now he seemed to have gone far on the way to become a nervous wreck.

"What a singularly decorated room!" I said to him after he had told me about himself. The wall paper was purple, and the shades and curtains to the windows were red. There was something in the colors or combination of colors that made me feel a strange nervousness.

"Uncle Edgar had my rooms redecorated while I was away recently. How do you like the paper?"

"I don't like it at all," I replied.

I encouraged Herbert as well as I could and when I left promised to return soon. I went straight to our own family physician, Dr. Millard, and told him all about Herbert's case. Incidentally I mentioned the decoration of his rooms.

"Get him out of that at once," said the doctor.

"Why so?"

"Because if he lives surrounded with those colors and none other for a month he'll be a maniac."

I sent a note to Herbert the same evening telling him that the doctor had recommended other rooms for him, and the next afternoon I went to see him. I found him where I had left him the day before. I asked him why he had not moved, and he said his uncle had declared Dr. Millard's statement to be nonsense. I begged Herbert to do as I asked him, but he did not seem to have the power to resist his uncle.

I was very much distressed when I left him, not knowing what to do. On the stairs I met Mr. Holt. He stopped me and said:

"My nephew is under my guardianship till he comes of age. You will oblige me by not coming here again to make him dissatisfied with arrangements I have made for him. His mother warned me against your designs to get him and his property."

In a rage I went out of the house vowing never to enter it again. But I had not been gone ten minutes before a suspicion came into my head that the man was trying to kill Herbert by keeping him under the influence of these colors. Going to Dr. Millard, I told him of what had happened.

"Go to the inheritance court," he said, "and ask them to show you Mrs. Torry's will. Then we will know what to do next."

I did as he advised, was shown the will and discovered that in the event of Herbert's death his estate would all go to Edgar Holt.

The discovery filled me with horror. But now since I knew that the executor had a motive for getting his nephew out of his way I hoped that I might defeat his purpose. I saw his plan. There was no necessity for him to murder Herbert with the risk of discovery. His object was to make a hopeless lunatic of him, which would give the executor continued control of the estate till his ward's death, when he would inherit it. I returned to Dr. Millard, who, after I had told him of my discovery, sat thinking for a time before he spoke.

"It's a very plain case to us," he said at last, "but a very difficult one to handle. I have never heard or read of so wily a plan to rob an heir of an estate. While the damage is being done there is no way to get the boy out of his uncle's hands. After it is done there is no way of convincing a jury of the perpetrator's guilt."

I was in agony at hearing the doctor say this and begged him to try to think of some way of preventing poor Herbert from being made a maniac.

"I'll try," he said, "but can't as yet see any method likely to succeed. Heirs have been kept in lunatic asylums before this who have been in perfect mental condition. That's an old story. Here is a case where a man is to be made really mad without any one being able to get him out of his persecutor's clutches. The law is slow, and it will require but a month to drive the subject hopelessly insane. Besides, I understand that nearly one-half of that time has been spent."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "We have only a fortnight."

"Less than that. In a fortnight the case will be hopeless. Even now we can get no help from the patient himself. He is too far gone. I see but one chance, and that is to kidnap him."

I left the doctor, plan after plan running through my brain whereby to carry out his suggestion. I thought many hours before I decided what to do. When I made up my mind it seemed to me that my method was very simple, though this was no reason why it should succeed. I resolved not to take any one into my confidence to help me, fearing to complicate matters, and believed that I could do all myself.

My plan was to put on a bold front, call for Herbert with an automobile, ask him to go for a ride, take him away and conceal him. All depended upon his being permitted to come with me. Had it not been for certain happenings he would not have been so permitted, these being first that his uncle had gone to his office, and the housekeeper who had charge of Herbert in his absence had left it for ten minutes to buy a spool of thread. It is singular that Herbert's sanity should have depended on a spool of cotton, but it did. I drove up to the house two minutes after the housekeeper had left it and was driven away with Herbert just as she approached the house on her return. I can see her look of consternation now. But before she could do anything we were spinning away from her.

I said nothing to Herbert as to my intention till we had been out two hours. I supposed Mrs. Bugle would telephone Mr. Holt as to what had occurred, but he had no reason to suppose that I was doing more with his nephew than giving him a ride, and he would probably wait a reasonable time for my return. Nevertheless I followed a torturous course to throw him off the track if he followed me. The change in Herbert after his removal from the noxious colors and partaking of plenty of fresh air was marvelous. He was not by any means himself, but he was near enough himself for me to tell him what his uncle was trying to do and that I was kidnaping him in order to save him from hopeless lunacy.

There was some response—more than I could have expected in so short a time—and after awhile he grew eager to escape what he was now beginning to realize, urging me to go faster and faster till, in order not to oppose him, I had on full speed, though I knew of no pursuit.

We had started on our ride at 10 o'clock. At 1 we stopped at a roadhouse for luncheon and by 2 were again under way. By this time Herbert was so far restored that I left our future course to him.

"Have you arranged for any place to take me?" he asked.

"No."

"Very well; we will go to B. I know a place there kept by one I can depend upon not to betray me, a quiet place in which to hide, though now that I am myself and my own master all will be different."

Nevertheless he seemed to dread getting back under the horrible spell that had enthralled him. To draw his mind away from it I told him that I did not fear pursuit, for his uncle would not know on what road to follow.

"That's not the situation at all," he replied. "He can telephone to different places along the road, describing us, and order us held till he can get on with papers for our arrest."

This appalled me.

"As my guardian," Herbert went on hurriedly, "he has a legal right to my care—that is, if he can prove me ill or of unsound mind. You must assume the position of my legal custodian."

"Certainly. But how?"

"We must be married as soon as we can find any one to tie the knot."

"Oh, Herbert!"

"It's the only way to save me."

"But I have never thought of you in that way."

"No, matter. Either I must go back to my uncle to be driven mad by him or made away with by some other means or my legal guardianship must be transferred. There's a church."

With a fluttering heart I slowed up at a small house, evidently the parsonage. We went inside, and ten minutes from the time Herbert proposed to me I was his wife.

"Now," he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "the law is all on our side."

"Herbert," I said as we were merrily spinning along after the ceremony, "I never thought to take a wedding trip in an automobile."

"Nor I."

"Herbert," I said again after considerable time, "I'm glad we're married."

"Are you? Why?"

"That old villain said I was trying to get you. He'll think that's the reason I outwitted him."

"Spoken like a woman."

Something Wrong.

The balloon pilot landed in the little backwoods village and told the loiterers the thrilling story of his escape.

"And at one time," he related, with dramatic force, "I was in a storm and sweeping over a vast desert. There was nothing to do but throw out sand and prepare for the worst. Gentlemen, at one time I felt as if I had lost my head and gone plumb crazy."

The oldest inhabitant slowly lighted his pipe and drawled, with a sarcastic smile:

"You must have been plumb crazy, bub, to throw sand on a desert. Didn't you think there was enough sand there already?"—Chicago News.

What Intermittency Means.

Intermittency is that form of irregularity in which the pulse appears to drop a beat occasionally. In some instances it occurs regularly and two or three times per minute for several hours. Sometimes also it is very irregular and is noted a number of times within a few seconds and not again for a minute or more. This peculiarity generally causes much uneasiness. Yet, while it may be a very serious symptom and associated with grave and incurable disease of the heart, it often signifies merely a functional disturbance which is in nowise dangerous.

Why He Got Up.

It was only about noonday, but the commuter yawned. He yawned heavily two or three times.

"Got up at 6 o'clock," he explained. "Had to catch my train. When my wife waked me I said to her: 'Six o'clock! The chickens haven't begun to crow yet, have they? Why must I get up before the chickens do, I'd like to know.'

"'I don't know,' she said, 'unless it's because you're no chicken.'"—New York Press.

Fatal Curiosity.

"How did they manage to get such a fine thumb print of the burglar?"

"The house had been painted that day, and he just couldn't resist the temptation to feel of the paint to see if it was dry."—Houston Post.

THE POKER.

Hardly Changed Since the Days of the Early Metal Workers.

As the first fireplace was a circle of stones at the mouth of a cave, so the first poker was a piece of green stick. It was necessary to have something to knock the logs together with when they began to burn through the middle, and as primitive man did not wear boots he could not use them to kick the hot embers into place, as some of us do to this day. That was a refinement, if it can be so called, which came later. The green stick lasted until the age of iron and was then superseded by a handy piece of metal which possessed the advantage of being stronger and of not burning away. But since the days of the early workers in metal we have made no advance.

The poker has hardly, if at all, changed through the ages. It is, as it always has been, simple and severe of outline. It lends itself to no vagaries and to little ornamentation. It is one of the few things which no one has ever patented, because it may be said to have leaped from the first foundry perfect and complete in every respect. The only notable attempt at improvement has been to make the poker of brass with a twisted column, but even then the iron poker lurks at the side and is known as the curate, because it does all the rough work. The ornamental poker is not a poker at all, but a sham, an upstart masquerading under an ancient and honored name and gaining credit for duties which it is unable to perform.—London Globe.

A GREAT BATTLE.

The One Known In History as the "Victory of Victories."

The battle which is known in history as the "Victory of Victories" took place at Nehavend, in Ecbatana, and was fought between the new Moslem power in 637 and the empire of Persia, then one of the most powerful of the eastern monarchies. It was one of the most absolutely decisive battles in the history of war, and it was all the more amazing by reason of the fact that it was won by a people who twenty years before had been unknown barbarians, lost in the deserts of Arabia.

Arabian historians place the Persian loss in a single day at 100,000 men killed. This may be and probably is an exaggeration, but the fact remains that the Persian dynasty came to an end when the battle was over and that Zoroastrianism, which had been the religion of Persia for over a thousand years, was at once supplanted by Islam. Its modern representatives, as is well known, are now the Parsees of India.

The victory was so absolutely decisive that it extended the Arabian dominions over the whole of the region lying between the Caspian sea and the Indian ocean. With the exception perhaps of the battle of Tours, no single fight ever made such a difference in the after history of the world.

She Knew the Reason.

He was smoking and musing over the ways of the world. "Odd, isn't it," he said at last, "how few people attain their ideals in this world?"

"In what way?" inquired his wife suspiciously, for she was not a woman to be caught off her guard.

"Well," he replied slowly, "I was thinking of Wilmer when I spoke. He had an ideal woman that he was always talking about when he was in college. She was tall and stately in his dreams, and he seemed to have no place in his heart for a small woman, and yet—and yet"—

"Well?"

"Why, he finally married a little thing who hardly comes to his shoulder. I wonder why it was."

"Perhaps, Fred," she said very slowly and distinctly, "he is like the majority of other men and was afraid to take any one of his size."

He changed the subject.

A Shocking Tree.

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the trees varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

Old English Fairs.

Fairs and feasts were formerly held in churchyards in honor of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. In consequence of these popular gatherings being much abused they had to be suppressed in the thirteenth year of the reign of King Edward III., as appears by the following extract, quoted by Speiman: "And the Kynge commandeth and forbiddeth that from henceforth neither fairs and markets shall be kept in churchyards for the honour of the Church. Given at Westminster, the VIII of Octobre, the XIII yeare of Kynge Edwarde's reigne."—London Queen.

Very Suggestive.

Mrs. Towne—There was a spelling competition down at our institute the other night. The pastor gave out the words. Did you hear about it? Mrs Browne—No. Was it interesting? Mrs Towne—Rather. The first three words he gave out were "increase," "pastor," "salary."

Fishing For Plunder.

A visitor to one of the hotels at Pekin was awakened during the night by the noise caused by the fall of a roll of paper. Getting out of bed, he saw with astonishment a pole, to which were attached a fishing line and hook, moving about the room, collecting various objects and removing them through the window. Upon going downstairs he was heard by the burglarious Chinaman outside to whom the rod belonged and who escaped, leaving his fishing line behind him.

An Effectual Cure.

"She wants to be a sister to me."

"You can easily get her out of that notion."

"How?"

"Treat her as you would a sister."—Kansas City Journal.

Her Guess.

Hubby—There's another chap committed suicide because his home was unhappy.

Wifie—I dare say it will be happier now.—Illustrated Bits.

BAGGING A BIG TIGER

The Jungle Monarch Was Trapped Lolling In His Bath.

A FEAT OF MARKSMANSHIP.

Only the Brute's Head Showed Above the Water, and the Well Placed Bullet, Fired From an Elephant, Entered the Nostril and Broke His Neck.

An interesting account of a tiger hunt is given by one who had a wide experience in hunting this most dangerous of beasts. Mounted upon elephants, the writer and his companions had been beating the jungle without making a find until, as they were about to give up the search, a sudden disturbance among the elephants appeared to betoken a tiger near at hand. Giving directions to the others as to the order of marching their elephants, the writer ordered his mahout to turn into the thick feathered foliage to the left in search of a pool of water which he remembered to be there.

There was a slight descent to a long but narrow hollow about fifty or sixty yards wide. This was filled with clear water for an unknown length.

I was just about to make a remark when, instead of speaking, I gently grasped the mahout by the head as I leaned over the howdah and by this signal stopped the elephant.

There was a remarkable sight. About 120 yards distant on my right the head and neck of a large tiger, clean and beautiful, reposed above the surface of the water, while the body was cooling, concealed from view. Here was our friend enjoying his quiet bath, while we had been pounding away up and down the jungles which he had left.

"Fire at him," whispered the mahout, "or you will lose him! He will see us and be off."

"Hold your tongue!" I answered. "He can't see us, for the sun is at our back and is shining in his eyes. See how green they are."

At this moment the tiger quietly rose from his bath and sat up on end like a dog. I never saw such a sight. His head was beautiful, and the eyes shone like two green electric lights as the sun's rays reflected from them, but his huge body was dripping with muddy water, as he had been reclining upon the alluvial bottom.

For quite a minute the tiger sat up in the same position. At last, as if satisfied that he was in safety and seclusion, he once more lay down with only the head and neck exposed above the surface.

"Back the elephant gently, but do not turn around," I whispered. Immediately the elephant backed through the feathery tamarisk without the slightest sound, and we found ourselves outside the jungle. We could breathe freely.

"Go on, now, quite gently till I press your head, then turn to the right, descending through the tamarisk till I again touch your turban."

I counted the elephant's paces as she moved softly parallel with the jungle until I felt sure of my distance. A slight pressure upon the mahout's head and the elephant turned to the right. The waving plumes of the dark green tamarisk divided as we gently moved forward, and in another moment we stopped. There was the tiger in the same position, exactly facing me, but now about seventy-five paces distant.

"Keep the elephant quite steady," I whispered, and, sitting down upon the howdah seat, I took a rest with the rifle upon the front bar of the gun rack. A piece of tamarisk kept waving in the wind just in front of the rifle beyond my reach. The mahout leaned forward and gently bent it down. Now all was clear. The tiger's eyes were like green glass. The elephant for a moment stood like stone. I touched the trigger.

There was no response to the loud report of six drams of powder from the "five-seven-seven" rifle, no splash in the unbroken surface of the water. The tiger's head was still there, but in a different attitude, one-half below the surface and only one cheek and one large eye still glittering like an emerald above.

Upon examination it proved that there was no hole whatever in that tiger, the bullet having entered the nostril, broken the neck and run along the body. The animal consequently had never moved.

This tiger when laid out straight, but without being pulled to increase its length, measured exactly nine feet and eight inches from nose to tail.—Youth's Companion.

His Last Request.

Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by some remarkable and matchless curacao, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his execution. They were about to retire when the most impressive of the three stepped back and said: "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave. Remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacao?"

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—Liddon.

The Pip and the Slip.

Too much mince pie had done the trick.

Little Maimie got a pain in her sash and had to go to bed.

The family physician and his top hat called and prescribed a pill. Maimie's mother said very well, but the family physician did not know Maimie, and she was quite sure Maimie would not take the pill. The family physician said he would make it a sweet pill, but Maimie's mother replied that so long as it was a pill it would be no use.

Then the family physician was struck with a brilliant idea. The pill should be craftily concealed in the center of a preserved pear and sent up to little Maimie to eat.

An hour later Maimie's mother went to see how her sweetest dear was going on. She appeared to be going on excellently.

"And did my pet eat all her pear?" inquired the fond mother.

"Yes, mummsie," replied the little darling, "all but the nasty seed."

There's many a slip 'twixt the pear and the pip.—London Answers.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—First Quarter, For March 20, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. ix, 1-13. Memory Verse, 2—Golden Text, Matt. ix, 6—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

In Luke viii, 40, we read that when Jesus returned from Gadara the people gladly received Him, for they were all waiting for Him. In Mark ii, 1, 2, we read that many were gathered together, filling the house and leaving no room even about the door, and He preached the word unto them. In Luke v, 17, we read that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law present from every town in Galilee and also from Judea and Jerusalem and the power of the Lord was present to heal them.

Then came four men, bringing on a bed a palsied friend of theirs, and when they could not get even near the door because of the crowd they carried him to the roof, made an opening and let him down through the tiling, with his couch, into the midst before Jesus. Compare the records in Mark ii and Luke v with our lesson in Matthew, and in each you hear Jesus saying to the sick man, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Matthew adds that He said, "Son, be of good cheer." In Matt. ix, 22, He said to a sick woman, "Daughter, be of good comfort." Remember also His "Be of good cheer" of Matt. xiv, 27; John xvi, 33, and Acts xxiii, 11. It is the same word in each case, just one word, used only by our Lord and on these five different occasions. It is used once by the people to the blind man in Mark x, 49. The word used by Paul in Acts xxvii, 22, 25, is a different word, but one of great encouragement. There can be no lasting comfort or good cheer apart from the forgiveness of sins. Jesus did not treat symptoms, as many physicians do, but went at once to the root of the difficulty. The four men brought their friend that he might be cured of his palsy, but Jesus began by forgiving his sins. He saw the faith of those who brought him and determined to heal him, but He began by cleansing his soul. He once said to Simon Peter, "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with Me" (John xiii, 8), and that is truly a saying of great import. If we are cleansed from our sins we shall in due time have perfectly whole bodies; so, having saved this man, He also gave him a healed body, and he arose and departed to his house. The four earnest men who brought their palsied friend to Christ to be healed of his disease were quite sure that if they could get him to Jesus they would not need to carry him away, and they were not disappointed.

The question of the Pharisees, "Who is this?" (Luke v, 21) repeated in Luke vii, 49; Matt xxi, 10, carries us back to Isa. lxiii, 1; Jer. xxx, 21. Moses said, "Who am I?" (Ex. iii, 11) but the only pertinent question is, "Who is He?" "Whom say ye that I am?" It is a blessed thing for all who know that He is the Son of Man who hath power on earth to forgive sins and that He has forgiven them. Luke says that Jesus perceived the thoughts of these men, or, as it is in our lesson, "Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?" We do well to remember the words of Ezek. xi, 5, "I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them."

As Jesus went forth He saw a publican named Levi or Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, and, having said to him, "Follow me," he left all, rose up and followed Him. Compare verse 9 and Luke v, 27, 28. Matthew speaks only of Jesus sitting at meat in the house, but Luke tells us that this was a great feast which Levi made for Jesus in his own house and that a great company of publicans and others sat down with them. Jesus calls whom he pleases (Mark iii, 13). The Father gives unto Him whom He will (John vi, 37; xvii, 2), and yet there are none among those who hear who may not come if they will (John iii, 16; Rev. xxii, 17). The fault finding, self righteous scribes and Pharisees are always on hand with their murmurings, but they said a fine thing one day when they said, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them" (Luke xv, 2). They were the destructive critics of their day, and those of our day would do well to lay to heart some things that Jesus said to them and of them. They considered themselves whole and righteous and had no use for such as Jesus, and He told them plainly that He had not come to call such as they, but that they had better go and learn the meaning of these words: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." Christ Jesus came not to patch up an old and ruined nature nor to attempt to put new wine, the wine of the kingdom, into the old bottles of the carnal mind, but He came to give a new nature to penitent sinners and to make them new creatures from within outward. He came to have mercy upon the lost and to give Himself and His righteousness to those who receive Him. He does not ask anything from us until He has first given Himself to us. God gave His Son; the Son gave Himself; the Spirit also is given. The gift of God is eternal life. He gives the bread of life, the water of life, the word of life. Nothing in the matter of salvation can be obtained by money or merit on the part of human beings, but must be accepted as the free gift of Almighty God.

How Sunshine Beats Down.

It is a common thing on hot days to hear people say that "the sun beats down." But few suspect that the rays of light actually do beat down upon the surface they strike. Light is a wave motion in the ether, and waves, whether of sound or water, press on bodies in their way. Clerk Maxwell calculated the pressure of light, and experiments of Herr Lebedew have shown that he was right. The pressure is very slight, as may be supposed, but it really exists.

Lively Lazaruses.

Startled Visitor—Gracious! What's that? Must be an earthquake! The plaster is falling too! Mild Mater—Oh, no! It's just the boys. Two of them are sick in bed today.—Puck.

Peaceful.

Mrs. Frost—Who was it that said "Peace, perfect peace?" Frost—Some one whose telephone was out of order.—Life.

Cheerfulness is one of the surest indications of good sense.

A MONSTER WHALE.

One Way In Which It Resembled a Tiny Species of Fish.

One winter some years ago a large whale was killed near one of the Atlantic seaports. Its carcass was taken ashore, loaded on two flat cars and transported far inland to cities where a whale was a curiosity that people would pay to see. It was necessary, of course, that the exhibitions should be given in unheated halls, and as it was a cold winter the whale kept in a fairly good state of preservation for a considerable number of weeks before it became imperative to close the amusement season so far as that particular cetacean was concerned. While it was on exhibition in Chicago a merchant from a little town in southern Illinois, who happened to be in the city on business, went to see it. When he returned home he could talk of nothing else.

"You may think you've seen big fish," he said, "but unless you've come across a whale somewhere you haven't."

"How long was it, Jeff?" somebody asked him.

"It was mighty close to ninety feet and about fifteen feet thick. It was the biggest thing I ever saw out of the water that swims in the water."

"Well," said the village doctor, "you didn't expect to find it a smelt, did you?"

"No," he answered hesitatingly, "but it did, just a little."—Exchange.

FACE PATCHES.

They Became a Society Craze at One Time In England.

Plaster patches were introduced in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady who in this manner ingeniously concealed a wen on her neck. They became such a craze and were carried to such exaggerated lengths that they were finally lampooned out of sight. The men, as well as the women, stuck themselves over with these beauty spots. No lady of fashion considered her toilet complete until she was equipped with her little box of patches cut in her favorite design. If one happened to come off in company she hurriedly replaced it with a fresh one from the box.

At length patching in England went so far that party spirit was symbolized by the position of the patches. A letter in the paper on June 2, 1711, tells of a visit to the Haymarket and the discovery by the writer of three classes of women in the boxes all differently patched. Upon inquiry he discovered that those who patched on the right side of the forehead were Whigs and those who favored the left were Tories, while those who patched indifferently on either side were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves.—London Saturday Review.

A Lazy Race.

A lazier man than the average Burman it would be extremly hard to find. When it is absolutely necessary for him to work he generally hits upon some method which will save him a lot of exertion. If he wishes to cultivate a piece of ground he sets light to the brushwood as a cheap, easy and efficacious method of preparing the soil. For two or three years he cultivates that piece of land, and then he sets light to another spot, allowing the jungle to grow in the old place, which will be ready for reburning when the other ground wants a rest. Rice growers dispense with plows, turning loose instead a number of buffaloes, which cut up the saturated soil with their hoofs. When a Burman has earned a little money he immediately proceeds to spend it all, for the Burmese have no ambition to be rich and never hoard; consequently there are no large landowners, and, there being no aristocracy, the people are as near being on an equality as possible.

A Poser.

A vegetarian writer narrated in a recent address a "poser" that his little son had put to him.

"My little boy," said the speaker, "often turns away from his lentils and expresses a longing for chops and roast beef.

"The other day at table I explained to him that we become what we eat—that by eating vegetables we become mild and placid, but by eating meat we become savage and gross.

"'Well, papa,' said the lad, 'if it's true that we become what we eat, why don't cannibals become missionaries?'"

Some Measures.

Herbert Spencer scorned the metric system because it rests solely on the fact that man has but ten fingers. However, a mile is but a "mille passuum," or a thousand paces. The length of the foot was used for distances long before it was fixed at twelve inches. A "furlong" is only a furrowlong. The breadth of the hand became the standard because the easiest way of measuring the height of the horse. The length of the arm gave the length of the "ell," and from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger was the "cubit." By stretching out both arms as if on a cross man invented the measure of the "fathom." Cloth measure still decrees that two and one-half inches make a "nail," and this is the width of four fingers held together and measured across the nails. The apothecary's "dram" originally signified "only as much raw spirit as can be held in the mouth."

Editorial Pleasantries.

Two editors quarreled, and one referred to the other's early career in his paper.

"As for our contemporary," he wrote "what can we expect from a man who was five years ago hawking from door to door with a donkey, and an ill conditioned beast at that?"

His rival did not deny it, but in his next issue appeared the following:

"Our contemporary says that five years ago we were 'hawking from door to door with a donkey, and an ill conditioned beast at that.' He is quite right. We were so occupied. But we are surprised to find the donkey has such a good memory."

Won by a Nose.

"Bernard Shaw," said a dramatic critic, "always does the original thing I went to see 'Caesar and Cleopatra' with him once, and as we stood in the aisle—the house was crowded—a stranger behind us persisted in poking his head right over Shaw's shoulder.

"Shaw then did the original thing. Taking out his handkerchief, he wiped the man's nose, patting and twisting it pretty vigorously.

"The man, with an ugly oath, jerked back his head.

"'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said Shaw 'I thought it was mine, you know.'"—Washington Star.

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 9.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m., 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN — Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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EVENING OFFICE AT

Woburn, Mass.

Animal Vanity.

In a small town in Jersey there is a corner grocery where you may buy anything from a twenty foot ladder to a pearl necklace. Adhesive plaster sauerkraut and toilet articles are also sold, and in case of necessity you may get a hair cut or a horse shod in the back yard. Some time since a farmer stopped in the store to get some horse liniment to rub the rheumatism out of a sick cow, and two or three days later he came back with a life sized kick.

"Look here, Abner," he complainingly remarked, "I wish ye would be a leetle might more keerful how ye throw yerself back o' thet counter. T'other day ye give me cologne instead o' hoss liniment, and gosh dast if I didn't put it on thet sick cow afore I found out what it was."

"It didn't hurt her any, did it?" broke in the groceryman.

"Can't say thet it did," answered the farmer, "but ever sence she has had thet sweet smellin' stuff on her she hain't done a derned thing but jes' look at her reflection in ther duck pond an' sigh."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Business Cards.

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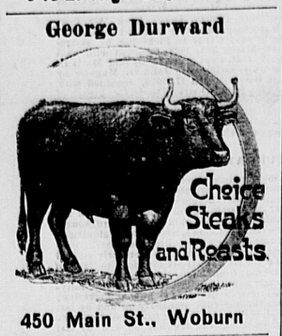
Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 484 Main Street. $1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1910. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 19

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co'
Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5.40, 6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00 7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6.20, 6.50, 7.05, 7.20, 7.50, 8.05, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham Winchester and Arlington 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10.50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10, 8.10, 8.40, 9.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 7.50, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11.50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8.10, 9.10, 9.40, 10.10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11.40 P. M., then 12.10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R'y is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5.12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7.27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 15 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1.32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8.32 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and every 30 minutes to 10.02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Wilmington and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Scollay Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wishing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10.15, 11.30 a. m. 2.40, 3.45, 6.35, 1.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10.5 a. m., 2.30, 6.35 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.40 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 3.40 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.50, 5.20, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 3.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8.45 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 8.45 a. m., 4.40 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 8.45 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.30, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
35	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Mishawum Road and Washington St.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
65	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
66	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
67	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
68	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kirby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
25	Burlington Street opp. Cummings Street.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Meggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.46 P. M. denotes no session of schools.
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HE NEVER MISSED.

A Well Paid, Fiery Job That Wears a Man Out In Fifteen Years.

The man who stood at the lever had a story that is common all over America. Ten years before he had been a peasant lad in a dull little village in Ireland. Drawn up and along by the emigrant tide, he had drifted to Chicago, and here in the works he had caught the true spirit of the place, which is to strain every nerve and rise. He had risen. His pay was $90 a week. He worked every night from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m., twelve vigilant hours. Watching those three mammoth tanks, by the tints and hues in their columns of flame he could tell just when to wrench back a lever. This he did over a hundred times in the night, and if he missed by so much as thirty seconds he spoiled thousands of dollars' worth of steel. He never missed.

To hold this job is to jam the strength of a lifetime into fifteen years—at $90 a week. The man recognized this as a matter of course, only qualifying it by the remark that he knew of a redheaded Scotchman at Homestead who had held it seventeen years before breaking. That his whole life had been changed; that the little Irish village, the misty bog and the hovels were back in another age, on another planet—all this he felt vaguely and summed it up, with a twinkle. "Shure," he said, "it's a terrible quick spin this ould wurld is afther takin'." But he loved the fiery job, called the huge tanks "me darlin's" and said he would rather be what he was than be president.—Ernest Poole in Everybody's

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

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Delivered Promptly.

An Easter Gift

How a Living in the English Church Was Bestowed.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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In March, 1758, there appeared in the London Chronicle the following advertisement:

A living of £100 a year will be given to a curate on condition that he marry the giver. He must be young, well recommended for morals and good temper and firmly attached to the present happy establishment. Answers may be left at the bar of the Union Coffee House, Strand, London, directed to Z. L. The utmost secrecy and honor is to be depended upon.

Gerard Wentworth, a young man of twenty-two, saw it and was attracted by it for the following reasons: He had barely completed his studies preliminary to taking orders when simultaneously a lawsuit involving the family property was decided adversely and Gerard's father died. This left the young clergyman on the threshold of life with two sisters and a mother to provide for. He was thinking of giving up his profession and accepting a clerkship in a mercantile house where he could earn more money than in the church when his eye fell on the advertisement.

"Is there not in this," he mused, "a chance for me to follow the career I love and am fitted for? If I should marry this woman I might eventually become a bishop."

So he left a note at the Union Coffee House stating that he would be happy to meet the holder of the living and in due time received an invitation to call at Twickenham, a suburban town a couple of hours' ride from London.

Mr. Wentworth alighted from the coach at an imposing gateway and walked up through attractive grounds to a manor house. Dreams of marrying a fortune were kindled in his brain, but they were soon put to flight by a housemaid who answered his knock, pointing to a dilapidated looking cottage in one corner of the inclosure and telling him he would find the advertiser there. With a sigh he turned and, walking over to the house in question, knocked again. A servant who had apparently left the washtub replied to the summons and showed him into a dingy living room, the blinds to which were all closed. Presently an angular woman of fifty entered and announced that it was she who had the disposal of the living.

Wentworth was too much of a gentleman to get up immediately and take his leave. He talked in a desultory way and among other things told the lady that his purpose in getting the living was to be able to continue in his career and provide for his mother and sisters, whereupon the woman told him curtly that his application would not be considered for a moment.

Wentworth rose to go, but the woman asked him to wait a few minutes. She then left the room and was gone some time. When she returned she said that, after all, his love for his mother and sisters had affected her favorably toward him and that she would think the matter over. Would he call again in a few days?

Wentworth said, "Thank you," which might mean anything or nothing and took his leave. As the door closed behind him a figure emerged from the manor house—a young girl dressed like a lady and withal comely. She and Wentworth met at the gate, and it seemed to him that she must know that he was an applicant for the living to be disposed of, for she looked amused. Wentworth, who had reached the little gate beside the driveway a few paces before her, paused to let her go through, taking off his hat politely.

"I wish you joy with your living and your bride," she said, a snap in her eye and a pair of dimples on each cheek flanking a smile.

"I have not yet been accepted, nor have I accepted," he replied, walking on beside her.

"Why should a young man of your age need to marry an old woman for a living of"— She hesitated.

"One hundred pounds," he supplied. He told her that he was bound by honor and affection to consider his mother and sisters.

The girl walking in the same direction as the curate, they continued together to the inn from which the coach started. When they parted she said to him:

"Come and see me. I have a friend who has at her disposal a living much better than the one you have applied for. You needn't marry her, but I can introduce you and will use my influence in your favor. I think when I tell her that you are ready to sacrifice yourself for your mother and sisters she will be disposed to help you. Our clergy, as you know, are chiefly interested in gambling and cockfighting. It's not easy to find a real true hearted man among them."

Wentworth, quite delighted with so fortunate an encounter, smiled a pleasant smile, and a day for the introduction was appointed.

Before the time for the introduction came round he received a note from the young lady—signed Alice Trelawney—saying that the person who had the living to dispose of desired to hear him preach. Would he do so in the church at Twickenham on the following Sunday, and would he be a guest at her house between Saturday and Monday?

Wentworth accepted with joy in his heart. If he succeeded in this case there need be no marriage with a venerable spinster. A roseate hope fluttered in his bosom that he might marry the girl who was endeavoring to benefit him.

The following Saturday the afternoon coach stopped at the Oaks, the curate alighted, and his portmanteau was set down from the boot. He was received by Miss Trelawney and introduced to her aunt, the head of the house, for Miss Trelawney was an orphan. He spent the rest of the day and the evening with her, and, being an open hearted, frank young man Miss Trelawney within a few hours knew more about him than he knew himself. At any rate, she knew him to be a very lovable young man, a matter of which he was entirely ignorant.

But the next day when Wentworth stood in the pulpit to preach Miss Trelawney discovered something else in him. His heart was in what he said, and he had the gift of language to say what was in his heart. He spoke extemporaneously, his sermon being the first heard there in many years that had not been written, to say nothing of having been purchased by the incumbent from some more gifted person than the preacher. Indeed, the congregation was carried by storm.

When the curate, after the benediction, stepped down from the chancel many people advanced to encourage him by appreciative remarks. Miss Trelawney waited for him at the church door, and they walked to her home together.

"Was the person who has the living to dispose of in church?" he asked.

"She was."

"And how was she pleased with my effort?"

"Very much."

"Then I presume there need be no further delay to my meeting her?"

"None whatever."

They walked on to the house, dined and spent the rest of the day together, Wentworth expecting all the while to receive the promised introduction. To this, however, Miss Trelawney made no reference till he was about to depart on Monday morning, when she said:

"The introduction I promised you is not necessary. The lady having the living to give heard you preach and had a much better opportunity to judge of your merits than if she had met you, you knowing who she was. She has in this way met several young clergymen and has heard them preach. She has decided to invite them all to hand in a written sermon on Easter Sunday appropriate for that day. He whose sermon pleases her most will be invited to preach it and will receive the living."

Wentworth's face fell. "I am no writer," he said. "I shall lose the prize."

"Do your best and keep up a good heart. I shall do all in my power to turn the scale in your favor."

Easter fell two weeks from that day. Wentworth worked hard over his sermon, for his career depended upon his winning the prize. But he produced nothing that satisfied him. "If they would only let me tell them what I feel without tying me down to this miserable pen," he exclaimed, throwing it down testily on the table at which he wrote, "I could impress them, I'm sure. As it is, I am a sure loser and shall go from the church to the counting room."

However, a few days before Easter Sunday he dispatched his sermon, writing at the same time a lugubrious note to Miss Trelawney bewailing his inability to write instead of speaking what he had to say. Miss Trelawney had told him that the candidates must all be present, and he was to stay at the Oaks. He arrived late Saturday night and Sunday morning went to the church, where he dreaded to meet the other applicants for the vacant living. As he was ascending the steps the sexton handed him a note. Tearing it open, he saw that he had been chosen and, with "My hearty thanks to you for this inestimable favor," handed the note to Miss Trelawney. A pressure of the hand and a smile was her only response.

Wentworth expected to find his written sermon on the pulpit. Not finding it there, he could only begin to talk extemporaneously. His heart was full of joy and gratitude, and he preached delightfully. Then when it was over he joined his benefactor. As soon as they reached her home he said:

"And now do please introduce me to the person to whom I am to be indebted for being able to follow the career of my choice."

"You do not need an introduction. I have arranged it all for you."

"Yes; that I know. By your influence I have won. But she who makes the gift? I would seem an ingrate if I did not thank her."

She had sauntered to a window. He followed her as he spoke. She turned to him and said:

"I own the living. I wished to test the man to whom I should give it and advertised for one to fill it, coupled with the condition that he should marry the giver. When you interviewed our housekeeper I was in an adjoining room. I saw you and revered you for your high sense of duty. You were detained, and the housekeeper recalled by my order her refusal of you. I escaped and gave a signal to dismiss you, I leaving this house at the same moment as you. I have given you the living, knowing how well you deserve it."

Wentworth stood looking at her in astonishment. The first words he spoke were:

"The marriage condition? Was that"—

"That rests with the successful applicant," she replied, turning away.

Wentworth's mother and sisters did not live with his wife, but she provided for them.

For Coughs and Colds

Troubled with a cough? A hard cold, bronchitis, or some chronic lung trouble? There is a medicine made for just these cases—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Your doctor knows all about it. Ask him what he thinks of it. No medicine can ever take the place of your doctor. Keep in close touch with him, consult him frequently, trust him fully. No alcohol in this cough medicine. *J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.*

Ayer's Pills. Sugar-coated. All vegetable. Act directly on the liver. Gently laxative. Dose, only one pill. Sold for nearly sixty years. Ask your doctor about them.

Where Authority Ends.

"Rogers is a born leader of men. Thousands of them would follow him into the jaws of death."

"Yes, but he can't make his two-year-old boy so much as sit in a chair."—Harper's Bazar

AN ODD EXPERIMENT.

It Explains How Cyclones Drive Straws Through Tree Trunks.

If a needle is shoved into a cork until just the tip end shows on the opposite side and the needle is then broken off so that the upper end is flush with or hidden under the top surface on the cork an interesting thing may be shown, known as the increase of pressures. If this cork be now placed needle point down on a copper cent or other small coin a light blow on top of the cork with a hammer will drive the needle through the copper. The explanation is as follows:

Everything has its limits of resistance, and we may define this in terms to the square inch that will overcome it. Take a ten pound weight and place it on a surface of two square inches; the pressure is evidently five pounds to the square inch. Now take away one of the square inches, and there is just as evidently a pressure of ten pounds to the square inch. Decrease this surface to the dimensions of a needle point and put a five pound blow on the needle head. The pressure to the square inch at the point is tremendous. So, of course, it can be forced through almost anything, provided the needle is kept from breaking. For this purpose the cork is supplied, which keeps the needle from starting to bend, having for this purpose what might be called an infinitely inclined plane or straight line.

This phenomenon explains several things of frequent occurrence. Cyclones sometimes drive straws through trees three and four feet thick. The compressed air round the straw keeps it from bending, and the enormous force driving it forces it through.

Of course in the case of the needle and, in fact, any pointed instrument gradually getting larger from the point the advantage of the inclined plane is made use of in continuing the motion. As it takes much less force to roll a barrel up an inclined plank into a door than to lift it directly from the ground to the door, so we can separate two things or two parts of the same thing easier with a pointed instrument (which is the same thing as a round wedge) than with an instrument of the same size all the way.—St. Louis Republic.

INSECT RESISTANCE.

No Such Thing as Any Animal Having More Than One Life.

All animals have the power to recover from injury occasioned by shock—from being stunned. Insects are in no sense an exception to this, and most of them possess what has been called tenacity of life to a remarkable degree. A butterfly will sail away with a pin through its body, an ant will go floundering around after being cut in two, and all insects will quickly recover from a blow, even if such may dent or break their external coverings. In such cases the inside parts are mostly out of use for a short time, somewhat similar to the case of your arm when you have struck the "funny bone" or to your foot when it is "asleep." But after a few moments rest the wasp can again resume its actions.

A wasp is well armored. Its exterior covering is hard and almost unyielding. When it is struck a severe blow the soft, delicate inner parts yield to the impact; the nerves and muscular tissues cannot operate in unison, and the insect may be said to have been rendered unconscious as well as incapable, for the "mind" actions depend upon its entire nervous system.

But there is no such thing as an animal's having more than one life. When crushed, dismembered, poisoned or smothered beyond recovery, when its vital organs are injured so that they cannot again resume their regular uses, an insect will die—not in appearance, but really so. And this may result from the wearing out of its active vital organism, which may be called old age, after sometimes only a few days or weeks of life. Its one life has then been terminated beyond any doubt.—St. Nicholas.

Very Considerate.

A marriage advertisement is published in a Zurich paper by "a rich Swiss philosopher" who wants a wife who must fulfill the following conditions: She must be beautiful in body, face and mind and possess beautiful teeth and hair of her own and not bought articles. Besides German, she must have a knowledge of English and French, be a musician and have an irreproachable reputation. "Other faults," the philosopher of forty years states, "will be overlooked."

Not Guilty.

It was 4 a. m., and Bilkins crept softly into the house and removed his shoes, but as he tiptoed up the stairs one of the treads gave a loud creak.

"Is that you, John?" demanded Mrs. Bilkins from above.

"No, my love," replied Bilkins; "it's the stairs."—Illustrated Bits.

Investigation.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Possibly," answered Miss Cayenne. "But that isn't the fault of the ladies who get together with their knitting in our hotel."—Washington Star.

Unfair.

Farmer (at the grindstone)—Well, why don't yer turn? City Nephew—Nix! Ye don't fool me ag'in. When ever I turn ye go and bear down with the ax.—Life.

GLASS AND CUT GLASS

Pressed Ware at Times Deceives Even Experts.

A GUIDE FOR THE UNWARY.

The Seeker After Cut Glass Is Safe in Purchasing "Closed In" Articles, as They Cannot Be Duplicated In Pressed Glass—Art of the Cutter.

Buyers for large houses are sometimes deceived when buying cut glass and find they have bought what is commercially known as pressed glass instead of the genuine article.

Yet there are a few simple rules that will safeguard the ordinary buyer at retail. The chief one is to pick out only what the manufacturer calls closed in articles. By this he means vases, jugs, pitchers, bottles and the like.

These cannot be duplicated in pressed glassware, which is first molded in patterns and the edges ground. This process gives it so close a resemblance to real cut glass that even experts may be deceived.

But in the "closed in" articles some way is yet to be devised by which the pressed lines can be followed through the opposite side when put on the wheel to be cut, as the pressed part interferes with the workman seeing through the glass, which he has to do in order to follow the lines of the design on the cutter.

The kind of cut glass that is counterfeited is called open work, such as plates, nappies or any flat article through which the workman can readily see when finishing it.

Another help in selecting cut glass is its weight. The genuine is made from pure lead glass, made chiefly in America, especially for cutting. This lead glass is very heavy.

The first step toward cutting is to mark on the "blank"—that is, the dish in the clear glass—in red or other paint the design that has been selected for it.

The most common designs are diamond shapes, stars of various points, crosses and squares and other geometrical patterns.

The design must be marked on the glass exactly to stand the test of compass and rule. When all lines are in perfect accordance with the pattern and also fit the blank the "roughing" begins. This is cutting the heavy work, such as the necks of vases and bottles and the heavy lines on the stars.

This is done on a machine called the "mill," a big wooden framed affair, on top of which is a hopper holding about half a ton of Berkshire hills sand. This sand is the only kind in this country that has proved satisfactory for this work.

The sand runs down through the hopper, is moistened with water and comes out of a large steel disk, the edge of which is sharp. This disk is turned by power at a very high speed. The wet sand of the disk gives it a "tooth," which when the glass is held against the edge of the disk cuts very rapidly.

All the coarse and heavy cutting is done on this "mill."

The cutting in of the finer work begins on a mill with a stone disk resembling an old fashioned grindstone, but much narrower and with a beveled edge. These stones come chiefly from Italy or Scotland. They are very hard and carry a keen edge a long time. They are used for the fine cutting altogether.

There is a stone found in Nova Scotia much softer that cuts quicker and is used for fluting on water bottles and compotes where heavy cuts are desired. Very often as many as fifteen or twenty different stones of varying degrees of hardness are used for the cutting of one article.

After the design has been all cut comes one of the most difficult parts of the work, the polishing.

This is done on the outside of the work with a very high speeded brush wheel covered with moistened pumice stone powdered. This stone is lava thrown off by a volcano.

Large wooden disks made to fit the cuts and fed with pumice and water are used for polishing the fine work in and around the delicate tracery of the pattern.

The hand of the glass cutting expert must be steady, strong and accurate, for the least mistake spoils a whole pattern. In the case of a fourteen inch punch bowl this means the loss of $50.

Another kind of glass cutting is known as stone engraving. It is done with little stone wheels and copper tools entirely by hand. The designs are chiefly vines and flowers. They are not cut deep and are often mistaken for pressed glass. In reality they are the most expensive kind of cut glass, the price for a single piece of large size and ornate decoration reaching four figures.

Glass cutting is not only a trade, but an art, and any one after seeing the method employed will readily understand why genuine cut glass commands high prices.—Boston Globe.

The Job Department.

Former Employer—And so you are a newspaper man now, Thompson? Thompson—Yes, sir; I'm the editor of the job department. Former Employer—Editor of the job department? Thompson—Yes, sir; I carries in coal, and scrubs the floor, and cleans the windows, and all such editin' as that, sir.—London Graphic.

Violence in the voice is often only the death rattle of reason in the throat.—Boyer.

The Curious Pair.

Mrs. Rubba—I wonder why that woman keeps watching me so? Mr. Rubba—Perhaps she's trying to find out why you are staring at her.—Philadelphia Press.

Pretty Slow.

Howell—Rowell is pretty slow?

Powell—Slow? He'll make a snail look as if it had been exceeding the speed limit.—New York Press.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1910.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Great and General Court of Massachusetts are turning out a good quality of legislation at a highly commendable rate of speed these days. Since January 1, 1910, both branches have had their hands pretty full of important business, which has been disposed of, generally speaking, in a satisfactory manner.

Last Tuesday the Joint Committee on Banks and Banking gave a deathblow to Governor Draper's recommendation to legalize the bonds of the Boston & Maine, and N. Y., N. H. & Hartford Boston Holding Company, and empower Savings Banks to invest in them, a privilege that neither the Banks nor their depositors want. Very properly, Savings Banks are prohibited by statute from investing their spare funds in railroad bonds. Speaker Walker rubbed the Governor hard on this matter, and ex-Rep. Kiley boldly declared that Draper is an agent for the Hartford Company. The Legislature have shown strong disfavor towards several of his schemes, and his influence is not overly strong in the Halls of Legislature.

Representative George F. Bean of Woburn, who has a remarkably good standing, for a first termer, in the House, is, with his colleague, looking carefully after the interests of this District. He informs the JOURNAL that Woburn's $2,000 loan bill in aid of the Choate Hospital has been practically adopted; and that the Water loan measure, in the Committee's new form, is sure of a passage. Rep. Bean will see to it that the interests of his constituents are properly looked after.

IN THE SADDLE.

At the close of the hottest fight the National House of Representatives have been engaged in since the days just before the opening of the Civil War, lasting more than three days and a night, Speaker Cannon won a substantial victory over the Democratic-Insurgent combination, and is still speaker.

It was purely a personal fight, as it was in the case of Speaker Tom Read, and proved to be a remarkable triumph for Cannon, for when the resolution of Representative Burleson of Texas declaring the Speakership vacant was put to vote it was defeated 191 to 155.

As in the Thomas B. Reade case, it was not an amendment of the Rules that the Democrats and Republican bushwackers were after, but the Speaker, and in their fight to unseat "Uncle Joe" last Saturday the unholy alliance of Democrats and Insurgents met with a decided Waterloo.

The Republican deserters are already beginning to hedge; they are scared; the November elections are not so very far away, and they are uneasy about their political fences. Congressman Gardner of the Essex District, this State, "Senator Lodge's Son-in-Law," has announced his determination to throw up the Captaincy of the Insurgent hosts, as he has done once before, showing a lack of courage, or something; and Ames and the Chelsea man are expected to follow suit.

It is safe to predict that Cannon will be reelected next November by a larger majority than ever, and succeed himself as Speaker of the House in the next Congress after the present one.

FOSS ELECTED.

Eugene N. Foss of Boston, the Democratic candidate, was elected in the 14th Massachusetts Congressional District on March 22, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Representative Lovering by a majority of 5,717 over W. B. Buchanan, the Republican candidate, who had the earnest and active support of the Republican State Committee and Senator Lodge to stump the District for him. It was the greatest political overturn that this State has experienced for many years, and a severe blow to the Republican party in and outside of Massachusetts.

The 14th was the strongest Republican District in the State, their usual majority being about 10,000; while in the byelection last Tuesday Foss won out by 5,617, a change of 15,000 votes, 50 percent.

That means more than it appears to on the face of the papers. Other Congressmen, and even Gov. Draper, may possibly fall by the wayside next November, and Senator Lodge should lose no time in looking carefully after his political fences.

Possibly there are staunch Republicans scattered over the State who will not feel it their duty to shed tears over Foss's victory.

☞ President Theodore Roosevelt proudly wore a bunch of shamrocks in the lapel of his coat last week Thursday, March 17, in honor of St. Patrick's Day, as he never fails to do, for he boasts of good Irish blood in his veins.

☞ A Report covering 40 pages on "The Influence of Forests on Climate and on Floods" submitted to the U. S. Committee on Agriculture of the National House of Representatives by Willis L. Moore, L.L. D., Sc. D., Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, gives the results of his investigations which are summed up in 9 "Conclusions," all but four of which have a direct bearing on the question of the influence of forests on waters flowing through them, the others treating of freshets (floods) and drouths. The remaining 5 conclusions reached by Professor Moore concerning the waterflow, about which there has been so much controversy of late, are as follows, and seem to settle the vexed question once for all against the theorists:

Precipatition controls forestation, but forestation has little or no effect upon precipitation.

During the period of accurate observations, the amount of precipitation has not increased or decreased to an extent worthy of consideration.

The run-off of our rivers is not materially affected by any other factor than the precipitation.

The high waters are not higher, and the low waters are not lower than formerly. In fact, there appears to be a tendency in late years toward a slightly better low-water flow in summer.

Floods are not of greater frequency and longer duration than formerly.

This has been the JOURNAL's contention from the start.

☞ Norman Hapgood, Editor of *Collier's Weekly* of New York, was the honored guest and chief speaker at a banquet furnished by the Boston City Club a few evenings since, and in the able speech delivered by him after supper he paid his respects to Congressman S. W. McCall of this District in the following language:

"I have been greatly disappointed in Congressman McCall. At first he struck me as a man who in matters relating to public policy was purely disinterested. But from the manner in which he has turned about face on such matters as the tariff and his public support of Speaker Cannon and his methods, it looks as if he is more anxious to solidify himself with the Republican machine than he ought to be."

Editor Hapgood, also, gave President Taft a thrust in this wise:

"I was a very enthusiastic supporter of Taft before the election. I thought him the ideal man for the position, but since that time I have been terrifically disappointed in him. He is not as intelligent, at least as intelligent of human nature, as I thought him."

☞ Last week some Boston Anti-Imperial crank had a resolution introduced in the House of Representatives asking the Massachusetts Legislature to memorialize Congress and ask for an assurance that the United States will never attempt to increase its territory by military or naval conquest, and it was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, of which Representative George F. Bean of this District is a member. This Committee reported adversely on the resolution, whereupon an Anti-Imperial member moved that the bill be substituted for the report which, after a sharp debate, was done. Representative Bean, in a speech, rightly opposed the substitution, but gave an unsatisfactory reason for his opposition. The principle involved in the resolution is wrong and undemocratic.

☞ For a neatly printed folder containing the announcement of the First Annual Exhibition of the Lynn Art Club, with a list of pictures, names of artists, etc., which closes tomorrow, received, per hand of Marian T. Hosmer, from Frances Emerson of 11 Sachem Terrace, Lynn, with her compliments, to which exhibition she is a liberal contributor, we return our heartfelt thanks. By the way, having, in our boyhood days, dug many a basket of clams there, we claim to know something of Ogunquit, Wells, York county, Maine, but confess to total ignorance of a section of, or hamlet in, that ancient and highly respectable burg by the name of Agunquit. The substitution of A for O knocks us out.

☞ It looks now as though the Democratic Income Tax project would fare slim in the Legislature. The Committee on Federal Relations, which have it in charge, are opposed to it 8 to 3, with only one Republican to vote in its favor. Representative Bean of this District, being a sensible person and a member of the Committee, voted last Monday against substitution.

☞ Representative Gardner of Hamilton, "Senator Lodge's Son-in-law," didn't attend the Republican caucus last Wednesday evening.

☞ If he lives and has his health, there isn't much doubt but that Mr. Samuel Highley will be Mayor of Woburn before a great while.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

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359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

The Republicans of the National House of Representatives held a caucus last Wednesday evening to nominate six candidates to be members of the new Committee on Rules, at which Uncle Joe and "Cannonism" won a decided victory.

Every man chosen was a Regular; not an Insurgent "came within 40 rows of appletrees" of a nomination; Gardner, "Senator Lodge's Son-in-Law," leader of the Kickers, got only 40 votes; and Dalzeil, one of the staunchest "Standpatters" and strongest friends of Speaker Cannon, received the largest vote in the caucus, and will be Chairman of the new Committee on House Rules.

Representative McCall of this District didn't want a nomination, and didn't get one.

☞ Thanks for a copy of the 34th annual report of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, a neatly printed pamphlet of 115 pages, containg a fund of useful information concerning that institution. It gives the report of Librarian Morris Carter.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

B. J. Golden—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Dauchy Co.—Dr. Kennedy.
J. G. Maguire—Mortg. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Mortg. Sale.
N. E. Monument Co.—Monuments.
Woburn Cooperative Bank—Notice.

— This being Good Friday no public schools are in session here.

— "April Fool Day" is due to arrive here in just a week from today.

— Mrs. Dr. Robert Chalmers is recovering from a recent severe illness.

— The Board of Aldermen held a regular meeting last evening and drew jurors.

— The Moonlight Club took their regular monthly stroll last Wednesday evening.

— A chorus of male voices are to give The Tenebrae at St. Charles church this evening.

— Burglars broke into McGrath's drygood's store Tuesday morning, but secured no plunder.

— The annual Minstrel Show of the South End Social Club is to be given April 25. Rehearsals for it are going on.

— Again last Wednesday the weather was of the summer brand. Beats all creation what weather we have had this month!

— The usual interesting Holy week services are held at Trinity church. A Good Friday Evensong will be given at 7 45 tonight.

— Dr. Carl E. Reynolds, dentist, is spending Easter with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Reynolds, of Boston, at Newport, Vt.

— The Golden Rule Class of the First Baptist church are to hold a food sale in the Central House Cafe tomorrow afternoon.

— Rev. George H. Tilton, the pastor, preached an able sermon "The Messiah King" at the North Congregational church last Sunday.

— Peggy declared she saw a flock of 4 wild geese flying south last Wednesday morning, which, if she did not err in vision, indicated cold weather.

— Mr. James F. Claffy, a former resident of Woburn, will address the Mothers Club of Dorchester, on the "Child Voice," Thursday, March 31.

— The dates for the dancing parties to be given by the St. Charles C. T. A. S. are March 29, April 5, 12, 26, which will about wind up the dancing season.

— Thanks to Hon. A. Lieberknicht, who, with his estimable Rib, is visiting daughters at Montclair, N. J., for beautiful Easter remembrance and kind regards.

— Let the boys and girls alone and they'll manage to find all the "Playgrounds" they need, or want, without the help of women's clubs or City Councils.

— Last Sunday came very near indeed to being a real summer day. It was uncomfortably warm indoors and out. Such weather is far from being common in March.

— The Easter Ball, to be held in Lyceum Hall on Monday night, March 28, is going to be the grandest Terpsichorean event of the season. Hern's Tremont Orchestra are to play for it.

— It isn't too late to invest in Easter jewelry, and there is no place anywhere about here equal to Smith & Varney's jewelry store for finding the best, most fashionable, and lowest prices.

— In the Passion Week religious exercises at First church the final meeting is to be held this evening, at which Rev. H. N Hoyt will deliver an address, and Elizabeth F. Small will sing.

— Last Wednesday Governor Draper appointed William Fred Davis, Jr., Esquire, a Boston Lawyer, whose residence is on Arlington Road in this city, Public Administrator for Middlesex County.

— Miss Emma Hovey named in her will Mr. Lester I. Hartshorne executor of it, and he has been duly qualified, or will be in the course of a fortnight. He is the son of Mr. George F. Hartshorne, C. E., and will, in due season, become a member of the Bar.

— This is Good Friday, the last day of Lent, and day after tomorrow comes Easter Sunday. Passion Week is being kept by some of our city churches but ends today.

— Franklin E. Barnes, formerly of Woburn with his sister, Mrs. Gertrude Barnes Jones, will open a new store early in April on Main street, Winchester, with a line of dry goods and men's wear.

There is no better filled, equipped or busier hardware store in Woburn than that owned, occupied and conducted by Harry H. Blye & Co. The goods are all there, and nowhere are they sold at lower prices.

— Mr. Thomas I. Brown of Winn street, this city, was run down and killed by an express team in Boston last Monday. He was born in New Brunswick 58 years ago, and had lived here since 1869.

— Woburn Council 77, K. of C. repaired in a body to St. Charles church at 7 o'clock last Sunday morning and partook of the holy communion. It was done in conformity to a regular custom of the Order.

— This is the busy season with Mr. C. A. Nichols, proprietor of the carpet cleansing establishment in Buel's Court, and those people who have housecleaning on mind should leave their orders with him at once.

— Mrs. Bessie Lesquereaux of 23 Pleasant street has been too ill this week to attend the funeral of her sister which was held a few days ago at Detroit, Mich., therefore she did not go to Evanston, Illinois, to visit a neice.

— The Board of Assessors will begin to list property for taxation next Friday, April 1, an unlucky day for taxpayers, Friday is, but that don't excuse them from being honest and giving in all their taxable wealth.

— Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Bragdon of Saco, Maine, and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Buchanan of this city were guests of the Nickel Club of Nichols's Corner at their soiree last week. Mrs. Buchanan was formerly a Waterville, Maine, lady.

— John M. Wallace and Walter A. Hanson attended, by special invitation, with the Past High Priests Association of the Eighth Capitular District the Convocation of the Royal Arch Chapter of the Tabernacle at Malden last Monday evening.

— Patrick Brown, Thomas E. Foley, Michael H Burke, John F. O'Brien, Frank Brennan have been elected delegates to represent Div. 3, A. O. H., in a convention to be held at East Cambridge next week to choose delegates to be held at Seattle next July.

— Mrs. Emily Widgery, widow of the late Mr. Walter Widgery, is visiting friends and former neighbors in this city. Her home is in Antrim, N. H., where she often spent vacations before the death of her husband, for the benefit of her health, and afterwards settled there.

— Numerous Woburn ladies and gentlemen went down to Winchester last Sunday evening to hear the cantata of "The Seven Last Words" sung at the Congregational church in that fine village, and were very much pleased with it. They all said it was a good musical performance.

— Woburn Unitarian church Easter music for 10 30 A. M., Sunday, March 27, will include two anthems, a soprano solo, and a violin solo by Miss Burt. Quartet Choir: Lillian V. Beatey, Eva M. Langill, W. C. Manson, C. D Weathers. Organist and Director, F. Percyval Lewis.

— Fix up the old chair by applying a coat of Campbell's Varnish Stain. You will be surprised and delighted with the effect you can produce. The cost is only a trifle and it is a pleasure to do the work yourself. Ask Holdridge Hardwear Co. for color card.

— The weather has been of such a character ever since Candlemas as to greatly strengthen the Groundhog theory and make converts to it. According to that theory the backbone of winter was broken on Feb. 2, and it certainly was, for milder weather was never experienced in this climate than that of the last 2 months.

— In the employment of Schildmiller for a coach, their first one, by the Woburn High School Baseball team some knowing ones think they see, very distinctly, traces of the "fine Italian hand" of Mr. James Skinner, the Patron Saint of the team, and one of the most zealous, active and generous supporters of the great American game we have in Woburn.

— Mr. James J Jones died suddenly at his home 11 Wade avenue on March 20, 1910, of heart disease. He was a native of Ireland, as was, also, his wife, who with their children, is left to mourn his death, and both came to America early in life, were married in Woburn and have always resided here. He was 51 years old. The funeral was held at at St. Charles church on Tuesday morning.

— Master Thomas Joseph Feeney, Jr., formerly drummer for the Holy Name Society of St. Charles church in their evening parades a couple of years ago, a promising and only son of Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of Warren avenue, has recently developed into a public entertainer, in which avocation he is pronounced a success. At the presentation of the operetta, "The Merry Company," by members of the Girls Sodality of St. Mary's Catholic church in the Winchester Town House last week he had the part of "Drummer Boy," which, report said, young Thomas executed to perfection. The operetta was given in fine style, and drew a full house.

— 9 A. M., March 25, temp. 58 deg.

— These are the days for brush fires and frequent calls for the firemen. Be careful.

— The Fire Department have been quite busy with grass fires on still alarms this week.

— Mr. Thomas Moore died at his home on Montvale avenue at 4 o'clock this morning, March 25, 1910.

— The alarm from box 26 at 2.45 Wednesday afternoon was for a grass fire on Elm street, North Woburn.

— John Cardigan is to be congratulated for the able manner in which he staged the St. Charles Minstrel Show.

— Next Sunday evening, at the Methodist Church, the Choir will give an Easter Cantata, "The Risen Christ." This service, which will be held at 6 o'clock, is sure to be a very enjoyable one.

— Mr. William G Miller, formerly of Woburn, and recently employed by Bureau of Engraving at Washington, D. C., who will make his home in Winthrop, Maine, called at the JOURNAL office last week Friday.

— One of the songs that made a hit at the St Charles Show was "Where are the scenes of yesterday?" sung by J. B. McKittrick. It is the latest song of Thomas Allen, who is Leader of the Majestic Theatre in Boston.

— On Monday afternoon at 2.45 the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold their annual meeting in the Cong'l church parlor. There will be election of officers and important business. Also annual report. A large attendance is hoped for.—Sec'y.

— Mr. Edward F. Bryant of Chicago arrived here yesterday on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Oliver F. Bryant of Salem street. He has a son in Dartmouth College, if the young man has not already graduated from that old and honored institution of learning.

— Mr George W. Copp, the West Side farmer and orchardist, has in his cellar some of the largest, fairest and juiciest Baldwin apples that we ever laid eyes on or stuck a tooth into so late in the spring. The size of those we were privileged to sample the other day were about 50 percent larger than the average, and as fresh and smooth as when gathered from the trees. There are no apples equal to the Baldwin, and farmer Copp shows that they can be kept perfect in color, flavor and flawless to late in the season.

— The Equinoctial storm, or Line Gale, as it is commonly called, failed to put in an appearance here last Monday, March 21. There were several gentle showers on Sunday and in the evening, and at times it looked as though the "gale" would come; but it cleared off in the night, and Monday was as pleasant a spring day as anybody would wish to see. Although the big storm is due on the day of the Vernal Equinox, it does not always come then, and sometimes never.

— Patriots Day, a legal holiday in Massachusetts, established to perpetuate the memory of the victory won by the Middlesex Yeomanry over the British soldieas under command of Major Pitcairn at Lexington and Concord on April 19, 1775, which inaugurated, in a glorious manner, the 7 years War of the American Revolution, and laid the foundation for D. A. R sociables, feaparties, and good times, and to fire the hearts of Patriots, is due to arrive here two weeks from next Tuesday, when the anniversary will be properly celebrated, no doubt.

— Mr. George Buchanan of Bennett street received warm and heartfelt congratulations from many friends on the 86th anniversary of his birthday last Sunday, and likewise many floral tokens of personal esteem. There was no formal celebration of the anniversary, but he was affectionately and generously remembered, as he deserved to be. Mr. Buchanan is one of Woburn's oldest and best citizens and it was proper that he should have been kindly brought to mind, as he quietly and peacefully passed another of the list of milestones that have marked a long, useful and honored life.

— The May Party, for the benefit of the Choate Hospital, is to be given in Lyceum Hall on May 5, 6, under the direction of an Executive Committee composed of Miss Esther Bean, Mrs. F. LeRoy Pratt and Miss Helen Deland. The first evening will be devoted to dancing, Maypole performances, etc, by the juveniles; the second, May 6, to fancy dancing and Maypole exercises by the children, and dancing by adults. It is expected that there will be a crowded hall each evening and that a large sum will be realized in aid of the Hospital.

— Woburn W. R. C. 161, had a royal good time at the celebration of the 23d anniversary of their organization in G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Block, last Tuesday evening. The Guests of Honor were Mrs. Lottie A. Green, President of Burbank W. R. C. 84; Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D; Rev. George A. Crawford of Brookline, Chaplain U N. retired; and ex-Mayor William F Davis; all of whom made speeches. Mr. Abijah Thompson, nearly 87 years old, representing G A R Post 161, gave interesting stories of some of his experiences in the Civil War; and the vocal and violin music contributed materially to the pleasures of the happy occasion. One of the Corp's very best suppers was keenly enjoyed; and the address of welcome by the President of the Corps, Mrs. Clara Poland, was right to the point and excellent.

To Break In New Shoes Always Use

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It prevents tightness and blistering, cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sweating, Aching feet. At druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Great Real Estate Issue.

On April 2 the Boston *Evening Transcript* will print a generous amount of reading matter which will be of much interest to those who own or lease summer homes. There will also be specially written articles on the advantages of living in the suburbs both summer and winter.

Anyone having real estate for sale, lease or exchange will do well to secure space in this issue for it will have a wide circulation among interested people.

In Touch with the Household

.... An intercommunicating telephone system places the mistress in touch with every department of her household and involves no fatiguing effort.

.... It is an invaluable auxiliary of a large house. Its cost is trifling. It may or may not be connected with the outside world, as the householder prefers.

.... A free survey and estimate of cost will be furnished, if a request for the same is sent to the Local Manager.

NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Boston Theatres.

KEITH'S.

When it was announced a week ago that Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett whose husband led the famous charge at Gettysburg, had been engaged by B. F. Keith to appear in the houses on his circuit, the news spread from one end of the country to the other, and everywhere the question was asked, "What is she going to do?" This was invariably followed by another question when it was remembered that it is more than 45 years since the Civil War, but those who know history remembered that Mrs. Pickett was at that time known as the "Child Bride of the Confederacy," and no person living today has perhaps had a wider acquaintance with public men and few women are better known than Mrs. Pickett. Other features of the bill will be Theodore Friebus, late of the Castle Square stock company in a sketch; Charlie Case; Williams and Van Alystyne, and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"Raffles," which John Craig is to produce at the Castle Square Theatre next week, is a detective play of the most exciting sort. It is founded on the famous stories of the same name by E. W. Hornung, and it shows the shows the famous amateur cracksman at clever exploits that rival those of Sherlock Holmes, and that Sherlock Holmes himself would be able to solve the mystery. Raffles is an ingenious appropriator of other people's property, but he always remains a gentleman, and however much the reader or the spectator may reprehend his methods of earning a living, he cannot help admiring the man for his personality and cleverness. The scenes of the play are laid in England, two acts at the country house of Lord Amersteth, and two at the apartments of Raffles in London. Through each successive act the net seems to be closing around Raffles, and it is only at the very end that we are made aware of his ability to escape through the smallest loophole.

Barking, Hacking, Rasing Cough

can be broken up quickly by Allen's Lung Balsam. This old, reliable remedy has been sold for over 40 years. Ask your druggist about it.

Schedule For April.

The following are the dates on which the Woburn High School team will struggle on the diamond field for supremacy during the month of April next:

Thurs., April 14. English High at Woburn.
Tues, April 19. A. M. Wakefield at Wakefield.
Thurs, April 21. Melrose at Melrose
Wed., April 27. Medford at Medford.
Fri., April 29. *Peabody at Woburn.

Select It Now

if you wish to have work done on your cemetery lot for May 30th.

Our workmanship and material

THE BEST.

New England Monument Co

John H. Hern W. G. Carl Roessler

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FOR SALE and delivered in Woburn. Apply at 71 Wyman Street.

EDMUND C. COLMAN.

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4 STORES
USE THE MOST CONVENIENT

315 Washington St.
310 Boylston St.
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ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Reality." Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., Easter Service with sermon by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. Easter Concert at 12.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B Williams, D. D.
12 M., Sunday School
At 5.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Stree Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.
SUNDAY SERVICES.—
Preaching, 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School, 12 M.
Preaching, 7 P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.
Wednesday at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, March 16, by Rev. Henry B Williams Mr. Albert B. Stokes and Miss Ida Dunn, both of Woburn.

In this city, March 20, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Mr. Ernest Kleinsmith and Miss Emily Sibrak both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, March 17, Alice F. Tasker, aged 23 years, 6 months.

In this city, March 17, Lucy A. Chase, aged 75 years, 10 months.

In this city, March 19, James J. Jones, aged 51 years.

In this city, March 20, James A. Howard, aged 75 years, 2 months, 10 days.

In this city, March 21, John F. McAleer, aged 48 years, 6 months.

In this city, March 19, Ann Hevey, aged 73 years.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at law and all other persons interested in the estate of Bridget M. Marlow, late of Woburn in said County deceased:

WHEREAS, Bernard J. Golden, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, —legacies—and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County, on the twelfth day of April, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the trusts under the will of Daniel H. Richards, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Albert G. Richards of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, praying to be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased, which has been proven in said Court, of the estate given in trust for the benefit of Edward H. Richards.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of April, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the trusts under the will of Daniel H. Richards late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court by Albert G. Richards of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, praying to be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased, which has been proven in said Court, of the estate given in trust for the benefit of Daniel H. Richards, Jr.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of April A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

WOBURN

Co-operative Bank.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Woburn Co-operative Bank will be held in the Banking Rooms, Dow's Block, on

Thursday, April 14, 1910,

At 7.30 P. M.,

for the purpose of electing the necessary officers to serve the Bank the ensuing fiscal year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

The Polls will be open from 7.30 to 9.00 P. M.

JOHN C. BUCK, Secretary.

BRECKS' REAL ESTATE AGENCY
51 & 52 NORTH MARKET ST. BOSTON.

CONNECTED WITH THEIR SEED HOUSE AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
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A HOUSE WITH A REPUTATION

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If you want to buy send for our catalog of Farms and Country Places; 500 descriptions and 50 illustrations Free On Application.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Rose Cassidy to Cyrus C. Pickering, dated March 3rd, 1888, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1828, Page 577, which mortgage was duly assigned to Maria L. Thompson by said Cyrus C. Pickering by assignment dated March 3rd, 1888, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1838, Page 580, and by said Maria L. Thompson duly assigned to John G. Maguire by assignment dated March 17, 1910, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY, April 16, A. D. 1910,

at fifteen minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows: A certain lot of land situated on the easterly side of Main Street in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwest corner of the premises hereby conveyed, from thence the line runs northerly on and by said Main street, thirty-six (36) feet to land of C. C. Pickering; from thence the line runs easterly on and by last named land, one hundred and forty-three (143) feet to other land of said Pickering; from thence the line runs southerly on and by last named land, thirty-six (36) feet to land of James F. Cassidy; from thence the line runs on and by last named land in a westerly course, one hundred and forty-three (143) feet to the point of beginning. Containing fifty-one hundred and forty-eight (5148) square feet. Being the same premises conveyed to Rose Cassidy by Cyrus C. Pickering by deed dated March 3rd, 1888.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, thereon. One Hundred Dollars to be paid by the purchaser at time and place of sale; balance in ten days, upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., March 22, 1910.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by James F. Cassidy to Maria L. Thompson dated October 28th, 1887, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1828, Page 491, which mortgage was duly assigned by said Maria L. Thompson to John G. Maguire by assignment dated March 17, 1910, recorded with said Deeds, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

SATURDAY April 16th, A. D. 1910,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain piece of land with the building thereon standing, situate in the town (now city) of Woburn, on the easterly side of Main street, containing about five thousand and five (5005) square feet, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southwest corner at land of E. W. Hudson the line runs on and by Main street, 35 feet to land of Cyrus C. Pickering; thence easterly by his land 143 feet; and southerly by his land 35 feet to land of E. W. Hudson, and by said Hudson's land 143 feet to Main street at the point of beginning. Being the same land conveyed to James F. Cassidy by Cyrus C. Pickering by deed dated Sept. 17, 1887, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 1816, Folio 364.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, outstanding tax titles and municipal liens, if any, thereon.

One hundred ($100.00) dollars to be paid in cash by the purchaser, at the time and place of sale; balance in ten days upon passing papers at the office of John G. Maguire, No. 420 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee
and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., March 22, 1910. 25-1-8

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Edward McMahon and Mary J. McMahon, his wife to her own right, to Charles O. Noble, dated December 31, 1907, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 3345, Page 171, for breach of the condition thereof and for the purpose of foreclosing the same will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on

TUESDAY, the fifth day of April, 1910,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—Three certain parcels of land bounded and described as follows, viz:—First. A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, and being lots 372 and 373 on Elm street, so-called, and lots 348 and 349 on Felton street, so-called, shown on Plan B, recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4, and bounded northerly by said Elm street, there measuring seventy (70) feet; easterly by lots 314 and 350, shown on said plan, there measuring one hundred forty (140) feet; southerly by said Felton street, there measuring seventy (70) feet; and westerly by the second parcel hereinafter described, one hundred forty (140) feet; containing 9800 square feet. Second. A certain parcel of land situated in said Woburn, containing 9800 square feet, and being lots numbered 310, 311, 346 and 347, shown on said plan B, and bounded northerly by said Elm street seventy (70) feet; easterly on the first parcel above described, one hundred forty (140) feet; southerly by Felton street seventy (70) feet, and westerly by lots 309 and 345 shown on said plan, one hundred forty (140) feet. Third. A certain lot of land containing 4900 square feet and being lots 278 and 282 shown on plan of Montvale Park Land Company, recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Plan Book 59, Plan 4.

Said premises will be sold subject to taxes, outstanding tax titles, and other city assessments, if any.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale; further particulars at the time and place of sale.

HENRY E. CHAMBERLIN,
11-18-25 Assignee of said mortgage.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Kyle, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate, by John A. Kyle who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, or some other suitable person, the executrix named in said will having declined to accept the trust.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

FRED GOWING,

Doctor of Osteopathy,

HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS,
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TELEPHONE 242-3.

Build Houses!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electrics.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER, 379 Main St., Woburn.



"ON TOP."

High as a church steeple and emblazoned in the sky we proclaim the virtues of our meat market.

OUR MEAT SUSTAINS LIFE.

makes you healthy and vigorous. If you use it you are on the highway to prosperity, and you'll live to a good ripe old age.

There are all kinds of meat markets, but if you want the best meat for lowest price paid, you'll have to patronize us.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 314-1

Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, then every hour until 2.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45—11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 7.15 A M; then every hour until 1.45 P M; then every half hour until 10.15 PM 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6.30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9.30, P. M.

Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M. and every half hour until 10.45 P. M., 11.15 to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9.45 A M then every half hour until 10.15 P M 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 for Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood
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Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Vick's Seeds Yield Big Returns

To the Farmer because he is absolutely sure of profitable crops when he sows Vick Seeds.

To the Gardener because high grade garden truck commands highest prices in all markets.

Vegetables and Asters grown from Vick's Seeds are to be exhibited at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, N. Y., September 12 to 17, 1910. No entrance fee for this exhibit—just use Vick's Seeds. Ask for particulars.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. The 61st edition gives much practical information for the farmer, gardener and fruit grower. The Guide is bigger and better than ever. Contains an instructive article by Prof. Judson, of Cornell University. As always, it's the reliable authority on gardening. Your name and address on a postal will bring it. **Write right now** for a free copy.

SPECIAL OFFER—One packet Vick's Daybreak Aster, one packet Vick's Branching Asters (mixed colors), and our valuable book "How to Grow Asters," all for 10 cents.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, 143 MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WINCHESTER.

This is Good Friday.

Some of our gardeners have already sowed their peas.

Our schools are flourishing like green bay trees. Good!

Mr. Frank E. Barges is about to to open a firstclass drygoods store here.

The women of this town have got their new dresses and headgear ready for Easter Sunday, so I understand.

Manager Taplin assures the public that the H. S. baseball team is going to be a dandy this season, and he ought to know, if anybody does.

At an adjourned Town Meeting last Monday evening the gradecrossing plan of the special committee was rejected by a large vote.

Mrs. Adeline B. Church, M. D., one of the most talented women in the county, wife of Dr B. T. Church, a widely known and popular Winchester physician, by request, gave an interesting and valuable address before the Gamma Delta Society of the Boston University, of which she is a graduate, last week.

There was another Town Meeting last Monday evening. These annual and occasional gatherings are not nearly as exciting and interesting as they were when Sam Twombley, Nat Richardson, id genus omne, were the grand talkers, and fighters, if need be. Those chaps used to "make the welkin ring" when they got warmed up, and the small fry had to "stand from under."

After waiting 18 months after the public hearing the Special Commission on the Railroad Grade Crossing in this villiage have made a report, and the whole world breathes easier. It provides for a single bridge and subway for the accommodation of people on foot. It is perfectly safe to say that nobody in Winchester will be satisfied with the report, and no action will be taken on it.

If You Would Cure That Back,

You need a pleasant herb remedy called Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF for all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary trouble. As a regulator it has no equal. Cures headaches, nervousness, dizzyness and loss of sleep. At all druggists, or by mail, 50 cts. SAMPLE FREE. Address The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by William L. Burbank to William J. Jones, dated January 16, 1909, filed and registered as document No. 4422 in the office of the Assistant Recorder for the South Middlesex Registry District, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises therein and hereinafter described on

SATURDAY, the ninth day of April, A. D. 1910,

at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage, viz:

A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:—Northeasterly by Bennett street seventy feet; southeasterly by land now or formerly of Martha C. Linnell one hundred one and 2-10 feet; southwesterly by land now or formerly of Salem T. Brigham seventy-one feet; and northwesterly by lot marked "A" on plan hereinafter referred to now or formerly of William H. Kelleher and land now or formerly of Ellen T. Ellis, one hundred two and 4-10 feet, estimated to contain 7193 sq. ft. of land. Being Lot B as shown on plan filed in the Land Registration office, a copy of a portion of which is filed in the Registry of Deeds for the So. Reg. Dist. of Mid. County, in Registration Book 2, Page 541, with certificate No. 706.

The premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes.

Three hundred dollars of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; other terms made known at sale.

WILLIAM S. ALLEN, Administrator of the estate of William J. Jones, deceased, mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Emma Frances Hovey, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Lester I. Hartshorne who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of April, A.D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventeenth day of March, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Andrew J. Wade, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Catherine A. Wade, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this ninth day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Elizabeth B. Faden, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

HENRY BOWKER, Executor.
Room 333. 49 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.
March 11, 1910. 11-18-25

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER



Dr. David Kennedy

Backed by over 33 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles; Constipation and the diseases peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have prescribed Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases practically abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles, pain in back, cloudy urine with sediment, pain in passing water, constipation, skin eruptions, etc.? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, $1.00, all druggists Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S WHIM.

The Practical Joke a Celebrated Man Played on Posterity.

One of the most famous of postmortem jokes was that perpetrated by the donor of the celebrated Soane museum of pictures and other valuable objects d'art to England, the late Sir John Soane, who died in 1837. In his will Sir John made provision for the opening of three sealed cupboards on certain specified dates in the presence of the trustees. In 1866—that is to say, almost thirty years after the death of the testator—the first of the mysterious receptacles was with much ceremony and breaking of seals opened in the presence of a committee of men, with the then president of the Royal academy, Sir F. Grant, at their head. Instead of a priceless treasure or some evidence that would throw an entirely new light upon some doubtful incident in political history the contents of the cupboard proved to be worthless accounts, letters and stationery.

Twenty years passed by, and the interest that had smoldered after the disappointment of 1866 was again fanned into flame at the prospect of breaking the seals of the second cupboard, at which rite there were present, among others, Dr. Alfred Waterhouse, R. A., and Sir (then Dr.) B. W. Richardson. Like the cupboard mentioned in the well known nursery rhyme, Sir John's second cabinet proved "bare" of any sensation, the contents being chiefly composed of letters relating to certain long forgotten family quarrels that had not even the merit of being interesting. If some of those authorized to be present at the opening of the third and last receptacle of mystery were dubious about the profit that would accrue by letting the light of day fall upon the contents thereof after sixty years' darkness, one at least, Sir B. W. Richardson, looked forward with unabated interest to that day in 1896 when the last seal would be broken and the mystery solved, but he, alas, died just two days before the ceremony was performed, and the fact that Sir John had played a practical joke upon posterity was duly confirmed by the presence of a collection of perfectly worthless letters and papers.

THE EVIL EYE.

To Praise a Turkish Baby Is to Terrify Its Mother.

Turkish women, even the most enlightened of them, are very superstitious. To praise a baby to its mother is all your life is worth should the baby happen to fall ill afterward.

The evil eye is the most common belief, and little children, who may be dressed in the height of European fashion otherwise, will wear under the brim of their hats a piece of garlic or other potent charm against the evil eye. Nilsay Hanoum, a woman not only well educated, but possessed of an unusual mind, had four children. They were faultlessly dressed in imported English clothes, but each of them wore some trinket against the evil eye. I teased her about it, and she protested that it was not her doing. "The slaves put them on, and I do not wish to hurt their feelings by taking them off," she said.

I resolved to test her enlightenment, and the next time I saw the baby with her I exclaimed, "What a lovely little creature!"

"You wretch!" she cried. "Spit on that child at once!"

I laughed at her manifest terror, but hastened to add, "I do not think her lovely in the least, for she has red hair and freckles and a pug nose, but I wanted to find out whether it was you or the slaves who put that garlic on your babies."

She shrugged her shoulders. "The slaves did it, but I suppose I do in the bottom of my heart believe in the evil eye. It is in the blood."—Mrs. Kenneth Brown in Metropolitan Magazine.

A Great Work of Art.

It was Apelles who visited the studio of Protogenes in Rome and, finding the artist absent, drew a thin colored line in such a way that the Roman knew that only his Grecian brother could have done it. But, not to be outdone, Protogenes drew a thinner line upon that of Apelles, and when this was seen Apelles drew a third line upon that of Protogenes. This panel was then looked upon as the greatest work of art, so says the story, in the palace of the Caesars.

A Shady Place.

A hotel keeper near New York city is a Frenchman, and his family know little more about English than he does. His suburban hotel stands in the center of a square filled with large trees. When the proprietor wanted to call attention to this advantage he put on his cards, "The most shady hotel around New York." The reputation of the place is beyond reproach, and the proprietor does not know yet why so many persons smile when they read the line quoted.

A LAUGH ALL AROUND.

And, as Usual, Those Who Laughed Last Laughed Best.

"Common decency is cheap abroad," said the man who had just returned from his first trip to Europe. "During all the time I was on the continent I was subjected to discourtesy in but one instance, and I think I got away with it then, at that.

"We were crossing one of the Swiss passes by diligence, or coach, and stopped off for luncheon at some little town. It was hot, and I suppose I made rather a comical sight in my shirt sleeves and black glasses, with a handkerchief over my collar, as I stepped out of the vehicle to the road. I suppose, too, that the brand of French in which I tried to ask questions was pretty ragged.

"Anyway, a group of young Frenchmen waiting in a carriage while their team was changed saw in me their long lost original scream, and the way they laughed was convincing, if not flattering. They weren't backward about pointing out the real, racy bits in the picture either, and they only laughed harder when I glared at them mildly. Another American and I trudged off for lunch, and when we came back there was the bunch ready to take up the howl at me again. I looked at my compatriot and he at me. I don't think either of us put the idea in words, but we began.

"We began to laugh. We fell into each other's arms and laughed. We held each other up and laughed. We laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks. We laughed till we couldn't stand. We rolled into our coach, still laughing, taking inspiration for each outburst from a glance at the French men.

"Well, sir, that bunch of Frenchmen just wilted. First they closed their mouths; then they lost their grins, then each one began squinting at the other, trying to make out what was wrong. Before we'd been at it two minutes they all discovered they needed a drink and sneaked off to the little hotel. We laughed till we saw the last of them, and then we laughed at the way we had turned the trick."—Chicago Tribune.

MAKING ICE.

The Process Is Simple, Though It Puzzled the Negro.

A sailboat in which were a white man and several negroes had just left the wharf near an ice factory at the foot of Main street, Annapolis, and was headed out the mouth of Severn river, toward a point on the Chesapeake.

"Ye-e-th, thir," an old time colored man was lisping, "I like to git a job workin' round that air ice plant and see 'em make ice with fire."

"I'll tell you how it is done, if you would like to hear my explanation," said the white man.

"Ye-e-th, thir, I like to hear 'bout it."

"Well, in the first place, they have a tank of ammonia, to which a small amount of heat is applied. It does not take much heat to convert the ammonia into vapor, and even that heat is used up in causing the liquid to expand into a gas, or become latent, as it is called, so that the temperature is not materially affected.

"Now, suppose the ammonia gas occupies a hundred times as much space as the liquid. It is evident that the liquid contains a certain amount of heat, which is afterward distributed over a hundred times the space first occupied. A cubic foot of the liquid becomes a hundred cubic feet of gas, and it is plain that a cubic foot of gas will contain only one-hundredth part of the heat originally in a cubic foot of liquid; hence the gas is much colder than the liquid.

"Now, this gas or vapor is allowed to flow through pipes covered with salt water, which becomes extremely cold, but does not freeze, owing to the presence of salt. The fresh water desired to be frozen is put into large metal cans and placed in the cold salt water and allowed to freeze.

"There is nothing mysterious about the process. It is, in fact, very simple. Do I make myself clear? Do you understand my explanation?"

"Ye-e-ith, thir, yo' esplanation's plain, but I suttenly would like to see 'em make that air ice with fire."—Washington Star.

His Quaint Suggestion.

A Frenchman who appears to have been of a thrifty turn of mind conceived the idea in 1878 that too much valuable time was being wasted in cleaning sardines when preparing them for the market. He found a way of preparing them without cleaning them, and on this he took out letters patent. Apparently he had some slight misgiving as to whether the public would be perfectly suited with his invention, and so in his claim he makes this parenthetical entry:

Fish put up by this process may be slightly unpleasant to the customer at first, but he soon gets used to it.

A Wife's Early Lesson.

A curious custom used to accompany an Anglo-Saxon betrothal. After the giving of the ring the father gave the son-in-law one of his daughter's shoes, with which the son-in-law hit his wife on the head to teach her subjection. Later on a more moderate (?) castigation was suggested, and three blows with a broomstick became the custom! —"The Months of the Year," by Rev. Pemberton Lloyd.

A New Scheme.

"Sued for breach of promise, eh?"

"Yep."

"Any defense?"

"Temporary insanity, and I expect to prove it by the love letters I wrote."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Goaded.

Saving became a passion with the man and the woman. No privation was too great if so by it they might add to their accumulations. And they labored jointly. The woman's sacrifice was in every respect equal to that of the man.

But when they had amassed $10,000 the man, because he had the power, took the money and purchased with it not the automobile which he had led his faithful wife to expect, but a home. "Brute!" she cried, and when next a mob of suffragettes came that way she joined them. Who could blame her?—Puck.

A Light Eater.

"Look here!" exclaimed the landlady, who had agreed to board and lodge a man at reduced rates. "You told me you were a light eater."

"So I am, ma'am," replied the boarder. "I'm the 'human salamander' at the local music hall. You ought to see me swaller burnin' torches!"—London Scraps.

DENTED HIS DIGNITY.

The Cook's Familiarity With the Captain Was Ill Timed.

Enos Slisbee and Ethan Knight came from the same little town on the coast of Maine. As boys they had grown up together, and now as men they were sailing together on the same schooner. Ethan was captain, and Enos was the cook. Their positions might well have been reversed, for Ethan was better with the skillet than Enos, and Enos probably knew as much about navigation as his friend. Still, they maintained their respective places, and neither thought of a shift.

Usually on board the Maria there was little formality between the captain and the crew. In port, however, and on certain occasions it was thought necessary to maintain the dignity of office.

One day a naval officer came on board on some business. Captain Knight received him in his best manner, thanking his stars that he happened to have his good coat on when the officer arrived unexpectedly.

In the midst of their interview in the captain's cabin Enos, apron tied behind, as was his wont when not very busy, poked his head in at the door.

"Ethan," he said, "where's the saucepan?"

Captain Knight frowned, and the officer looked at once surprised and indifferent.

"Your conduct is amazing, sir," the captain said in his most dignified manner. "Your saucepan must be where you left it."

"You had it last," protested Enos. "You said you could fry"—

But the captain had slammed the door.—Youth's Companion.

INVADING A MOSQUE.

Roughshod Methods of Sightseers In Turkey.

Albert Bigelow Paine says in describing a visit to a Constantinople mosque:

"Some kind of ceremony was in progress when we arrived; but, as usual in such places, we did not mind. We went right in just the same, and our guides, too, and we talked and pointed and did what we could to break up the services. Old turbaned sons of the prophet were kneeling and bowing and praying here and there and were a good deal in the way. Sometimes we fell over them, but we were charitably disposed and did not kick them—at least I didn't, and I don't think any of the party did. We might kick a dog—kick at him, I mean—if we tripped over one, but we do not kick a Moslem—not a live one. We only take his picture and step on him and muss him up and make a few notes and go.

"I have been wondering what would happen to a party of tourists—Moslems, for instance—who broke into an American church during services, with guides to point and explain, and stared at the people who were saying their prayers and stalked over them as if they were wax figures. An American congregation would be annoyed by a mob like that and would remove it and put it in the calaboose. But, then, such things wouldn't happen in America. We have cowed our foreign visitors. Besides, there is nothing in an American church that a foreigner would care to see."—Outing.

Going Astray at Sea.

The difficulty of keeping a modern steamship on a straight course is no slight one. The helmsman steers by the compass, and, while a single degree of deviation appears very small on the compass card, it would if continued carry a fast steamship four miles out of her course in a single day's run. Yet the compass gives the course more accurately than the ship can be steered. Owing to the deflecting power of the waves and the rolling of the ship, which if she is of the twin screw type causes first one of her propellers and then the other to exert greater effect, the course is continually shifted a little this way and that despite the helm. The only safety is in correcting the compass course by frequent observations of the sun, moon and stars.—New York Tribune.

Leaves It to Her Judgment.

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" asks the fair young thing from the refuge of his shoulder.

"Well," he replies, "after the way my arm just naturally slipped around your waist as you unconsciously leaned toward me and my fingers tilted your chin as you unconsciously lifted your head and I bent forward where your lips were waiting and didn't get the kiss either on your nose or your chin, but where it belonged—after all that, and with the knowledge of the subject which you have displayed, I shall say nothing, except that I leave the question to your own judgment."—Life.

Saving His Mate.

On one occasion at a crowded performance at the Royal theater in Sydney, N. S. W., a number of years ago a couple of sailors who had been drinking were seated in the gallery. One lost his balance and fell into the stalls. The other immediately cried, "Man overboard!" and dived after his companion. With the proverbial luck of drunken sailors the first escaped with a broken leg and the second without a scratch.

A Robbery That Paid.

Scott—I always thought it was rough on Adam to rob him of his rib. Mott—Yes; but, on the other hand, it was the making of Eve.—Exchange.

Burr's Self Control.

Aaron Burr was by nature and training a man of extraordinary self control. He allowed no circumstances to throw him off his balance. An anecdote told by Rufus Choate to Richard H. Dana, recorded in Mr. Dana's "Diary," illustrates the callousness which aided Burr so greatly in controlling himself. Several years after the death of Hamilton, killed by Burr in a duel, Burr visited Boston, and Mr. Devereux of Salem paid him some attentions. The visitor was taken to the Boston Atheneum, where, while the two men were walking through the gallery of sculpture, Mr. Devereux happened to catch sight of a bust of Hamilton. The thought flashed across his mind that Burr might not care to be confronted with the sight of the features of the man he had slain. But no. Burr was undisturbed. He also espied the bust, and, although Mr. Devereux had instinctively turned away, he walked up to it and said in a loud tone: "Ah! Here is Hamilton!" Then passing his fingers along certain lines of the face, he added, "There was the poetry!" Hamilton's contemporaries gave him credit for possessing a poetic mind.

THE EYE OF AN ARTIST.

A Case Where It Was More Reliable Than a Sailor's Optic.

Mr. N. Chevalier, the well known artist who accompanied the late Duke of Edinburgh on many of his travels, was once going from Dunedin to Lyttelton, New Zealand, by steamer. Anxious to catch the earliest glimpse of the coast, he went on deck at dawn and was alarmed to see that the vessel was heading straight on to the land. Calling the officer's attention to the fact, he was told that it was only a fog bank. The artist maintained his point, but the second officer looked and confirmed his mate.

The artist then said, "Well, gentlemen, I will back my artist's eye against your sailor's eye, and I say that what you mistake for a fog bank is a low range of hills, and there is a range of mountains appearing above them."

But he was only laughed at until the captain, coming on deck, found in the growing light that the artist was right and the seamen wrong. The vessel was out of its course, and there was only just time to avert disaster. The helmsman was dismissed in disgrace and the course given to a new steersman, but the vessel's head still pointed landward—the compass was all wrong.

The cause was discovered later. A commercial traveler had brought a box of magnets on board and deposited them in a stern cabin, causing what might have been a fatal deflection of the compass.

To return to the question of interpretation, the artist was dealing with the appearances which his eye was trained to see and his mind to interpret. A speck on the horizon might have remained a mere speck to him long after the sailors had interpreted the speck into a vessel of definite rig. There can be little doubt that the trained eye is accompanied by a sort of mental seeing—an instinct outrunning optics.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Josh Billings' Parting Shot to a Cheeky Drummer.

About Christmas time once the sometime famous Josh Billings, humorist, was on his way to his old home at Lanesboro, Mass. On the train were three traveling men who wanted a game of whist. One of them pointed to unpretentious and unprepossessing Josh and said:

"Let's ask Rube into the game and comb some of the hayseed out of his hair."

"My venerable friend," he said as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the old man, "will you join us in a game of whist?"

"Ya-as; we will get there in abaout three hours," replied Josh, putting his hand to his ear.

"You don't seem to understand," said the young fellow in a louder tone. "We want you to take a hand"—

"Ya-as; the stand o' corn has been unusual good this year."

"My friend," the young fellow then yelled, "will you take a hand in a game?"

"Ya-as; I was tellin' Mandy this mornin' how plenty an' how fat the game is this year."

"Oh, you go to the devil!" shouted the young fellow as he took his seat, while the other drummers unmercifully pestered him.

When Lanesboro was reached the old fellow got up, handed one of his Josh Billings cards to each one of the trio and then said to his interlocutor:

"Young man, while you are traveling on your cheek don't get any hayseed on your clothes or the other drummers will take you for a Rube and get you into some game and skin you."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What Bothered Her.

"Some women are very selfish," said a woman speaker at a banquet. "They remind me of the woman who visited a fortune teller.

"'Lady,' said the fortune teller, shuffling the cards, 'fate decrees that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conquering all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm.'

"'Will he be young?'

"'Yes; young and rich.'

"The visitor in her excitement clutched the seer's arm.

"'But how,' she cried eagerly—'how am I to get rid of my present husband?'"

Pepys and the Comet.

They were watching a comet in Pepys' day, though Halley at the time was but eight years old. "My Lord Sandwich this day," says the diarist, Dec. 21, 1664, "writes me word that he hath seen at Portsmouth the comet and says it is the most extraordinary thing he ever saw." Again on the 24th: "Having sat up all night till past 2 o'clock this morning, our porter being appointed, comes and tells us that the bellman tells him that the star is seen upon Tower hill; so I, that had been all night setting in order of my old papers in my chamber, did now leave off all and my boy and I to the Tower hill, it being a most fine, bright, moonshine night and a great frost, but no comet to be seen." Later the same day, however, Pepys "saw the comet, which now, whether worn away or no, I know not, appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star."

The Geese Were Duck's.

The following little incident took place awhile ago at a Northeastern station in Yorkshire:

Some geese had strayed on the railway and were observed by a traveler, who, fearing that they might be run over, said to one of the porters on the platform:

"Who owns the geese, my man?"

"Them's Duck's," the porter replied.

Again the question was asked, with the same reply. Somewhat annoyed, the traveler called the station master and told him the story, stating that he full well knew the difference between geese and ducks.

The station master laughingly replied: "The man is quite right. Those geese are Duck's. They belong to Mr. John Duck, the farmer."—London Tit-Bits.

Rose to the Occasion.

Mr. Kajones, who happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee.

"Ah, Bessie," he observed pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?"

"Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly; "George is my holding company—that's all."—Chicago Tribune.

ESTABLISHED 1884

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INTEREST at the rate of three (3) per centum per annum is paid on special inactive accounts of $500 and over, which remain with the Bank one month or longer.

Interest computed from day of deposit to day of withdrawal. Such accounts are payable on demand without notice on presentation of the deposit book, but are NOT subject to check.

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By the jewelry she wears the woman is judged.

Smith & Varney.
No. 409 Main Street, WOBURN
A Jewelry Store since 1871.
☞ Fine Repairing in all its branches.

☞ Good Job Printing done at this Office.

Unusual.

"Don't you like the book?"

"No. I think the heroine is a most impossible creature."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. She doesn't appear to have a single 'gown of some simple material that enhanced rather than hid her graceful figure!'"—Exchange.

The Worried Manager.

"What's the trouble?" asked the impresario's friend.

"I can't keep my people down to their own lines of work. The prima donnas will kick and the ballet won't."—Washington Star.

The Installments.

Patience—They say she got all her furniture on the installment plan? Patrice—She did. She has had four husbands, and she got a little furniture with each one.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who cannot blush and who has no feeling of fear has reached the acme of impudence.—Menander.

Musical.

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In the Comfort of Philip's Strength Jackie Rested Content.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Out through the Dorringtons' Japanese garden fled the Little White Lady. There were lotus lilies on the pond, and two great gray lanterned posts, green lighted, guarded the gates. Then came the white driveway and the stretch of dark pines, and in the pines the Little White Lady paused.

"There!" she whispered and laughed deliciously. "He'll never find me."

But he did find her, looming like a great ghost in his white linen suit.

"You can't get away from me," he chanted.

The Little White Lady sat down on a log. "If you follow young women into a dark stretch of woods you should bring a chaperon with you," she reproved him.

"Mrs. Dorrington is asleep."

"Asleep!" Jacqueline said. "Why, it's only 9 o'clock."

He laughed. "Don't let us quarrel any more, Jackie."

"It isn't I who quarrel," she said indignantly.

"Then let us say it is I," he murmured, "and, having made of myself the culprit, we will return to the original subject."

"No. You will ask me to marry you again, and I won't."

"And yet you will give me no reason," he said gravely, coming close to her. "If you will say once with your eyes meeting mine that you do not love me I will promise not to ask you again for a fortnight."

Her eyes fell. "I want to be free."

He drew a long breath. "Oh, Little White Lady," he said, "would you feel caged to come to me? I have loved you so long, and you are only nineteen now. I was such a big boy when you used to flutter through the garden next door and peep through the hedge and beg for our roses."

"And even then you called me the Little White Lady," she reminded him.

"Yes, and when I went away two years ago I thought you would give me your heart, Little White Lady. But ever since my return you have evaded every question."

"Father needs me."

That night Philip Walford had a long talk with his host. "Is the father still daft on plant parasites?" he asked.

"Yes, and Jacqueline reads to him every night because his eyes are bad."

"It's a beastly shame," Philip flung out.

When Jackie went home she refused to talk to Philip.

"Of course I saw him," she told her sisters wearily the first morning at breakfast, "and he's just the same old Phil."

"Did he make love to you?" Minette demanded.

"I should hope not." It was their father who spoke. "You know Jacqueline is already promised."

"Oh, that," laughed Minette, "of course! But that wouldn't keep her from flirting with Philip."

Jacqueline's face flamed. "It would," she declared. "I wouldn't flirt with Philip for anything in the whole wide world. He is too good, too true, to flirt with."

Minette looked at her curiously. "After that defense," she said, "the beast had better watch out for a rival."

The goggles were turned toward her. "Minette," her father asked in a heavy voice, "whom do you call 'the beast?'"

"Von Puttkamer," said Minette saucily.

And now the goggles were turned on Jacqueline. "My dear, I have given my word to my friend."

Jackie stood up and faced him. "But I—I haven't said that I would, father," she said.

And with that she fled from the room and to the foot of the garden, where there was an old sundial that marked the dividing line between the two places. Beyond was the Walford rose garden, and on a stone bench overrun with ivy sat Philip sketching.

"Ah, my Little White Lady!" he said and made room for her, and then, as he saw her face, "What troubles you, dear?"

"Is anybody happy, Philip?" she asked, and she was very white.

He shook his head. "Who knows?" he murmured. "But all the rest of the world might weep if only I could make you smile."

"Let me sit by you and watch you," she said, "and don't ask me any questions."

With his charcoal he sketched the bench on which she sat, and, smiling whimsically, he drew her figure, changing her modern gown of dimity to one of flowing classic lines, and on her head he put a wreath of poppies. Then he drew himself at her feet clad in a leopard skin and laurel crowned, and on their faces was the radiance of love and of youth. And underneath the picture he wrote, "The Gods of Joy."

"There," he said as he showed it to her, "I have changed the faces so that no one will know. But you must hang it in your room, and when you think that the world is dark look at it and remember that the day you tell me you love me that day will you and I be gods of joy, Jackie."

After that he saw little of her, and he busied himself planning the great yearly festival that the Walfords always gave to their neighbors. This year it was to be a costume ball, held on the lawn.

"I shall go as 'Spring,'" Minette told Jacqueline, "and Lucia wants to be a 'Shepherdess,' and you might be 'Beauty' and have Von Puttkamer as the 'Beast.'"

"Don't joke about it, Minette," pleaded Jacqueline. "I hate"—

"Hush!" Minette warned. "Here he comes with father."

Von Puttkamer was big and burly and foreign. He stammered a little when he spoke to Jacqueline. "Your father has been telling me that it is all arranged—that I am to have much happiness."

"Oh," said Jacqueline, trembling, "I am not sure!"

"You are sure," said the old man impatiently. "It is all arranged, Von Puttkamer. You are to live here, and we will experiment together, and—I with my knowledge and you with your practical experience—together we shall astonish the world."

Minette followed Jacqueline up to her room. "You are crying," she said. "Why don't you say that you won't do it, Jackie?"

"You know fatner," Jackie responded. "When he is crossed he stays up late and drinks, and I promised mother I would watch over him."

"I know," Minette said. For a moment the two girls clung together.

But after a little while they talked of other things, and Minette's eyes, roving about the room, fell on the sketch that Philip had made.

"What a beauty! Why—why, the girl looks like you, Jackie!"

"Does she?" asked Jackie listlessly.

But when Minette had gone she studied the picture carefully, and all that night she sat up, fashioning a gown of clinging white and weaving pale pink poppies into a wreath.

And so it happened that Philip Walford, searching among the guests for the one who meant everything to him, found her on the bench in the rose garden.

"Jacqueline," he whispered.

"Philip," she said, "tonight I want to be one of the gods of joy."

"You mean?" radiantly.

"Oh, not what you think! Let me tell you, Philip—let me tell you now. I've got to marry some one else, and you must forget me."

Then she told him, leaving the worst until the last. "I wouldn't marry him only—only father drinks when he is unhappy, and he has his heart set on my marrying Von Puttkamer."

"You are burning for martyrdom," said Philip hotly.

But she was very firm. "I told you so that for tonight I might feel free, and now let's eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—who knows?"

He fell in with her mood, and they went back to the ballroom and danced and laughed, but all the time their hearts were heavy and their eyes were sad. At midnight he left her for an hour, and when he came back he took her to the stone bench. "Listen," he said. "Oh, Little White Lady, you are going to marry me!"

"No," she whispered.

"Yes," Philip said, and all at once he smiled down at her. "Oh, Jackie, Jackie," he said, "why didn't you tell me long ago? Von Puttkamer was one of my classmates. He is in love with a pretty fraulein, but they couldn't marry because neither of them had a penny. And he gave her up and came to America. He thought that your money would mend his broken heart, and so he let your father arrange the match. But now he's going to send for the little fraulein. I have offered him a place on my North Carolina estate, and wedding bells shall ring for both of us."

"But my father?" Jacqueline whispered.

"We will send him down south with Von Puttkamer. Those great old forests will heal all disorders of mind and soul and body, and some day we will follow them and work out all our problems together, dear heart."

And in the comfort of his great strength Jacqueline rested content.

"I am so happy," she whispered. "Oh, Philip, Philip, has the moment come at last when we are really the gods of joy?"

Student Co-operation.

In every college there are numbers of good upper class men who are eager to co-operate with the faculty in starting freshmen along the right path, and it is amazing that thus far so little advantage has been taken of their services. Each of these upper class men should be given a list of from five to ten freshmen whom he would make it his duty to know. He would talk over with them their work and their play, their study, their amusements, their athletics. He would make sure that each, outside of his lessons, was given a sane interest, something to do for the college, whether participation in football or in debating or in writing for the college papers. He would see to it far more effectively than the dean, or even than the advisers, that each was getting his fair chance socially. He would report cases where financial aid was needed or admonition or encouragement. As it is at present, many fellows are lonely. Many, especially from a distance, miss the recognition they deserve merely because they ignorantly room outside the sphere of undergraduate life or, knowing no one at first, fall in with uncongenial classmates and, becoming discouraged, withdraw into themselves. To such lonely men the dangerous pleasures existing outside of college appeal as substitutes for what they have missed in college. These tragedies would be far less likely to occur if all members of the class were thrown together and natural associations facilitated through the provision of upper class men and advisers.—William R. Castle, Jr., in Atlantic.

Shooting Jack Rabbits.

"Jack rabbits in Kansas are just as numerous as they were the day the first covered wagon moved across it toward the Rocky mountains," said a Kansas farmer. "It appears to me they are galloping around in greater numbers than ever. Did you ever try to exterminate a jack rabbit? If you never did you've something to learn about shooting.

"A jack rabbit's movement starts with a spring in the air. He lands on all fours, and the intervening space from the time he jumps and the time he lights is just about nothing, but he covers from ten to fifteen feet with every jump. There's only one way to take 'em alive and that is to leave the top off a pasture well overnight. Next morning there'll be plenty, because jack rabbits will jump into any kind of a hole that's open. They seem to have a fondness for dried out wells. They outrun the average dog with ease, but can't beat the greyhound. Shooting them on the run is as difficult as shooting birds on the wing, possibly more difficult. Possibly 25,000 are killed in Kansas every year, and yet they seem just as numerous as ever."—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Dr. Johnson Story.

Dr. Johnson had some ideas on education, especially on that diversion known as "learning a piece by heart."

One day Mrs. Gastrel set a little girl to repeat to him Cato's soliloquy, which she went through very correctly. The doctor, after a pause, asked the child, "What was to bring Cato to an end?" She said it was a knife. "No, my dear, it was not so." "My Aunt Polly said it was a knife." "Why, Aunt Polly's knife may do, but it was a dagger, my dear." He then asked her the meaning of "bane" and "antidote," which she was unable to give. Mrs. Gastrel said, "You cannot expect so young a child to know the meaning of such words." He then said, "My dear, how many pence are there in sixpence?" "I cannot tell, sir," was the half terrified reply. On this, addressing himself to Mrs. Gastrel, he said, "Now, my dear lady, can anything be more ridiculous than to teach a child Cato's soliloquy who does not know how many pence there are in sixpence?"

A TIMELESS WORLD.

What Would Happen if We Were Entirely Inclosed by Clouds.

If astronomers are right in ascribing the wonderful brightness of Venus to the existence of an atmosphere continually filled with clouds, then she must be a world without time—at least there can be no measurement of time there such as we have here.

It is because we can see the sun and the stars that we are able to traverse the oceans and run railroad trains across the continents.

Surround our earth with an unbroken shell of clouds and what would become of all our clocks and chronometers? Not a ship could safely cross the sea; not a railroad would be able to run its trains without a series of frightful wrecks. In a few weeks every clock and watch would be hopelessly wrong and all exact timekeeping would cease.

Probably there are few who stop to think of the way in which our everyday life depends upon astronomical observations. Our great primary timekeeper is the earth rotating on its axis. If we could not see the sun and stars because of clouds we should not know that the earth rotates and there would be no standard to which we could refer our timepieces and by which we could correct them. In fact, we should probably have no timepieces.

There could be no hours and minutes, for they are exact divisions of an ideal day based upon celestial observations which would be impossible to us.

They could not be based upon clocks or other mechanical devices, because the most exquisite chronometer that can be constructed will not keep time indefinitely and must be continually corrected by means of observations of the stars made in the observatories.

There could be no accurate maps of countries or charts of the seas, for such maps and charts can be made only by the aid of astronomical observations.

There could be no parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude, for they, too, are based on celestial observations which would be impossible to us.

We should not know with any certainty where we were upon the earth. We could not measure the distance from New York to London nor from New York to San Francisco.

Poetical minds, moved by the spectacle of Venus in her glory, have drawn brilliant pictures of the delights of life in that radiant world, but there is another side to the question of which we may well think as we gaze admiringly upon her electric splendor.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

The "Arabian Nights."

The collection of tales called the "Thousand and One Nights," or the "Arabian Nights," is of unknown date and authorship. It was first made known in Europe about the end of the seventeenth century by Antoine Galland, who was employed by Colbert to collect manuscripts in the east. The copy of the Arabic manuscript brought by Galland from Syria contained a marginal note dated 1584, and from internal evidence the middle of the fifteenth century has been fixed upon as the probable period of the composition of the work. Some of the tales were evidently borrowed by the writer from other authors, and Von Hammer identifies at least the plot and some of the stories of the "Arabian Nights" with an earlier collection in Persian called the "Thousand Fanciful Stories."

April Fooling.

The origin of the custom of April fooling cannot be traced with any degree of certainty. In the literature of the last century there are found many references to it, and yet beyond that it is scarcely possible to go. One suggestion is that the custom of playing tricks on the first day of April was derived from some ancient pagan custom, such as the Hull festival among the Hindoos or the Roman feast of the fools. One fact, however, we do know, and that is that the practice prevails in many countries under various names which would seem to indicate that it dates away back to the early history of the race.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Four Extremes.

The coldest place on earth inhabited by man is Verkhoyansk, above the arctic circle, in northeastern Siberia. The thermometer there drops to 90 degrees below zero in January, but sometimes rises to 86 degrees above zero in the shade in July, dropping, however, to the freezing point on the warmest summer nights. The hottest place in the world is the interior of the great Sahara desert, in Africa, where the thermometer rises to 122 degrees. The wettest place is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the mean annual rainfall is 260 inches. The place of least rain is Port Nolloth, in South Africa, where less than an inch sometimes falls in a year.

All For Love.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—Houston Post.

A Cruel Hint.

Nell—Harry had such a masterful way about his proposing that I liked. Belle—Did you? That's queer, for it was exactly what made most of us other girls turn him down.—Baltimore American.

Live as though life was earnest and life will be so.—Owen Meredith.

Humor and Morality.

We have extirpated gross humor from our modern literature, but we must not suppose that we are therefore more moral than the Elizabethans, whose literature was full of gross humor. It may be that we are only more afraid of ourselves and each other. This kind of fear is destructive not only of gross humor, but of humor of all kinds. In its essence humor is brave as it is honest, but with cowardice and dishonesty there come base substitutes for it, substitutes that make fun of noble things with a humorous air, and so bring humor itself into discredit.—London Times.

A Great Mystery Solved.

How many hairpins does a woman use when doing her hair? The hairpin editor has investigated and makes this report: "She uses just as many as she has. If she has only two hairpins she makes her hair stay up with two, but if she finds twenty in the top bureau drawer she uses all of them."—Atchison Globe.

CRUDE ASTRONOMY.

Russian Peasants Have Queer Ideas of Sun, Moon and Stars.

We have it on no less authority than that of Caesar that the Druids taught their disciples many things about the form and dimensions of the earth and the heavens and a body of doctrines on the motions of the stars. Even death itself was to them an astronomical fact. They held that from this life we pass to take up our abode in one of the heavenly bodies. That they firmly held to this belief is manifest from the fact that they had no objection to lending money to be repaid in the other world. They looked upon the passage of life in much the same way as we regard a journey across the Atlantic.

There is no doubt that even now in various parts of Europe the views of the peasantry as to the heavenly bodies and celestial phenomena have changed but little from those of their predecessors of a thousand years ago. A Russian contributed to the bulletin of the Astronomical Society of France has given the results of his observations on this point extending over ten years. The astronomical lore of the Russian peasantry of the north, center and south is limited to a knowledge of the existence of the sun and moon, of three constellations, of the Milky way, of one planet, of comets, shooting stars and meteors. The sun is to all a mysterious and beneficent being.

The moon covered with ice and snow is ever in flight from its brother, the sun. Upon its disk may be seen unmistakably portrayed the murder of Abel by Cain, the latter being done to death by a pitchfork. Chill are the lunar rays, and woe betide the child of man who shall sleep unprotected therefrom! From the horns of the crescent much useful information as to the forthcoming weather may be derived by the learned in such things.

The stars are lamps or candles which are lit and extinguished daily by the Eternal. A shooting star is the soul of one who has just passed away. Comets are heralds of war and famine. No Russian ever forgets that the Napoleanic war followed the great comet of 1811.—Westminster Gazette.

MALIBRAN'S CAPTIVITY.

A Romantic Incident in the Career of the Great Singer.

The following incident is told of Mme. Malibran, whose voice once upon a time excited the most unromantic to folly.

She was resting in her dressing room at the theater after singing in the part of Desdemona, her passionate soul still quivering with the emotion of the part and the tears and applause of her listeners. A person entered and begged her to go to her mother, who had been taken ill. A carriage, not her own, was at the door. She was whirled through the streets and led, much to her surprise and fear, into a strange house and to an excellent boudoir, hung and carpeted with rose colored silk.

Here the beautiful songstress was left alone after being assured by her attendants that her mother was well, that the message was a subterfuge and that her captivity would last until she sang something.

On a low seat sat a lyre such as that which thrilled in Malibran's fingers as she sang Desdemona's touching song.

At first she determined to resist, but after a short time her mind reverted to the evening, and almost unconsciously she took up the instrument and sang the "Romance de Saule." As she concluded sounds of enthusiastic applause and trembling accents of delight came to her through the silk hangings, and she was then conducted by liveried servants to her carriage and to her home.

The next morning she found on her table a casket containing a magnificent pair of earrings, and inside the cover, written in diamonds, was the word "Merci." But the event remained a mystery to her forever.

Retort Filial.

In a warm argument one of the contestants had a poor case, but he defended his position vigorously.

"Oh, yes," the other one chuckled, "you have your defense, but you've lost. Losers always have their defense. Lincoln used to illustrate that with a story about his boy Tad.

"Lincoln and Tad were lunching one day in the White House.

"'Don't eat your fish with your knife, boy,' said Lincoln sternly. 'It's not polite.'

"'But, father,' said Tad, 'is it polite to stare at folks when they're eating?'"

Very True.

A grandmother was reproving her little grandchildren for making so much noise. "Dear me, children, you are so noisy today! Can't you be a little more quiet?"

"Now, grandma, you mustn't scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma at all."—Harper's Weekly.

Why Lulu Was Happy.

Lulu was but two and a half years old when the first huckleberries she had ever seen were placed upon the table in a covered dish. When the cover was taken off she clapped her hands, exclaiming delightedly, "Oh, look at all the shoe buttons!"—Delineator.

Knew Her Limitations.

He—Now that we are married, pet, do you love me enough to cook for me? She—Enough, darling? I love you entirely too much for that.—Boston Transcript.

A Mean Thrust.

"Ten thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. "Do you believe any one ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned without stopping her needlework even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs, and it's speaking of one that was sold for $10,000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of those high bred animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria, but just think of it, just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it—$10,000 for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I'm worth!"

"I know that, James, but some are worth more than others."

She went on calmly with her sewing, while he fumed and spluttered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak feminine part of it.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—First Quarter, For March 27, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark xvi, 1-8. Memory Verses, 6, 7—Golden Text, Rev. i, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Having the option of a review or a resurrection lesson, we choose the Easter lesson, as there is nothing so grand as His resurrection, by which He was declared to be the Son of God, with power and without which preaching and faith are vain and no one ever has been or can be saved. The resurrection, however, must include all of His earthly life that preceded His death. His life as the Son of Mary, the seed of David according to the flesh. Matt. i gives the royal line of David's descendants through Solomon to Joseph, who became the husband of Mary, while Luke iii gives David's descendants through Nathan to Hell, whose son-in-law Joseph became by his marriage to Mary, and thus Jesus became heir to David's throne.

The quarter's lessons might be outlined as, first, the genealogy and birth of the King; second, the visit of the Magi and the flight of Joseph and Mary to Egypt and their return to Nazareth; third, the herald of the King and the declaration of the Father concerning Him; fourth, the King's victory over the great adversary, His testimony and the calling of some disciples; fifth to seventh, the laws of the kingdom; eighth and ninth, some samples of the nature of the kingdom.

Now, as the kingdom was postponed by the rejection and murder of the King we in this age must know the power of His resurrection if we would walk worthy of Him and manifest His life in these mortal bodies. The resurrection of the Messiah was plainly foretold in Ps. xvi and xxii, Isa. liii and elsewhere. It was wondrously foreshown in Isaac being given back to Abraham from the dead in a figure (Heb. xi, 17-19). In His teaching the Lord Jesus Himself many times spoke plainly of His death and resurrection, and the great truth of Christianity is that we have at the right hand of the Father in heaven a risen living Christ, truly a Man and truly God, in whom alone is salvation, the only Judge of all mankind and the only One who can set up a kingdom of righteousness on the earth.

The most horrible thing that ever happened on this earth and that which shows the desperately wicked nature of the human heart was the cruel murder of the Son of God, but God raised Him from the dead and gave Him glory and will yet give Him dominion over all the earth, and His redeemed shall share the kingdom with Him.

His disciples never received His words that He was to be crucified and rise from the dead the third day (Matt. xx, 17-19), but some of His enemies remembered them (Matt. xxvii, 62, 63). His mother and some of the other women who ministered to Him remained by His cross to the last, and some of them after His body was buried returned and prepared spices and ointments and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment, intending on the first day to bring the spices and anoint His body (Luke xxiii, 55, 56; xxiv, 1). When they come to the tomb on the first day morning early they find the stone rolled away; they see an angel, who tells them that He is risen and that they must go quickly and tell His disciples. When Mary Magdalene saw the stone rolled away she ran to tell Peter and John, who ran to the sepulcher and saw for themselves and returned, but Mary remained near the sepulcher, weeping, till Jesus Himself, whom she thought at first to be the gardener, spoke to her and called her by name. When she and the other women told the disciples that He was risen from the dead they believed not, and some thought it an idle tale (verses 11, 13, 14; Luke xxiv, 11), giving Him occasion to upbraid them with their unbelief and hardness of heart. Many who now are told that the same Jesus is coming again think it an idle tale and believe not, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God and perhaps forgetting that Jesus said, "O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken" (Luke xxiv, 25). The angels believe and desire to look more fully into these things (verses 5-7; I Pet. i, 12). Dr. Scofield gives in the margin of verse 6 this rendering: "Jesus ye seek—the Nazarene, the crucified. He arose. He is not here." He also gives in his notes on Matt. xxviii the order of the events of that morning and also the order of the different appearances during those forty days. Note in verse 7 of our lesson how Peter is mentioned by name, the true disciple who had treated Him the worst, denying with oaths that he knew Him. How true it is that weakest lambs have largest share of this tender Shepherd's care! However weak and unworthy you may be, remember that "having loved His own He loved them unto the end" (John xiii, 1).

A mere knowledge of the facts of His life and death and resurrection will benefit us nothing unless, knowing these things, we truly receive Him as our own personal Saviour and place our whole trust as lost people in the efficacy of His great sacrifice. Then the joy of being redeemed will lead us to obey with gladness His command in verse 15, counting upon a fulfillment of verse 20. Our daily life will be "serving the living and true God" and our attitude "waiting for His Son from heaven" (I Thess. i, 9, 10).

Quick Time Music.

A music teacher in Chicago was recently approached by a lady from the interior who confided to him her intention of taking piano lessons and inquired as to terms, etc. These proving satisfactory, she went on to explain that she was desirous of accomplishing a rapid course. The professor assured her that she might learn a great deal in twenty lessons.

"Good," said the woman. "I've got only a limited time in Chicago, so I must contrive to get the twenty lessons into that."

"How long are you to be here?" she was asked.

"Three weeks."

"Twenty lessons in three weeks!" exclaimed the astonished teacher. "You could never do that!"

"Oh, yes, I could!" returned the woman. "Couldn't I, Marie?" turning to a friend for support. "I could take two lessons a day, or perhaps I could take the whole at once. Twenty lessons, one after another, would only take ten hours."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

HE GOT THE GOODS.

Business Deal Between Potter Palmer and A. T. Stewart.

At the time of the civil war Potter Palmer was in the dry goods business in Chicago, and Levi Z. Leiter and Marshall Field were working for him. Palmer wasn't so well known, but he had a good reputation in the trade, and he didn't have to introduce himself when he called on old A. T. Stewart to buy some goods. After some dickering they agreed upon the price, and Palmer calmly said that he would take about $100,000 worth. It was a little larger bill than Stewart exactly cared to sell young Palmer on credit, but he concluded to make the deal and told him to come in the next morning and arrange some final details. That night some big war news came, and it didn't require any declaration by the government to inform every dry goods man in the country that the price of goods would take a big spurt up. Stewart recognized it as soon as he had the news, and he immediately thought of Palmer. He also thought of the big bill of goods Palmer had bought of him. It didn't particularly tickle Stewart, that thought didn't. But it required only a few scratches of his red head to fix things to his satisfaction. He would simply tell Palmer that he was sorry, but that he didn't feel that he could sell such a big bill on credit, and as he knew that Palmer couldn't raise the cash immediately, why, that would end it, and the sale would be off. Well, young Palmer called early, and Stewart greeted him in his very abruptest manner, telling him how sorry he was, etc., but really he didn't think it wise business to extend credit for such an amount.

"Just how much does the bill come to?" said young Palmer, seemingly sorrowful-like.

"Just $110,000," Stewart replied, and then he straightway gulped for breath as young Palmer drew an immense pocketbook from his inside vest pocket and, opening it, counted out 110 thousand dollar bills and, laying them quietly on Stewart's desk, said: "If you will kindly count them and give me a receipt I'll be obliged, as I must take the next train home. Ship the goods soon as you can, and when you're out our way drop in. Always glad to see our friends."

AN ARTFUL REPORTER.

Got the Oil King Unconsciously to Submit to an Interview.

Playwright Eugene Walter is numbered among the newspaper men who obtained the "first interview with John D. Rockefeller." When the First Interview With Rockefeller club is formed Mr. Walter will be one of the charter members.

This is how he managed it: In the days when he was a newspaper reporter in Cleveland Walter was an extremely youthful looking young man. He decided to capitalize his puerile appearance, for it was not an easy task even at that time to get Rockefeller to say anything. He was utterly "improachable," as a colored man once remarked.

Walter got into the Forest Hill grounds from the rear and walked about, looking at the flowers and shrubbery with an apparent lack of purpose, just as a boy would.

Rockefeller finally noticed him gazing abstractedly at a flower bed and went up to talk to him.

"Ah, my fine lad," began John D., "are you fond of flowers?"

"Indeed I am, sir," replied Walter in true McGuffey Reader style.

"Well, I am always glad to see a boy who appreciates the beauties of nature. Would you care to walk over and look at the pond lilies?"

"Ah, sir, I should enjoy that more than I can tell you!"

Thus the conversational ice was broken, and the youthful visitor was so enthusiastic over all he saw that the master of Forest Hill passed him out platitudes for about an hour. The interviewer didn't even have to ask questions.

Next morning Walter's interview was the best thing in the paper.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sure Enough Kid.

Bob was telling about his visit to the country. While there he had acquired some rustic idioms, and his mother was correcting these as he proceeded.

"Well, we goes up"—

"Went up."

"Went up on the farm"—

"To the farm."

"To the farm, and there we see"—

"We saw."

"We saw a little kid"—

"Little child. Now begin again and tell it properly."

"Well, we went up to the farm, and there we saw a goat's little child." (Further narration suspended.)—Judge.

The First Dessert Spoon.

When the dessert spoons were invented Hamilton palace, the seat of Sir Charles Murray's uncle, was the first household north of the Tweed to adopt them. A small laird, invited to dine with the Duke of Hamilton, was disgusted to find a dessert spoon handed to him with the sweets. "What do you get me this for?" he exclaimed to the footman. "Do you think ma mooth has got any smaller since I lappit up ma soup?"—London Chronicle.

An Exception.

She (protestingly)—That's just like you men. A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman in with him. He—Oh, I don't know! How about Jonah in the whale?—Boston Transcript.

Moral good is a practical stimulus.—Plutarch.

Schoolboy Logic.

"Should women have votes for parliament? Give your reasons for and against." This was a question asked of schoolboys in a recent examination in England. One boy replied: "No, because if they did they would want to get into parliament and then they would pass a lot of silly laws, such as that a man was not to smoke before his wife or that wives were to have Wednesdays and Thursdays off and then the men would have to stay at home and mind the children."

A logical answer to the question, "Why does a kettle sing?" was furnished by a boy who wrote, "Because if it did not you could not tell when the kettle was boiling." Asked to explain the initials "C. O. D.," one boy replied that they stood for "collector of debts," and a second said "cod-liver oil drink."

Another enterprising youth described a sleeping partner as "a man who goes to sleep when playing bridge." Asked how he would mend a puncture in a bicycle tire, a boy's answer was to the point, "I would get a box of stuff that you do it with and stick it on."

Boston & Northern St. Railway Co.

IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at *6.22, 6.52 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 9.52 p. m. SUNDAYS at 7.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7.07 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 10.07 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7.22 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.22 a. m., then as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6.45, 7.37 a. m., and every 60 minutes until 10.37 p. m. SUNDAYS at 8.37 a. m., then same as week days.

At North Woburn cars due at 5 minutes past the hour connect with the 57 minutes past for Sullivan Square. On return, take car leaving Sullivan Sq. at 47 mins. past each hour, due at North Woburn at 52 minutes past, and connect with car leaving there at 52 minutes past the hour for Wilmington Square and Perry's Corner.

*To Wilmington Depot only.

ALBERT E. MYERS, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Supt.
Woburn Sept. 10, 1908.

Boston & Nothern Street Railway Company.

Important change of time on Lowell and Boston Route, via Billerica, Burlington, Woburn, Winchester and Medford. In effect September 14, 1908.

Cars will leave Merrimack Sq. Lowell

FOR BOSTON—5.25 a. m. and every 60 minutes until 9.25 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.25 p m until 9.55 p m) 10.25 p m to Woburn only. SUNDAYS—6.55 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.55 p m, 10.25 p m to Woburn only. RETURN—Leave Sullivan Square at 6.32 a m and every 60 minutes until 9.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 12.32 p m until 9.32 p m SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 9.32 p m.

Leave Billerica Centre

FOR WOBURN—6.02 and every 60 minutes until 11.02 p m., then 11.32 p m (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 2.02 p m until 11.32 p. m.) SUNDAYS—7.32 a m and every 30 minutes until 11.02 p m RETURN—Leave Woburn at 5.22 a m and every 60 minutes until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m. (Saturdays every 30 minutes from 1.22 p m until 10.22 p m., then 11.00 p m) SUNDAYS—6.52 a m and every 30 minutes until 10.22 p m

WILLIAM E. MALONEY, Div. Supt.
ALBERT E. MYER, Div. Supt.
THOMAS LEES, Superintendent

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Woburn, Mass.

When John Brown Wouldn't.

Pol-Mancar is a favorite east near Balmoral castle and was always held as the special preserve of John Brown, who was the personal attendant of the late Queen Victoria. John was an enthusiastic and inveterate fisher, and often the royal larder was indebted to his prowess for its supplies of spring salmon when the rods of the other fishermen failed to bring them to the bank. It is authentically reported among anglers on Deeside that when the queen wanted John he was immediately at her call except when angling, and at such times she would not disturb him. The tacit understanding between them is said to have arisen in the following fashion: Her majesty one day sent an imperative message to the riverside desiring John to immediately wait upon her.

"Tell her majesty," replied John in his usual Doric, "that I am rinnin' a salmon and I canna come."

The messenger came back to him in hot haste, saying that the queen desired to see him the very minute.

"Well, tell her majesty this time that I am rinnin' a salmon and I winna come." And that settled it.

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